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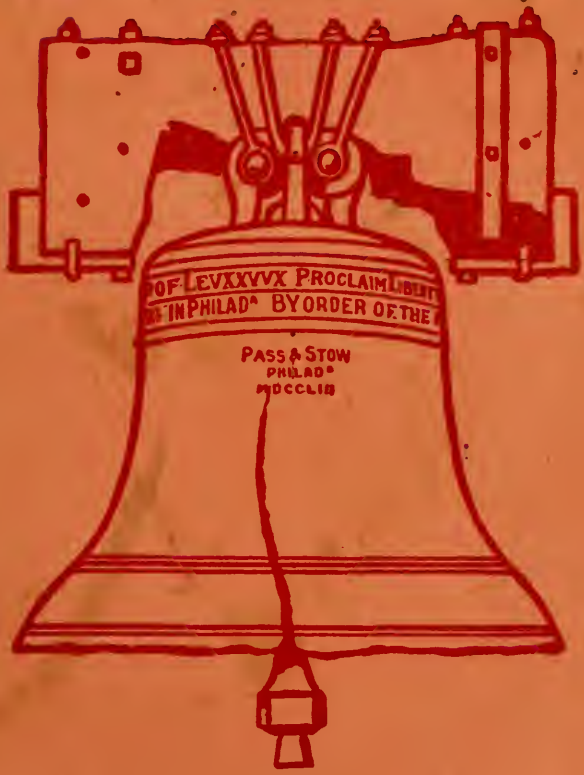

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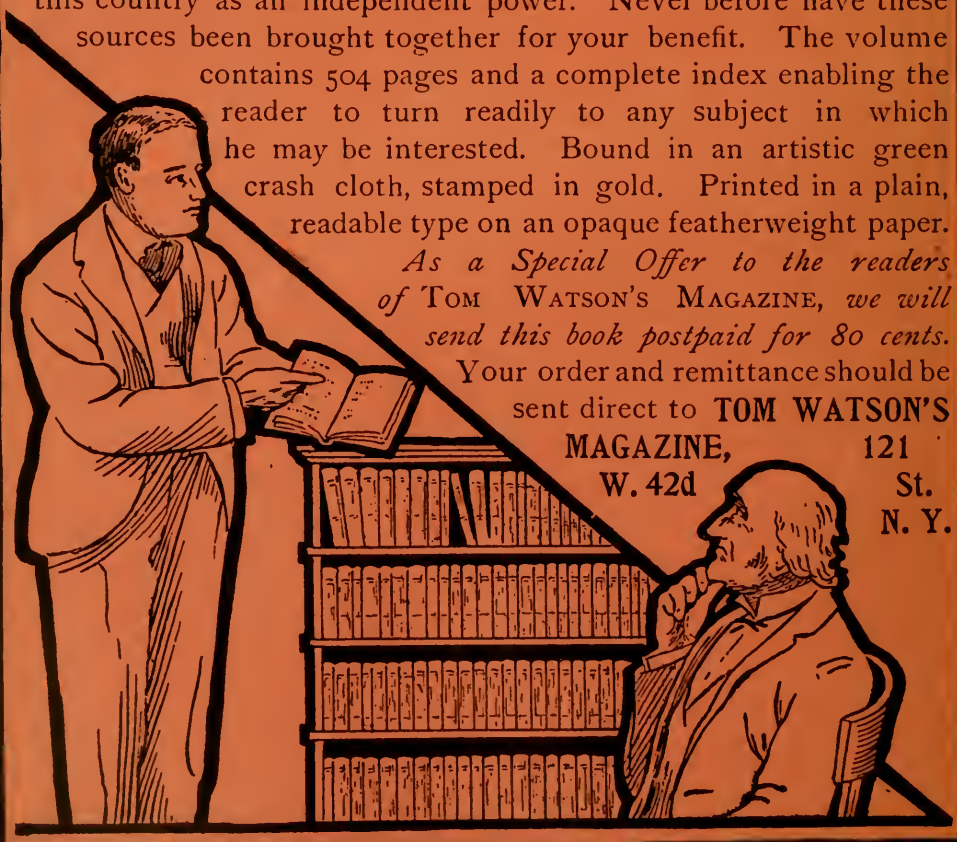

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THE MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE BACK OF IT

December, 1905

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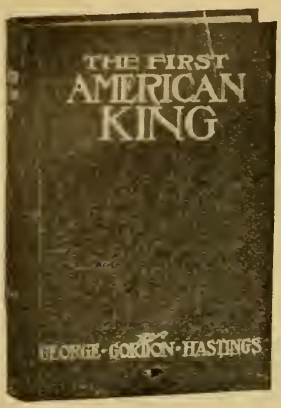

A dashing romance by GEORGE GORDON HASTINGS, in which a scientist and a detective of to-day wake up seventy-five years later to find His Majesty, Imperial and Royal, William I, Emperor of the United States and King of the Empire State of New York, ruling the land, with the real power in the hands of half a dozen huge trusts. Automobiles have been replaced by phaërmobiles; air-ships sail above the surface of the earth; there has been a successful war against Russia; a social revolution is brewing. The book is both an enthralling romance and a serious sociological study, which scourges unmercifully the society and politics of the present time, many of whose brightest stars reappear in the future under thinly disguised names. There are wit and humor and sarcasm galore—a stirring tale of adventure and a charming love story.

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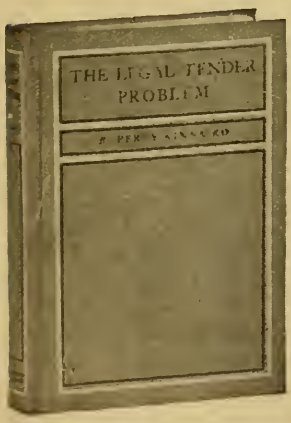

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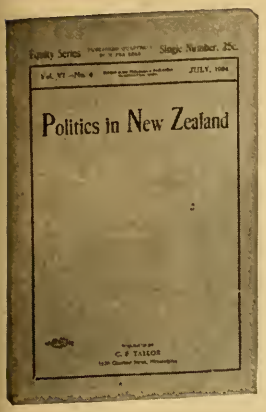

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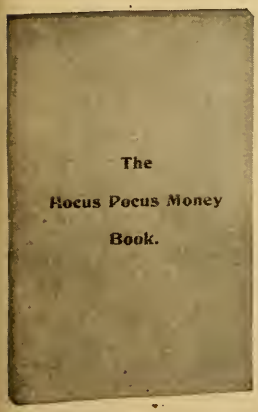

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TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. III DECEMBER, 1905 No. 2

Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

Hurrah for Hearst!

A GRANDER fight than that which he made in New York to overthrow the Rule of Rascals has not been made in this Union since the Civil War.

Of course, *the machines* of both the old parties united in the effort to beat Hearst.

Of course, such Republicans as J. P. Morgan worked harmoniously with such Democrats as August Belmont to defeat Hearst. Of course, Tom Ryan, the Democrat, touched elbows with the Republican Standard Oil crowd to defeat Hearst.

Hearst stood for the Common people, and against the Gas Trust thieves, the Traction Company thieves, the Franchise grabbers, the professional boodler and grafter in both the old parties.

Of course, there was a combination against him.

Let any man—no matter who he is or what party he belongs to—come out against the systematic robbery of the people by "the men who control," and the men who control both the old parties will drop their minor differences to unite in crushing the Independent who threatens the continued existence of the systematic robbery.

Folk found it so in Missouri.

La Follette found it so in Wisconsin.

Everett Colby found it so in New Jersey.

Hearst found it so in New York.

Hoke Smith finds it so in Georgia.

* * * * *

HEARST WAS ELECTED

IN spite of Tom Ryan and of Tom Ryan's hired man, Grover Cleveland, the majority of the people of New York voted for Hearst; in spite of Rockefeller and Rogers and *their* hired man, Pat McCarren; in spite of Boss Murphy, the hired man of Morgan and Ryan and Belmont and Standard Oil; in spite of bribery and fraud, coercion and intimidation; in spite of artful schemes and elaborate efforts to defeat the will of the people, Hearst was elected.

He should take his seat.

The people of New York should not allow a minority of rascals to rule and loot their city.

The knaves who voted the names of other voters and then deprived the real voters of their votes; the toughs who drove away from the polls those who were timid, and beat down those who could not otherwise be driven off; the officials who connived at fraud; the Tammany chiefs, Murphy and McCarren, who insolently planned and managed the great campaign of Force and Fraud—these are not the real rulers of New York. *These are not the real masters who boss and despoil the city.* These are merely the underlings, the hired men of the Big Chiefs of Wall Street—the silk hat rascals who hatch plots in sumptuous offices, and send out orders to their lieutenants in the streets.

The real rascals who must be pulled down are the McCalls, the McCurdys, the Morgans, Belmonts, Ryans, Rockefellers, Rogerses who control the machinery of both the old parties and thereby rob the plain Common People.

The Durham gang of rascals in Philadelphia *never turned loose their hold until the people began to tote ropes.*

Publicity did not shame those scoundrels; social ostracism had no terrors for them; those ropes were the arguments which made their livers turn white.

Durham and his gang surrendered because they were afraid of those ropes.

The Tammany chiefs, Murphy and McCarren, would do well to heed the warning.

New York has been amazingly patient under the Rule of Rascals. But it would be a deadly game for the Ryans, Belmonts and Morgans to drive the people too far.

A minority of scoundrels cannot tyrannize over this city any longer. That time is past.

Cleveland will speak in vain for the man who hires him—*Ryan!* Parker will speak in vain for the man who hires him—*Ryan!*

Murphy and McCarren will plot in vain to uphold the hateful system by which Insurance Companies, Railroad Companies, Gas Companies and other voracious corporations have been devouring the substance of the Common People.

If these high-rolling rascals go much further they may find that *there are daring men in New York, as in Philadelphia, who will come to the front with ropes in their hands.*

* * * * *

In the first number of this Magazine I claimed that the returns of the Presidential election of 1904 proved that the only gainer in that Campaign was *Radicalism.*

Afterward, when Dunne was elected Mayor of Chicago on a platform demanding public ownership of public utilities I called attention to the fact that the magnificent triumph of the Radicals in Chicago corroborated the statement made in our first number. And now come the November elections of 1905—just one year after *Radicalism* made its great gains in the Campaign of 1904. What is the result? *Radicalism wins all along the line.*

In Ohio it wins. In Pennsylvania it wins. In New York it wins. In California it wins. Everywhere, bossism was unhorsed. Democratic bosses bit the dust and Republican bosses fell to rise no more.

Boss Cox, of Ohio, was a Republican—and he was knocked out of the box. Gorman, of Maryland, was a Democrat—and even the Poe Amendment couldn't save him.

The Radicals elected Weaver, the Republican, in Philadelphia; and the Radicals elected Tom Johnson, the Democrat, in Cleveland. In San Francisco, the Radicals elected Schmitz, the Union Labor Candidate, *in spite of the opposition of both the Democratic and Republican machines.* In New York, the Radicals elected Hearst, *in spite of the combination of machine Democrats and machine Republicans.*

* * * * *

Tom Taggart, the Gambling-hell Chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee, claims that the election was a triumph for the Democratic Party.

Bah! Go to, Tom.

At the same time that Missouri compels John A. McCall, the Democrat, to return that insurance money which he put into the Republican slush fund, Indiana should compel you, Tom Taggart, to return the state funds which the State Auditor lost in your gambling-hell.

Mr. Watson and the Georgia Campaign

THOMSON, GA.,
September 12, 1905.

Hon. Hoke Smith.

MY DEAR SIR: As you perhaps know, I have been in bad health for some time and left the state on a vacation trip. This will explain my delay in writing to you.

There being no Populist state ticket in the field, and the choice of a governor of the state being submitted to the white people in a white primary, you may count on my support, for at least two good reasons:

First, I am pledged by my convictions and my past record to give whatever aid I honorably can to the smashing of the corrupt Corporation Ring which has for so many years ruled and robbed the people of this state.

Second, I am pledged by the speech which I made in Atlanta, on the night of September 1, 1904, to lend a helping hand to the white people of the state in their determination *to enact into permanent legal shape* the principle of White Supremacy, which has been adopted by Constitutional Amendment throughout the Southern states, but which, in Georgia, rests upon the insecure and non-legal action of the Executive Committee of the dominant political party. In nearly every Southern state this principle of White Supremacy has been thought so vitally important to the permanence of the civilization of the white man against Negro Domination that it has been made a part of the organic law of the state. Even in Maryland the Democrats are making their fight on this line; and their position is considered so invincible that the recent Convention of Republicans in that state felt themselves compelled to adopt a declaration against Negro Domination and against Social Equality, and in favor of White Supremacy.

Now, if the principle of the White Primary be sound then there can be no reason why it should not be enacted into law. If the principle of the White Primary is to be *the permanent policy of the Whites* of Georgia, then it should not be left solely to the will and pleasure of the Executive Committee of *any* political party. The Kuklux Klan put the negroes out of politics, and they stayed out for twelve years or more; but when the whites divided on Norwood and Colquitt in 1880, the antagonism grew so strong, the battle so hot between the two white factions, that the negro was called back to political power. Both factions did their level best to catch the negro vote, and the Campaign almost became the trial of a case before a negro jury.

What has happened once can happen again.

The White Primary has put the negro to sleep, but who knows when the Executive Committee may set aside the White Primary?

In 1880, it is well known, the back taxes of thousands of negroes were paid by white men who wanted their votes. It was rumored that $8,000 was sent to Richmond County alone, and that tax arrears to the extent of fifteen years of default were paid off. Those of us who were in the thick of that fight will never forget the wild enthusiasm, the whoop and hurrah, with which the negro, roused from his sleep of more than twelve years, rushed back into political activity.

What has been the consequence of the negro's return to the polls we all know. His vote being a prize, all competitors have sought to win it The situation became so intolerable that, by common consent, the Whites resorted to the White Primary, whereby all differences among the Whites are settled by the Whites.

But who knows when there may be another Colquitt-Lester-Hardeman Convention which will burst up in a row? Who knows when the anger and bitterness of 1880 may fire the White factions which fight for Control? Who knows when the Independent will fly his flag of revolt and defy the

party rules? Who knows when Corporation Rule, in its struggle for life, may look to the Negro Vote as its only salvation at the polls, will have the White Primary set aside by its pliant Committee and will then use its unlimited money to buy negro votes and perpetuate its own sovereignty?

These things can be done. As sure as fate they *will be done* if Corporation Rule can save itself in no other way.

The Populists of Georgia have always and unanimously indorsed the position which you now take against Corporation Rule. To the extent that you go, you are making the fight which we have been making for years. Therefore, we are consistent with ourselves when we cry "Godspeed" to you, as long as you are on *that* line of battle.

Last September the Populists of Georgia, with cheers which shook the Capitol, indorsed the pledge which I then publicly made, *in my own name and in theirs*, to support whatever legislation was thought to be necessary to insure the State of Georgia against Negro Domination.

In going to your support I simply redeem that pledge. Whatever doubts and differences there may have been among the Southern people in past years on this question of Negro Suffrage, we are practically agreed now. The overwhelming majority of the Southern Whites are in favor of putting the negro out of politics. As a constant peril, as a constant source of corruption, as a cause of dissension among ourselves, as a voter who cannot and will not realize the true meaning and responsibility of his ballot, the whites of the Southern states have deliberately decided, after years of trial and trouble, to take the reins of government into their own hands. By the White Primary both the Democrats and the Populists of Georgia have fully committed themselves *to the principle.*

It only remains to do in Georgia what our sister states of the South have wisely done—to put the principle into organic law, out of the reach of tricky, or needy, or desperate politicians who might otherwise call in the Negro Voter to keep themselves in place and power. Yours truly,

THOMAS WATSON.

Wall Street

[This editorial was written by Mr. Watson for the New York *World*, and is reproduced by permission.]

"DOWNING STREET," in British politics, stands for the Administration; "Lon'on Bank" to Robert Burns typified unbounded wealth; the "White House" stands, with us, for the Presidency; and "Wall Street" means, to the minds of the people, the concentrated power of money, of corporations, of syndicates, of trusts and of speculators. A name more thoroughly detested is not to be found in the vocabulary of American politics. It has no avowed friends anywhere. At the mention of this dreaded name people think of "Black Friday," the "gold room" and the panic of 1873. They see again, in ghastly reminiscence, that wreck-strewn day of commercial storm. They hear again the crash of falling houses, the cry of human distress. They see again the wasted field, the empty home, the vagrant family, and all the nameless victims of that "glorious victory" of the lawless soldiers of fortune.

WHAT WALL STREET STANDS FOR

Mention Wall Street and people think of the good Samaritan, Jason Gould; of the gentle philanthropist, "Commodore" Vanderbilt; of that international humanitarian, Belmont; and of that peroration of unselfishness, J. Pierpont Morgan. Around the names of these men and their confederates cling many a tender recollection. There are "pools" to be re-

membered, and "trusts" that dare oblivion. There are "reorganization" schemes in which millions were stolen.

There are secret dickers with party leaders, in which the legislation which was to follow the campaign was bought and sold before the first speech of the campaign had been made to those unsuspecting innocents—the people. There are backroom deals in bonds—national bonds—by which, in whispered confidence, a mighty nation was mortgaged for a whole generation—said nation being stretched, at the time, in horizontal repose, snoring according to orthodox custom, and knowing nothing until too late—as usual.

There are private bank-parlor conclaves in which half a dozen men, with slippered feet comfortably stretched beneath the council board, laid out colossal schemes of taxation which should compel payment from every bale of merchandise, bushel of grain, pound of meat, ton of hay, bag of cotton on the North American Continent; a colossal tax levied under the name of freight rates—a tax which should give those who levy it 16 cents for hauling 200 miles a bushel of corn which the man whose six months of labor produced it sold for 32 cents—a tax which no Supreme Court will stay; no Legislature check; no victims resist!

All these are to be remembered, and many others besides.

CHARACTER OF WALL STREET MEN

And who are these mighty men of Wall Street? What are their natures, purposes, ideals, methods? What is their work after it is done? In private life it may be, and probably is, the fact that most of these Wall Streeters are exemplary citizens. They are, doubtless, good husbands, fathers and friends. As old Thomas Carlyle said, "God forbid that any human creature should be without virtue." In their relations to their fellow-men the Wall Streeters are honest after their own standard, and scrupulously exact. That is to say, they observe the rules of the game. The stealing from the public, and from each other, is done with the nicest regard to the proprieties. The rascality is of the sort called "eminently respectable."

How to get his pound of flesh without drawing blood was the puzzle of Shylock; how to rob a compatriot and dearly beloved brother without violating the laws against robbery is the conundrum upon which the Wall Streeter constantly whets his brain.

And he goes to church with his family every Sunday in a most decent and commendable way.

In Wall Street will be found the American business man in his highest state of development. His knowledge of the affairs which concern him is vast and ready. There is not a rusty piece in all his mental machinery. He is awake from his shoe-strings up. He can go to the marrow of business matters as unerringly as a foxhound tells fox from hare. He is a masterful man, and he knows it.

He controls those who control Presidents and Cabinets. He writes no editorials, but he owns the man who does. He makes no stump speeches, but he can buy all the eloquence he needs. He lingers among the scene-shifters, at the back of the big screen, and grins sardonically as the audience in front applauds the puppets; he pays the man who pulls the wires.

WALL STREET AND CLEVELAND

Grover Cleveland is bull-headed, is he? Got lots of backbone, has he? And yet how neatly these matchless managers of Wall Street manipulated the pompous Cleveland. They created an atmosphere about him; surrounded him with their Benedicts, their Whitneys, their Lamonts, their Morgans; they piloted him into secure harbors, where he found "Golden Fleece"; they softened his way to fortune, and thus they made him their own.

Bull-headed? Since our Republic was founded no President has been so blind a Wall Street tool as Grover Cleveland.

Louis XIV strutted about the grand halls and courts of Versailles, bewigged and bedizened till he seemed a god. He profoundly believed that he had a despotic will which no living creature ventured to oppose. In literal truth he was the unconscious slave of a sly old woman—who in turn was the tool of a sly old priest.

But Louis did not know; and Cleveland does not know. Madame de Maintenon and history knew, however, as to Louis; and Wall Street and the country know as to Cleveland.

SECRET OF WALL STREET'S POWER

After all, what does Wall Street represent especially?

It represents the power of Money.

There is yet a book to be written about money. The man and the task will some day meet. Nothing is more certain than that the world still lacks a true knowledge of that tremendous factor in modern life called Money. There is something about it which none of the books tell. Its agency in human affairs is more far-reaching and omnipotent than the economists claim.

"Money is a medium of exchange," says some light gentleman, speaking glibly. Yes, so it is. But why, then, is so small a portion of it out of work perfecting said exchanges? There are countless exchanges waiting to be made, eager to be made, clamoring to be made—why, then, does not your "medium of exchange" get down to business and go to perfecting said exchanges?

"Money is a measure of value," says another glib speaker. Yes, so it is. But why is it that the measure of value makes three bales of cotton worth less now than one bale was worth thirty-odd years ago? The bale of cotton will make just as many frocks or shirts as it ever did, and is therefore unchanged in value.

THE MEASURE OF VALUE

Why, then, does the "measure of value" take three bales now where it formerly took but one?

With respect to each other, commodities produced by labor have not changed their relative value within these thirty years. Were barter the rule of commerce, corn, wheat and cotton would exchange, the one for the other, upon the same relative terms they bore to each other thirty years ago. It is only when these commodities measure themselves against money that they shrink to one-sixth. Why is this, ye dealers in glib talk?

"Money being a mere medium of exchange, you can no more alter the value of produce by altering the volume of money than you can alter the quantity of molasses by multiplying the number of quart cups."

Thus speaks another glib talker. Suppose you double the size of the quart cup, you get half the number of quarts of molasses, do you not? The entire amount of the money is the quart cup which measures the entire amount of the produce. Alter the amount of money, and you alter the size of your quart cup, do you not?

"Money is an agency of civilization," says another.

Is it not also an agency of barbarism? Is it not a fearful instrument of oppression? Is it not a tyrant of values rather than a measure? Is it not rather a menace to civil liberty than a hope? Cannot the man who has the money become the torturer, the executioner, the dispenser of life and death to the man who has not got it?

It is so if the laws are framed in that direction. Put certain laws back of money, and there is no realm it cannot conquer with its oppressive and aggressive force.

Consider our legal-tender laws. No tax, no debt can be paid without money. Before any safety can be had from tax collector or sheriff, one must take his labor or produce into the market and buy money with it.

Suppose there be no money in the market seeking those commodities. "Result, misery," said Mr. Micawber.

Suppose the supply of money has been "cornered" by speculators; then the man with the produce is their help-

less prey—for he must have some of that money. His produce, no matter how much more valuable than the debt, will not pay the debt; he must have money or he is lost.

Suppose you assess a poll tax of $1 against the voter (as we do in the State of Georgia) and say that he must pay the dollar before he can vote; and suppose you decrease the supply of money until it requires four days' labor to get the dollar, whereas it formerly required but one. In such a case, money and the laws you put behind it tend to disfranchise the citizen, and take away political power from the poor.

Suppose you load down a people with national debts and taxes, and decrease the supply of money until the production of labor cannot be sold for more than will pay the cost of living, will those people ever be free?

Whatever there is that is dangerous in money Wall Street represents. Concentrated money is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it. A "trust" on money is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

Money withdrawn from circulation and put into partnership with speculators in the necessaries of life is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

Money used to corrupt the press, the bench, the Legislature, the ballot, is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

Money gathered into one vast fund to overwhelm competition in the interest of monopoly is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

Money dictating legislation in its own behalf, to the detriment of labor, land and produce, is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

Money seeking to build up a caste, an aristocracy of wealth founded upon special privileges, is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

AMERICA'S MONEY-MADE KINGS

Here in Wall Street we see the actual rulers of this Republic. They are kings. Their realm is the Union; their subjects the citizens of the Union. Here sits the bondholder—"a prosperous gentleman." His wealth is securely fastened in a national bond—beyond the reach of fire and flood. No risks of trade does he run. No taxes does he pay. He lives on the taxes others pay—verily "a prosperous gentleman."

He is a king. The Government is under mortgage to him, and so are its people. His nod shakes the Cabinet; his word is law to Congress. He paid paper money for bonds back in the "sixties"; he had the law so changed that he must be paid in "coin" and he compelled our "backbone" President to declare that coin meant gold.

Yonder goes the National Banker, "lording the lean earth," and so forth. He not only enjoys every toothsome Government favor the bondholder enjoys, but he has gone and incorporated himself into a bank, elected himself president thereof, put his son in as cashier and his nephew as teller, and is paying the Government fifty cents on the hundred for the privilege of getting Government notes, which he can lend at $8 on the hundred. To get this privilege he doesn't invest a cent beyond what he has already invested in the bond.

He is a king. He pays no Federal tax on his bond; he gets a handsome revenue from the taxes others pay; he nets $7.50 on the hundred upon the special privilege of lending Government-issued notes. The people who need the money and do not share his privilege of issuing it have to come to him for it; pay his own price to get it. Every little bank in the land looks up to him in awe and reverence. His power stretches as far as his capital can reach, and his capital reaches to the uttermost limits of this Republic.

Here in his private office, calm and inscrutable, sits the railway president. He is a king. He can put his toll dish into every hopper in America. No citizen can go to market or return without paying him tribute. No commodity moves without his fiat. No

business lives save at his mercy. He can strike the life out of the proudest city with discriminating rates. He can crush any enterprise with rebates given to its rival.

Little does he fear your President. His retainers sit in the Cabinet, in the Senate, in the House. Is he afraid of the law? Why, the judge was his lawyer and still is his tool. Does he tremble when the editor passes? Hardly. The editor loves free rides, fat advertisements and buyers of big blocks of doubtful stock. Does he regard the public? With a snort of contempt he quotes Vanderbilt's remark on said public. Does he obey State Constitutions? He tramples them till they are flat and lays his monopoly upon the violated laws as he would lay steel rails on cross-ties. He knows the power of money, and he knows it has qualities not analyzed in the books. He knows that the man who has it rules the men who haven't.

THE LAIR OF TRUSTS

Over there sit the members of the trust. They are kings. They agreed one night on a Nail Trust, and on the morrow every builder in the Union was kneeling at their feet and paying the tribute. On every other article necessary to the demands of modern life they will in turn fix their grip. Tomorrow it will be some article of food; next day it will be coal; then again some article without which houses cannot be built, farm products marketed or home life made endurable.

Thus a hungry horde of combines make their lair in Wall Street and thence prowl forth into every field of industry and human endeavor.

That is what I see in Wall Street. To me it but typifies the evils of our Government—evils which have grown up rapidly since the Civil War and which now threaten the life of the Republic.

In Wall Street I see the power of money to oppress, to enslave, to plunder, to corrupt, to revolutionize.

In Wall Street I see the power of money to defy the law and to buy the law—a power which so dictates the statutes that money, once the mere agent of commerce, is now its master; once the mere tool of exchange, is now its autocrat; once the ready friend of the producer, is now his deadliest foe.

What laws are those upon which Wall Street has built its power? Our corporation laws; our transportation laws; our national banking laws; our laws contracting the currency; our laws against silver; our laws exempting wealth from Federal taxation.

Under these vicious statutes Wall Street has revolutionized our Government and turned it into a moneyed aristocracy; has fettered commerce till it can hardly move; has levied such tolls on the highways that produce dreads shipment.

The Wall Street influence is the chief criminal of the age. It represents the spoliation of the producer by the non-producer; the plunder of the weak by the strong; the rifling of the greenhorn by the sharper; the robbery of the merchant vessel by the pirate; the foray of the feudal chief against the unarmed traders passing his castle.

Not one dollar did the bondholder of Wall Street ever add to the nation's store of wealth. Not one dollar did the banker, railroad president, stock speculator or trust organizer ever produce.

Afar off, in the thousand fields of industry, the producer is adding to the nation's store of wealth. In the mine, the quarry, the mill, the shop, the field and the forest the laborer is bent to his task. He brings forth more food, more raiment, more lumber, more coal, more iron, more silver and gold, more brick and marble to add to the world's supply of necessaries, comforts and luxuries.

But here in Wall Street is enthroned the non-producer. His constant care it is to watch the producer and relieve him of his wealth as fast as he produces it. The laws have been so deftly framed that no violence occurs as the property changes hands. In the old times the person robbed had at least the chance to fight for his chattels, his

lands and his tenements. He could die like a brave man, sword in hand, in defense of purse, of goods, of home and fireside. That was in the old barbarous days, and "they do those things better" in these civilized and Christian latitudes.

NO HOPE FOR THE PRODUCER

How can the producer fight for his goods now? If he dared to raise his arm he would be a rebel, an outlaw. He would not be fighting the Wall Street robber. He would be fighting some State or Federal officer who unconsciously acts as Wall Street's agent.

If a shipper of fruit, vegetables or melons loses his entire shipment, and has to pay freight besides, whom can he fight? How can he reach the Wall Street railway king who confiscated his shipment by levying upon it extortionate freight rates?

If an oil mill starts up and is crushed by the Rockefeller trust—the railroad king helping by giving discriminating rates—whom can the plundered victim fight?

If the West Point Terminal people come down to Georgia in palace cars, work a reorganization scheme on the Central Railroad of Georgia, sell the property at public outcry, bid it in for themselves, and thus plunder men, women and children to the extent of ten million dollars, whom can the widows and the orphans fight?

And if J. Pierpont Morgan's company takes charge of the Central and waters its watered stock up to $50,000,000 (whereas the genuine stock was but $7,500,000), whom can the merchants and farmers fight when they are fleeced to pay dividends upon forty millions of imaginary values?

If these Wall Street monarchs make a "corner" upon any article of food, clothing, fuel or other prime necessity, and thus, in violation of the law, wring a tribute out of the unwilling hand of consumers everywhere, it is robbery, isn't it? Yet the person robbed has no chance to stand at bay and resist.

If Wall Street forms a trust on gold, compels the Government to establish the rule of payments in gold only, and thus holds the limited supply which must be had by those who are in debt to meet their almost unlimited demands, can any cheek but pale at the contemplation of this tremendous trap in which the lambs will be caught and sheared?

And where can any fight come in?

RESISTANCE SEEMS FUTILE

If Wall Street by its gold standard policy and its "corner" on the supply of gold can compel the Government itself to come into the trap, and to issue bonds, bonds, bonds, to get gold, and if these bonds are merely mortgages upon the Republic—the holders of which pay no tax, while the interest on the mortgage is paid from the taxes of others—who is so blind as not to see that the Government itself lies prone in the dust with the iron heel of Wall Street upon its neck?

"Money is a measure of value" they tell me. Just so. Now give control of this measure to Wall Street and Wall Street can so manipulate the size of the measure that intrinsic value almost disappears. Commodities, in the last analysis, must exchange for that amount of money actually in circulation. The man who must have money to pay rent, cost of living, taxes or mortgages can only get a share of the money which is actually in market. The less money there is in the market the more of labor and produce and land he must give to get some of the money.

Make the legal-tender laws rigid, as we have done, make money the one indispensable thing as we have done, and then give to Wall Street the control of both the supply of money and the demand for it, as we have done, and if Wall Street does not catch all the wealth it wants in this deadly and comprehensive snare it will be because Wall Street's wants are a shoreless sea.

THE STREET'S VICTORS AND VICTIMS

But the afternoon wears away, evening comes on and the battle is over in Wall Street—for the day. The chieftains have drawn off their forces and for a few hours there will be rest, coupled with plannings for tomorrow's battle. Some of the Wall Streeters come forth flushed with victory. They have borne down all opposition, routed their foes and levied suitable "indemnities" upon the vanquished.

Those who have lost the day will retreat as best they may, reform their shattered lines, if they can, and be ready for another combat later. Or perhaps the defeat has been a rout—a Waterloo—and there is no tomorrow. In that event a brief note from the coward to the wife he leaves alone, and then suicide.

But the victors waste no thoughts over the victims. The private car waits at the depot, and the yacht is ready at the wharf. On board steps the victor, bound for his palace in the mountain or his castle on the Hudson.

The chateaux of the old French noblesse were never so fine as the castles of the Wall Streeters; nor did my lord, the French Marquis, ever hedge himself round about with more of the exclusiveness befitting blue blood than doth this Wall Street son of a soap-boiler, a pelt peddler or a mouse-trap vender. In his castle there is splendor beyond the descriptive coloring power of words. There is the feast and the dance, there is wine and wassail, there is purple and fine linen, there is money until the horses and dogs fare more sumptuously than half the children of the soil, whose labor produced what Wall Street enjoys.

And I wonder sometimes if these men never think of the men they plunder, of the women they widowed, of the children they orphaned. In the warmth and glow of their own imperial homes I wonder if they never think of the hearths that are cold, of the homes that are desolate, of the families scattered, of the old men and women, of the boys and the girls that have been driven shelterless into the storm in order that Wall Street might have another million which it did not need.

In their dreams do these kings of finance—these feudal lords of the corporations—never see the haggard faces of the men they have ruined? Do they never see the pale faces of the suffering women? Do they never hear the cry of the children—the ragged, hungry, homeless waifs—out of whose heart Wall Street has stricken hope and love and faith?

Even the stony heart of Napoleon felt a pang as he looked over the field of battle and noted the dead and dying. If Wall Street has any heart and feels any pang, the proofs are yet to be had.

THE PEOPLE'S ONLY WEAPONS

"I can hire one-half the people to shoot the other half," said Jay Gould, when someone suggested armed resistance to one of his marauding expeditions. He did not fear armed resistance to anything Wall Street might choose to do. He was quite right. Wall Street could hire half the suffering people to shoot the other half.

It is precisely upon this principle that nations are governed and tyranny supported. Just as we hired Indians to kill Indians, England hires Africans to shoot Africans and sent Egyptian troops to slaughter their brethren up the Nile. The Sepoy rebellion was put down partly with Sepoys; Hindoostan was conquered by the use of Hindoo troops, and not long ago we saw England sending one conquered people, the Hindoos, to conquer another, the Soudanese. Thus it goes.

We could never throw off the domination of Wall Street by an appeal to arms. If it cannot be done by voting it cannot be done at all. If the people have not sense enough to vote Wall Street away they have not sense enough to shoot it away. A man who hasn't got sense enough to know what to do with his ballot wouldn't have sense enough to know what to do with his gun.

"The Goths and the Vandals of the

future will gather at the street corners of our cities," said, in substance, Lord Macaulay. Not so. There is no danger from the squalid denizens of the slums. The ragged cohorts of the cellars and the garrets and the ash barrels can never rise above petty larceny, one-horse riots, sporadic murder and occasional pillage. From that direction we need expect no organized attack upon property, no revolution that shall subvert the Government, no avalanche of invasion which shall destroy civilization.

The danger lies in the opposite direction. The Goths and the Vandals of modern life are these law-defying Wall Streeters. They invade every province of industry and despoil it. They force the gates of every city and compel tribute. They carry off from every mart of trade the booty they most covet. In their triumphal march follows the train of captives—the helpless and hopeless debtors.

And as these wretched captives, torn from their plows, torn from their shops, torn from the sunlight, the freedom and the joy of life follow in the train of their masters and enter the fatal Wall Street hell, each seems to read the stern legend written upon the portals, "Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here."

I fear no revolution arising from the poor. The revolution I fear is coming from Wall Street. Through the power of money, which can throttle intrinsic values, and the power of the Trust, which can arbitrarily assess other men's earnings, and the power of the corporation, which can tax the profit out of every other man's business, these Wall Streeters, if not curbed by a revolt of the people at the ballot-box, will work a revolution which may never spill a drop of blood, but which will inevitably change, radically and ruinously, the spirit and the purpose of this democratic Republic.

Robinson Crusoe and My Insurance Policy

In the October number of this Magazine I offered for sale at public outcry a Policy which I have been fattening on premiums for nineteen years—a Policy in Tom Ryan's Equitable.

The first nibble at this tempting bait is from the Southern Guarantee Loan Company, through its courteous and watchful Secretary, Mr. Robinson Crusoe.

Here is the letter:

Established Sept. 17th, 1894		*Hon. Robert E. Park,* *President*
Assets.	$400,000.00	*Hugh Robinson* *General Agent*
Reserve Funds.	$150.000.00	*Robinson D. Crusoe* *Secretary*

General Office
of the
SOUTHERN GUARANTEE LOAN COMPANY
of
Atlanta, Ga.

September 30, 1905.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: We note in the last issue of your Magazine that you wish to dispose of your Equitable policy. If this is true and you will consider a reasonable offer, and will send us a full description of the policy on the inclosed blank, we will be glad to take the matter up and make you an offer at once, as we believe that the Equitable is good for its contracts and are willing to pay out our good money in the belief that they will carry them out.

You, of course, understand that your insurance has been of some value to you in the last nineteen years, for, while of course you have not profited by this, yet if you had died within this time the company would have paid you the full face of the policy, and the cheapest form of insurance that you could have gotten for this time—a twenty-year term policy would have cost you $73.30 a year for $5,000. This term insurance is just like fire insurance; if you die within the term of the policy the company pays your estate the amount of such policy; if you live out the term, then you get absolutely nothing in return.

Now, judging from the description that you gave of your policy, we feel confident that, after deducting the cost of the insurance, we can return to you what money you have paid to the company during the nineteen years, with 6 per cent. *compound* interest. Of course, however, before giving exact figures, we would like to have a full description of the policy. If you are in

earnest about wishing to sell this policy and are willing to take into consideration the cost of the insurance while it has been in force, we are sure that we can make you an offer that will net you a good rate of interest on the amount of the premium in excess of the actual cost of the insurance.

Hoping to hear from you at an early date, we beg to remain,

Yours very truly,
SOUTHERN GUARANTEE LOAN COMPANY.
R. D. CRUSOE,
Secretary.

Accompanying this letter came a list of questions for me to answer. Anyone who has read my former editorials will know all the facts inquired about, excepting the "*Kind of Policy.*" On the back of the Contract it is called by the inequitable Equitable, "UNRESTRICTED TONTINE POLICY." These fateful words are in Red Ink and Capital Letters.

Opening this red-headed Policy with all the respect which should be shown to an old bit of paper which has devoured $113.50 nineteen times, hand-running, I find on the inside the following specifications, to wit:

That the Tontine Dividend Period completes itself on October 1, 1906.

That no dividend will be paid me unless I live till then. That's one of the reasons why I have tried so hard to live till then. I wanted to see what I would get *then.*

For nineteen years it has been reasonably clear to me that the inequitable Equitable has been getting $113.50. What I wanted to know was what *I* would get. I could have insured my life for the same sum of money in any one of several mutual and fraternal companies which have proven themselves good for their contracts. I paid the Equitable twice as much, because the Society made such fair promises.

What were those promises?

First, That I should have my share, my *equitable portion* of all surplus or profits "derived from such policies" of the same kind as may have lapsed during the twenty years of the Tontine Period. It was thus held out to me as an inducement to join the Equitable Society and pay twice as much as one of the fraternal orders would have charged, that I should have my part of the crop earned on lapsed policies during the twenty years.

Many a poor fellow has dropped out of the race during this long run of twenty years. All that he had paid in stayed in. What the Equitable got, it kept. To encourage me to keep in the race, no matter how short my breath got nor how much I panted, they tempted me with the promise that this surplus from lapsed policies "*shall be equitably apportioned* among such policies as shall complete the Tontine Dividend Periods."

Does this promise have any value? If so, how much? Or is it merely the bundle of hay stretched out over the horse's head at the end of a pole—hay that the horse is to run after but not get?

Second, I became a member of the Equitable Society upon the distinct condition in writing that on October 1, 1906, I could withdraw *in cash* the share of the accumulated surplus apportioned my Policy No. 330,516 by the Society and continue my policy on the ordinary plan.

Now, how much of that alleged surplus of $80,000,000 has been apportioned by the Society to *my* policy?

Hump thyself, friend Robinson Crusoe, and find out!

When I entered the bullpen of the Equitable there were only 330,515 fools inclosed. The others had not then been corralled.

Now, what is my share of the surplus earned by the Equitable?

What portion of that $80,000,000 belongs to *me?*

Third, Under the contract set out in writing, it was my option to let go the cash surplus and to seize upon another policy, paid for by my share in "the accumulated profit."

Thus I could surrender my old piece of paper and get a brand-new piece of paper.

But before I could avail myself of this privilege it would be necessary to produce a satisfactory certificate of good health from *medical examiners appointed by the Society.*

In other words, the Society couldn't give me a new contract, *which I had earned by nineteen payments*, until I satisfied *their* medical examiners that I still remained sound in wind and limb in spite of the wear and tear of twenty years of premium paying. But wasn't it fair that *I* should know something about the health of the Equitable before I took new paper for old paper? While they were so particular about my liver and lungs and lights and things, and probed into my insides with other tests which shall be continued in our next, shouldn't I know something about *their* insides?

Well, the law said I should. The law said there must be an Insurance Commissioner in New York.

Who appointed *this* "medical examiner"?

Apparently the Equitable did.

The Society reported its symptoms as indicating the highest state of health, when, in fact, it was diseased in its every member.

Had *I* procured a paid-up policy under our contract by telling one-tenth the number of lies about my condition that the Equitable has been telling during these twenty years, they could have put me into the penitentiary.

* * * * *

Fourth, I had the option, under my

"How much of that alleged surplus has been apportioned to my policy? Hump thyself, Robinson Crusoe, and find out."

policy, to continue the policy for the original amount and to apply the entire Tontine Dividend to the purchase of an annuity to reduce subsequent premiums on the policy; and, in case those dividends exceeded the $113.50, the excess was to be paid me in cash.

Fifth, I had the option to surrender the policy and to take its value in paid-up insurance, upon which I would not have to pay premiums.

The vanishing surplus.

* * * * *

There you have, friend Robinson Crusoe, a full description of the property. As to the insured, I am forty-nine years old, going on fifty; weigh more than I did in 1886, can jump as far and lift as much, do not use eye-glasses or stem my fodder; drink water principally and neither chew nor smoke; am sound in wind and *my* withers are unwrung. In short, my state of health will compare to great advantage with that of Tom Ryan's Equitable Society.

Now what do I hear for this Policy?

Yes, I *am* in earnest, friend Crusoe. But auction sales are conducted *publicly*, you know, Rob.

It isn't good form to whisper to the auctioneer or take him off to one side to juggle with him. No, no, Rob; you can't buy this policy in private.

Come right out into the open, my son, and chirp your bid.

This is to be a public sale, Rob. *Competition* applies here, you know. If possible, I want to get a whole lot of financial fellows to bidding against one another. In that way my old policy may get on a boom.

Couldn't sell it to you by private correspondence, Rob.

That wouldn't be fair to the others, you know.

Must give all the financial fellows a chance.

Besides, the public loves to attend a sale and to see what is sold, who buys and the prices given.

In that manner the public learn some things.

I want the public to learn some things about Life Insurance.

Therefore I invite you, friend Crusoe, to make a bid which I can quote in this Magazine.

Peonage in Panama

On the last of September, 1905, a French steamer came to Colon with a cargo of negroes from Martinique.

They had been imported by the Canal Zone emigration agent under contract to work on the canal.

What the soliciting agent said to them in Martinique to prevail upon them to leave home and family I do not know. He probably said everything that was necessary. That's a way they have, these soliciting agents.

At any rate, the agent got the negroes to "touch the pen," and they were duly loaded on the French steamer as contract laborers intended for the Panama Canal.

On the voyage the negroes changed

their minds. They came to hate those contracts and to repent the act which was consigning them to drudgery in a foreign land. What caused this change of mind?

I don't know, and, for the purpose of this article, I don't care. The cause may have been homesickness, a growing repugnance to the white man's dominion, an increasing dislike for the job as they got nearer to it.

The negroes *claimed* that they had been deceived, had been entrapped. They *claimed* that conditions at Panama had been misrepresented. They *claimed* that a knowledge of the true state of things at Panama caused them to revolt at the idea of working there.

It does not at all matter what the true reason of their change of mind was; the important fact is that they *did* change their minds about those contracts, loudly repudiated the same, refused to leave the steamer and begged to be taken back to Martinique.

To this extent all reports agree.

What happened afterward is a subject of dispute.

Newspaper reporters supposed to be respectable telegraphed to newspapers which are admitted to be respectable a detailed narrative which, for the present, I shall follow.

The negroes did not want to quit the steamer for an obvious reason.

So long as they remained on the French vessel they were French subjects on French territory. Desperately they clung to the deck; it was home and country. If they landed they would be on foreign ground, under foreign control, at the mercy of foreign conditions. These negroes felt that if they were put ashore they would be compelled by the mere force of circumstances to serve out the term of their contracts.

On shore, they would have no place to stay, no huts to live in, no food to eat, no money to buy with and no way to earn food or money.

Nobody would give them work excepting the Panama Canal diggers. Indeed, there was no other work at Panama which they *could* do.

To the minds of the negroes the alternative presenting itself if they were put ashore was this: "Serve out the term of the contract or perish."

Oh, my white brother, isn't that clear to you?

Having looked at that side of the shield, let us look now at the other.

The Canal Zone emigration agent felt wronged by the refusal of the negroes to leave the ship.

He had gone to Martinique for these negroes; he had been put to much trouble and expense to get them; the number of plausible lies he had had to tell to persuade the indolent blacks to quit their homes and families had been a severe strain, no doubt, upon his mental ingenuity if not upon his conscience. When he had done and suffered all this and had paid the freight on the human cattle, should he not have the cattle?

To *his* mind the case was this: "These niggers signed a contract; they have had the benefit of my money; they now want to break the contract, and I am going to force them to keep it."

That is precisely the reasoning of the white man in the Southern States when he has paid good money to keep a negro out of the chain gang and has taken him to the farm, sawmill or mine to work out the debt. The negro changes his mind after getting out of jail and wants to jump his contract; the white man compels him to stay. At this stage enters the Federal Judge.

Net result: the negro criminal and the white man exchange places—the white man becoming the criminal and the negro going free.

* * * * *

The negroes from Martinique, being determined not to leave the ship, and the Canal Zone emigration agent being determined that they should, what was done?

Lest I be charged with exaggeration, the story as telegraphed from Colon to the Washington *Post* is given here, just as it appeared in that independent and ably conducted newspaper:

CLUBBED BY POLICE

Laborers for Canal Forced Ashore at Colon

IN REVOLT FOR TWO DAYS

Declared They Preferred Death to Life on the Isthmus

Shipload of Men from Martinique Refused to Disembark, Asserting that They Had Been Deceived as to Conditions—Some Yielded to Persuasion and Others Were Beaten Into Submission—All in a Pitiable Condition

Colon, October 1.

Six hundred and fifty laborers from Martinique brought here Friday on the French steamer *Versailles* under contract to work on the canal refused to disembark or submit to vaccination, which is imperative under the American sanitary regulations. They clamored to be taken back to Martinique, asserting that they had been misinformed as to the conditions here before they embarked, and that later they learned these conditions were intolerable and deadly.

Yesterday morning, however, five hundred of them were with difficulty persuaded to land, and these were sent to points along the line of the canal. One hundred and fifty remained on board and declined to leave the ship under any consideration. These were forcibly ejected from the vessel this afternoon by Panaman and Canal Zone policemen, but not until nearly every one of them had been clubbed and several were bleeding from nasty wounds. All of yesterday and last night the *Versailles* was guarded by Panaman policemen.

PREFERRED DEATH, THEY SAID

Early this morning the French Consul at Colon, M. Bonherry, appealed to the men to listen to reason, explaining that they had left Martinique under contract with the Canal Zone emigration agent guaranteeing the payment of their passage here, and that while working on the canal they would have, in addition to their wages, the guarantee of free quarters and free medical attendance. The men, however, were not amenable to this reasoning. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Consul and of the Panaman and American officials, and despite the information given them by several of their countrymen that health and other conditions on the Isthmus were satisfactory, and that the terms of their employment would enable them to save money, they persistently refused to leave the ship, baring their breasts and invoking death in preference to going ashore.

The captain of the *Versailles*, who all through the trouble displayed an extraordinary amount of patience, told the men that he was ready to take back to Martinique all those who were able to pay their passage, but the men argued that the French Government would be willing to reimburse the steamship company and that they themselves were penniless.

Before noon, at the instance of M. Raven, the agent of the company, and of the French Consul, a squad of twelve Panaman police went on board the vessel and told the men that force would be used if they persisted in their refusal to disembark. Seeing that the police were armed with bayonets and guns, the men again bared their breasts and said they preferred death rather than be taken ashore. Governor Melendez, Mayor Andron, the chief of police, and others argued with the men, but again without effect.

CLUBBED INTO SUBMISSION

Ten additional policemen arrived at the wharf, but the Governor, wishing to avoid bloodshed, and considering that the police force was insufficient, telegraphed to President Amador, asking permission to use the Canal Zone police, to which the President consented. In the meantime twelve policemen from the Zone had arrived at the dock and were being held in readiness.

At two o'clock the laborers were informed that they would be given two hours to reconsider their decision, and at four o'clock three of them consented to disembark, the others still holding out. Then the Panaman police, armed with clubs, approached the laborers, and on their refusing to quit the ship began to club them right and left.

The Zone police, a few minutes later, assisted in the clubbing, but with better judgment and less indiscriminately. About fifty of the laborers leaped into the sea, but all of the men were able to swim. The captain, however, lowered a boat, which picked them up. Nearly every man had received blows, and several of them were bleeding from ugly wounds.

Seeing that resistance was useless the men yielded, came ashore and began to eat the food, which had been placed on the dock in sight of them for several hours. Many of them had not eaten since Saturday. At five o'clock all the laborers, who were in a pitiable condition, were placed on board a train, which left for Corozal, where they will be put to work.

Thus the blacks were put ashore; starvation had failed; tempting displays of food on the dock had failed; twelve policemen had not been sufficient, and ten more were not enough. It required the combined assault of Canal Zone and Panaman Police to drive this helpless mass of black men into a servitude which they abhorred.

Once ashore, that which they knew

beforehand would happen happened. The Canal Zone people nabbed their niggers and carted them off to work, "*in a pitiable condition.*"

* * * * *

"Bleeding from ugly wounds," and "in a pitiable condition," the conquered blacks were hustled on board the cars and taken away into servitude.

What kind of servitude?

lip of His Honor Judge Emory Speer or His Honor Judge Thomas G. Jones? Wouldn't a scornful question or two about that dripping blood, about those ugly wounds, about that pitiable condition cover the farmer with merited shame?

Is man's inhumanity to man an offense against universal law, to be punished wherever found, or is it a crime in the Southern States only?

"Driven ashore with as much brutality as was ever shown in the old evil days . . ."

Was it voluntary or involuntary? Suppose a Southern farmer were at the bar in a Federal Court to answer the charge of Peonage, and the evidence of white witnesses brought out facts like those! Suppose the farmer should contend that the negro, after being properly starved and beaten, went willingly to his work!

Wouldn't a sarcastic smile curl the

The New York *Tribune*, defending the disgraceful affair, seems to contend that the negroes became thoroughly reconciled to the situation and went to their tasks with happy hearts.

Certainly. They had been beaten—not with a cowhide as in the old days—but with clubs.

Blood ran upon the decks of that slave ship; blood streamed from the

"The New York *Tribune* seems to contend that the negroes became reconciled to the situation."

wounds of those slaves. Piteous cries for mercy rang upon the ear—and there was no mercy. Driven ashore with as much brutality as was ever shown in the old evil-days, they were clutched by their masters and the stern choice was "*Work out this contract or perish!*"

Went to work willingly? Of course they did. A negro will work willingly any time, if you ask him to do so pleasantly, between the lashes that you are laying on.

Lazy white men might possibly be galvanized into temporary fits of industry if the whipping post were the alternative.

Hunger has also been known to have some influence upon whites as well as blacks.

These negroes from Martinique acted under the twofold inducement. They were beaten, and they were starved.

Consenting to go to work, they were no longer beaten and they were fed.

* * * * *

It was all right, says the leading organ of the Republican Party—*The Tribune.*

Whitelaw Reid is Republican Ambassador to Great Britain, and *The Tribune* is Mr. Reid's paper.

Yes, it's all right.

A man called Governor Magoon has made an "official report" explaining it all away, says *The Tribune.* "Official Reports" don't command premiums just now.

Nobody has forgotten James Garfield's Report on the Beef Trust; nor the certificates of health officially issued to Life Insurance Companies which were putrid with disease; nor has anybody forgotten the Report of Taft on Loomis and Bowen.

Why isn't the report of newspaper reporters to reputable newspapers as good, in this case, as Magoon's Report? Anybody who had eyes, and could see a negro beaten, anybody who had ears and could hear him cry out in pain, could Report the fact as well as Magoon could do it. There were no books and papers to examine; no witnesses to be sifted. The tragedy was played in public where all could hear the blows as they fell, see the blood as it dripped, put their fingers into the gaping wounds if they chose.

Magoon me no Magoons. If the only object aimed at had been to eject passengers who had reached their destination and wouldn't get out, what did the Canal Zone emigration agent have to do with it?

Why did *he* take charge of the job of getting passengers off the French steamer?

The Canal Zone emigration agent was not interested in the negroes as *passengers;* his concern was with *laborers* whom he had imported and whom he was bent on holding to their contracts.

A child who couldn't see that would be a very dull child indeed.

If it was only a question of ridding the French steamers of passengers who would not land, what did the Canal Zone police have to do with it?

Are Canal Zone policemen kept there to unload French steamers?

The facts are plain, horribly plain.

The Canal Zone agent meant that the consignment of negroes should be delivered on the Canal, for Canal work, according to contract; and every measure taken proves it.

If the emigration agent meant to let the negroes have their own way, he

would not have bothered about getting them off the vessel.

As emigration agent, it was no business of his whether the French steamer got rid of its passengers or not.

To unload his cargo was the business of the Captain of the ship. It need not have concerned the Canal Zone authorities at all.

"A negro will work willingly if you ask him between the lashes you are laying on."

If the Canal Zone people had meant to let the negroes have their own way, their attitude would have been that of Hands off. "Land your own passengers, Captain. That's *your* business, not ours."

But no. The Canal Zone emigration people who had sent to Martinique for the niggers meant to have them, and they got them. Persuasion wouldn't do, tempting displays of food wouldn't do, twelve policemen wouldn't do, ten more wouldn't do, and *then* the Canal Zone warriors went aboard. One hundred and fifty negroes who did not want to submit were made to submit. They were clubbed until they surrendered.

That's all there is to it.

* * * * *

Facts like these which shine out through the work of this attempted suppression, appeal to elemental human nature and make the blood grow hot with indignation.

It was a shame, a shame, a shame!

Booker Washington! what do *you* have to say about this outrage? These are *your* kith and kin, Doctor.

These are the people to whom the United States, in a burst of spectacular philanthropy, sent charitable gifts after those volcanic calamities, a few years ago.

The best government the world ever saw violated the Constitution to get to Martinique with charitable offerings sooner than the French Government could do it.

Now the same people of Martinique are held in bondage to an unwelcome task in Panama, and the Government is a party to the crime.

Will you be silent, Doctor? And shall we hear no cry of rage and protest from Edward Atkinson or Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart?

If that piece of inhumanity had happened in the Southern States nobody ever would have heard the last of it.

Federal Judges would have got on the rampage, would have rubbed the rust off the old armor of forgotten statutes, and would have run Southern white men into jail for Peonage faster than a dog can trot.

Editors would have frothed, orators ranted, pulpits banged and universal clamor continued until the black slaves had been emancipated and the white slave-catchers punished.

One hundred and fifty negroes are now bent to a task in Panama to which they went unwillingly.

They were driven toward it with curses and blows. As they left the deck of the steamer, it was wet with their blood.

But it was only a lot of niggers from the West Indies. They don't count.

They are not Afro-Americans. Their

vote is not the balance of power in New York or anywhere else.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" does not refer to *them*.

John Brown's soul is marching on, but not in the direction of the Canal Zone.

* * * * *

Suppose this thing had been reported as happening at a lumber camp, coal mine or farm in the South; suppose the correspondents of first-class newspapers had telegraphed that they saw the outrage committed; and suppose that the owner of the mill or mine or farm had simply put in a denial, or had had some convenient Magoon to do it for him—would *that* have been sufficient?

Wouldn't the authorities want *to hear what the negroes had to say?*

Would the whole ugly business have been hushed up upon the report of some pliant or handy Magoon?

"*Let us hear from the negroes*" is the motto of the Federal Judges in the South; and many a proud white man has been made to suffer judicial penalties on account of the story which the negro told when speaking under the protection of the law.

Suppose that the blacks at Panama were given the same chance to tell how they were snared into signing those contracts, how they were beaten into submission, and held in Panama against their will, who can doubt what they would say when speaking under the protection of the Court?

Who is it that does not feel sure of the evidence which they would give?

In your heart of hearts you *know* that the cry of each one of these men would be "Give me back my freedom!"

The Modesty of the Bankers

In the November number of this Magazine appeared an editorial under the caption of "*The Bankers Came to Town.*"

Those of our fellow-citizens who read that article will remember the luxurious style in which the genial chiefs of finance traveled to the City of Washington, D. C., to attend the Annual Convention of the Bankers' Association.

Well, the Convention was duly held, and there is every reason to believe that the genial chiefs of finance had a good time. So far as I am concerned they were welcome to it. But the question which I rise to ask is this:

How did it become the business of the bankers to demand a Ship Subsidy?

Is the Tariff question connected with banking?

If so, how?

Are the Trust magnates who coin fortunes out of our Protective system confederated with the bankers?

If not, why should the Bankers' Association become a stalking horse for the Trust magnates?

Our infernal Tariff has killed our Commerce by refusing to Americans the right to buy ships where ships can be bought cheapest.

Unless an American builds his ship in this country, out of materials whose price has been increased by the Tariff, he is denied the right of registry and of the protection of the American flag.

Hence, the American's home-built ship costs him more than a similar ship would cost him in England, Scotland or Germany.

The Englishman takes our ocean-going freight away from us because the American cannot compete.

Why cannot the American compete?

Because the American has to pay a higher price for ships than the Englishman has to pay.

What is it that compels the American to pay too much for ships?

The Navigation Laws which deny him registry unless he builds or buys at home, and the Tariff duties, which compel him to pay an unnatural, ex-

"The Modesty of the Bankers."

tortionate price for the materials, or for the home-built ship.

Thus our precious Protective System, which has produced the curse of Trusts and concentrated wealth, has strangled our Commerce!

* * * * *

What would be the natural medicine for such a disease?

The removal of the Cause. Give to our shipbuilders the blessing of Free Trade in building material, or give them the right to register their ships regardless of where the ships were bought.

Our protected manufacturers sell their goods to foreign countries cheaper than they sell at home. Why not let the men of our merchant marine buy in those foreign markets which are so greatly favored by the Protected Trusts?

* * * * *

Instead of natural remedies, the Protectionists, led by Mark Hanna, proposed Ship Subsidies.

In other words, the merchants are to be hired to do business.

They are not to be allowed to go to Scotland and buy vessels as cheaply as anybody can buy them, and thus to put themselves on a footing to compete, but the Government is going to pay them in cash an amount which shall at least be equal to the difference between the cost of the American ship and that of the ship which could have been bought in Scotland.

In this way the American would be put on an equal footing with the Englishman, and could compete for ocean freight.

What a crooked, blundering, unnatural way of doing business!

Why not simply say to the American, "Go and buy your ship where you can get it cheapest"?

* * * * *

Bounties?

I thought *bounties* belonged to the system dubbed "Paternal"; and I thought that *Paternalism* was a thing to be abhorred.

Where will the Government get the money to pay these bounties?

From the taxpayers, of course.

And who are the taxpayers?

Not the banks; they pay no Federal taxes.

Not the Protected Trusts; they pay no Federal tax.

Those bounties will have to be paid by the common people—those whose industries are not protected and who enjoy no special privileges whatever.

The net result is this:

The Protective System killed our merchant marine, and the common people who are taxed to uphold Protection are to be taxed to revive the merchant marine which Protection killed.

The system which created the Trusts destroyed the merchant marine, and instead of levying the expense of its restoration to life upon those who killed it, the cost must be borne by the other victims.

Mark Hanna said that was the proper thing to do. And now the Bankers' Association follows in the footsteps of Hanna.

One of the eminent bankers who clamored for the Ship Subsidy was Bob Lowry, of Atlanta, the same eminent Bob who, a few years ago, declared that what this country really needed was a billion dollar bond issue!

* * * * *

Yes; in behalf of the Protected Manufacturers the bankers demanded a system of bounties, to be paid in solid cash out of the tax fund of the common people; but what did the bankers demand for themselves?

First of all, they modestly suggest that the Greenbacks be retired.

Only $346,000,000 of national paper money survived the fires of contraction, but even this small sum interferes with the bankers. They mean to have a monopoly of supplying the country with paper money; therefore the Greenbacks are in the way. If these non-interest-bearing notes were burned, their place would be taken by $346,000,000 interest-bearing notes of the bankers. Legal interest, say 7 per cent., upon that sum of money would foot up nicely in the annual balance sheet of the banks. Yes, by all means retire the Greenbacks so that the common people will lose and the bankers gain the twenty and odd millions of annual interest which we do *not* now have to pay for the use of that sum of $346,000,000.

* * * * *

But that is not all.

The modesty of the bankers goes further.

They demand that the Gold Reserve be increased to $150,000,000.

John Sherman was content with a Gold Reserve of $100,000,000. There was no law or necessity for a Gold Reserve at all.

One hundred million dollars, held as a reserve, is just that much money that is kept from doing what money ought to do. A circulating medium should be allowed to circulate. Dollars ought to be kept doing that which dollars were made for.

Money hoarded in the Treasury and kept out of circulation becomes a miser's hoard which does nobody any good.

To the extent that money is thus held in idleness the currency is Contracted. It ought to be at work. In all the markets, in all the fields of labor and production, it should be active, doing its natural duty.

Why do the bankers want a larger amount of actual money retired from business?

Because the demand for money will be thereby increased and the commercial value of *their* token money enhanced.

* * * * *

But that is not all.

The modest bankers demand that the laws be so changed that Uncle Sam shall keep only $50,000,000 of his money in his own cash-box, hereafter.

What must Uncle Sam do with all the balance? He must hand it over to his favorite sons, the bankers!

Oh, what maidenly modesty is this!

Remember, please, remember that Uncle Sam's net revenues amount to the huge sum of $600,000,000 per year.

Remember that the bankers already have the free use of more than $50,000,000 of this.

But that isn't enough. "To prevent the absorption of money by the Treasury" it is demanded by the bankers that the receipts from the Tariff duties and the Internal Revenue be turned over to them whenever the surplus exceeds $50,000,000.

A modester lot of men than these have not assembled themselves to-

gether in a Convention in many a long day.

* * * * *

But that was not all.

The present law allows the bankers to expand or contract the currency at their pleasure, but limits the amount of contraction, for any one month, to $3,000,000.

The bankers demand that the limit be removed.

They demand the privilege of contracting six or ten millions per month.

The power to expand and contract the currency is a tremendous advantage over the markets which no class of men should hold. It is a power that should belong to the Government whose sovereign duty it is to provide and control the circulating medium. The Government should never have parted with this attribute of sovereignty. But the modest bankers not only mean to keep the advantage they've got, but they want it doubled, or trebled!

* * * * *

But that was not all.

They want the privilege of issuing paper money, *not secured by United States bonds;* and they want the existence of these unsecured notes *to be kept a secret* between the bankers and the Government; and they want these unsecured notes to be engraved so that they shall be so nearly identical with the secured notes that *the public will not be able to tell the one kind from the other!*

When I read this amazing proposition, I could hardly believe my own eyes.

But the statement is one of fact.

The scheme has been brewing for some time.

The Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, was the first to let the cat out of the bag.

In the course of a speech at Cleveland, O., September 28, 1905, Mr. Shaw advocated the proposition that the National Banks should be allowed to expand their note circulation whenever the "emergency" arose, and that this increase of bank money should not rest upon any security at all.

Mr. Shaw pointed out that the "emergency" notes could be made to look like the bond-secured notes, so that the public would not know the difference! Said Mr. Secretary Shaw:

"*The Controller of the Currency and the bank issuing the currency would alone know of its existence.*"

Consider this a moment.

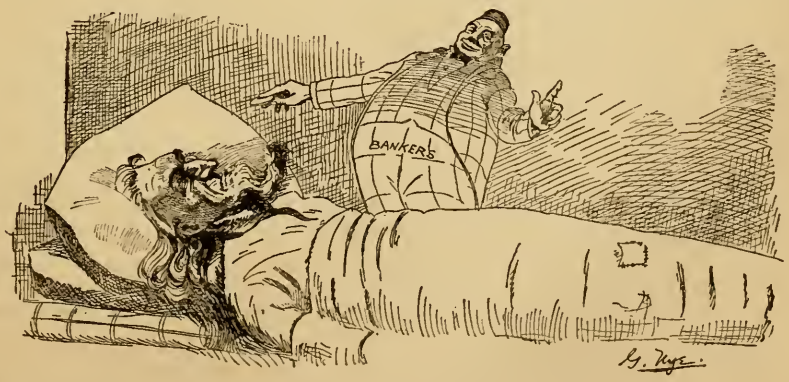
The common people accept banknotes as money because the notes are based upon Government bonds. Their value is guaranteed by the Government. Mr. Shaw and the bankers now propose that the bankers shall issue other notes whenever "the emergency" arises, and that these new notes shall be engraved by the Government in such a manner that the average citizen will not be able to distinguish the difference.

The existence of these unsecured notes is to be a secret, known only to the Controller and the bank!

The public will not know that a trap has been set and baited.

The public will not know that Counterfeit Money is afloat.

The public would never suspect that



"A couple of pennies to weight down his eyelids will be all that he wants."

the Government was in collusion with the bankers to put bogus paper in circulation. Therefore the public would eagerly accept the bogus notes, not suspecting that they were bogus.

A crash comes! The bank shuts its doors. The bogus notes are outstanding. The holders lose every dollar, for the notes rest on no security.

Yes; *the innocent holders are ruined.*

But what of the Government?

Its attitude has been that of a confederate in crime. *It has kept a guilty secret, and thereby enabled the banker to rob his customers*, the unsuspecting public.

I wonder what Theodore Roosevelt thinks of this rascally scheme of his man Shaw?

A more deliberately villainous plot against the public has never been concocted, even in *this* land of the "public be damned."

* * * * *

Yea, verily, that Convention of bankers was an object-lesson in modesty.

But why, *why*, WHY do they propose that Uncle Sam should be allowed to keep $50,000,000 of his own money?

Why don't the modest bankers demand all of it?

A couple of pennies, to weight down his eyelids when the time comes, will be all that *he* wants; give the modest bankers the $50,000,000, along with the balance. Let the tail go with the hide.

Lynch Law

THE President of the United States, acting in the interest of the people, proposes that the Government shall regulate the rates which the railroads impose upon the public. The President thinks there should be "a square deal." He thinks that it is nothing but right for the Government to give its protection to its people in any case where the rates of freight or of passenger travel on the public roads shall have been put at too high a figure by the private corporations which own the roads.

Even those who believe it to be best for private persons and corporations to own the public franchises and public highways will heartily agree with the President that the Government should have the right of supervision and final control. The principle involved has long since been adopted. The Inter-State Commerce Commission and the various State Railway Commissions represent the principle. But the Corporations which own the railroads have been able to hamstring these tribunals, and the Commissions do not answer the purpose for which they were created.

They do *not* regulate rates.

They do *not* control the Corporations.

When the Commissions make a ruling in favor of the roads and against the people, as they often do, the roads enforce the ruling. When the Commissions make a ruling in favor of the people and against the roads, as they seldom do, the people do not enforce the ruling.

Why?

Because they can't.

* * * * *

Now, the President of the United States suggests that the Government act as the impartial umpire between the Railroads and the public, regulating the rates, and doing the right thing between the Corporations and the people.

To this mild proposition the railway kings make answer through one of their number, Mr. Samuel Spencer.

And what does Sam Spencer say?

Sam says that the proposed legislation, giving to the Government the right to regulate rates, is *Lynch Law.*

* * * * *

Lynch Law!

That's an ominous word, Sam.

The time may come when you will bitterly repent the unreasoning insolence which prompted the words.

Lynch Law!

If there is any band of robbers, any gang of marauders on the face of the earth who ought to tremble at the mere mention of the words *Lynch Law*, it is the bunch of scoundrels you are running with, Sam.

* * * * *

You are the confederate of Morgan, and Belmont, and Tom Ryan. These robbers are the allies of the Insurance thieves who have been stealing the trust funds meant for widows and orphans. The Equitable, the Mutual, the New York Life have been the useful tools of your marauding band, Sam Spencer.

One and all, you are tarred with the same stick. You have been corrupting voters, buying officials, debauching legislation, supporting the grafter, plundering the people.

To maintain your hold, to insure the safety of your robber band, you have not stopped at any crime.

Your pals have stolen trust funds; your pals have sworn to lies in open court; your pals have forged; your pals have bribed; your pals have reveled in election frauds; *your pals have committed murder!* For when Tammany thugs beat to death with clubs and sandbags the private citizen who refused to uphold with his ballot the foul domination of your pals in New York, your pals, Sam—in the sight of God and men!—*are guilty of that murder.*

Those Tammany thugs who kill refractory voters do not work for themselves. It is not their job they are doing with club and sandbag.

It is the job of your pals, Sam Spencer!

* * * * *

Lynch Law!

You *dare* to speak of Lynch Law?

Why, Sam, if the people of New York had half the dash and grit which the Western ranchmen had when they formed Vigilance Committees and hung horse-thieves by the neck until they were dead, your pals, who have Committed Crimes ten thousand times more heinous than that of cattle-stealing, would be swung up to a lamp-post the first time they were seen on the streets.

* * * * *

Lynch Law!

Let me drop a word into your ear, Sam Spencer. Quit using that term, *Lynch Law. It is dangerous.*

You may give it currency before you know it. You may start an avalanche which will bury you in its fall. You may start a blaze which the wind will blow in *your* direction, Sam.

The whole country is throbbing with pent-up wrath and indignation at the manner in which your pals have been violating the law, robbing the people and embezzling trust funds. Human nature is only human, Sam. It cannot stand outrage forever. It cannot wait *always* on the courts. It will not forever be satisfied with another election, and another fraud, and another disappointment. Some day you and your pals will overdo the thing. Some day you and your gang will cross the deadline which marks the limit of human endurance, and *then*, woe be unto you, Sam.

* * * * *

Not long ago the newspapers were recalling memories of the late Senator Sanders, of Montana.

Once upon a time, I went into the Senate Chamber to look upon the face of this Senator of the United States, Sanders, for I had heard that he was the man who headed the Vigilantes when they hung Slade; and I had read of Slade, the Western desperado, in Mark Twain's "Roughing It," when I was a student at Mercer University.

Slade, when sober, was a quiet man. He was faithful to his trust as employee of the Overland Express; was courteous to stage-coach passengers; and was a terror to evildoers. In his fearless crusade against thieves and outlaws he had brought the blessings of peace and good order to more than one frontier town.

His home life was a model; his wife adored him; his friends said he was true blue. But Slade, when tanked up on Wild-West whisky, was a devil incarnate.

Like Edgar Allan Poe, he could not take one drink of intoxicating liquor without going through a complete transformation. Whisky made each of them a different man.

Whisky!—it dragged Edgar Allan Poe from the starlit heights where he penned "El Dorado" and "For Annie" down to the Baltimore gutter from which he was picked up dying.

And whisky changed the mild-mannered Slade into a yelling, cursing, pistol-shooting fiend, whom no community could control or endure.

Then what?

The people rose in their natural right of self-protection and put him to death.

No written law covered the case; no legal tribunal passed legal death-sentence on Slade.

The unwritten law which existed prior to all statutes, the natural law which is back of all statutes and of which the statute is but a part—as a wave is of the sea—the fundamental right of the social body to remove the thorn from the side, to cut out the cancer, to lop off the festered limb which menaces the whole body—it was *this* primeval and elemental principle which justified the lynching of Slade.

And the chief of the lynchers afterward represented the State of Montana in the Federal Senate, where I went to look upon him in the year 1892. Sanders had no attractions for me as lawful Senator from Montana. He interested me as the leader of the band which had lynched the desperado, Slade.

* * * * *

Sam Spencer calls Rate Regulation by Government LYNCH LAW. *Let Sam Spencer beware!*

Words are things, and dangerous things, at that.

If the inert mass of the people of New York should ever come to believe that there is no relief for them from corporate greed—no relief in courts, none in elections, none in any of the methods now available—*watch out for other methods.*

IN THE PEOPLE rests the final power of government. FROM THE PEOPLE come all law, all authority, all official power, ALL PUNISHMENT OF CRIME!

If that system which the people have already built fails of its purpose, *it is their sacred right to tear down and build again.*

Revolutions have been; revolutions may be again.

When crime runs riot and courts are powerless, it may be that the people will rise up in their natural right as a Society, and do swift justice upon criminals taken red-handed—as they did upon Slade.

It may be that the community overrun by lawbreakers a thousand times more defiant and intolerable and hurtful than Slade ever was, will call into life its Vigilance Committees and show Sam Spencer and his pals what the people mean by the term, LYNCH LAW.

A Showing for the National Banks

A GENTLEMAN of high standing in the State of Georgia sends me the following letter. At his request I omit his name and his post-office:

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR: Your Magazine in the September number presents some figures explaining the national bank system—how the banks are benefited and how the people's pockets are robbed on account of this system. I inclose a statement which applies in every detail to a national bank with which I am acquainted. This bank has a capital of $150,000.00 and has outstanding $50,000.00 in national bank-notes. The result of operating this bank under the national bank laws is precisely as represented in this statement. Apply this result to the $500,000,000.00 national currency in circulation and it is very different to what you say in the last issue of your Magazine. In addition to the direct charges against this account as shown in the statement, there is a little extra expense in operating a national bank over a state bank, on account of reports, examinations, etc. There are also restric-

tions that operate somewhat to the disadvantage of a national bank. One of them, and the main one, is that they are restricted in taking real estate as collateral security in first instance.

I am a subscriber to your Magazine and feel that I am greatly benefited by it. Your editorials are very instructive and suit me to a "T." You can say what I would like to say better than any man I ever read, and the information I am after in this request will help me understand the matter thoroughly. I don't suppose you will care to put this matter in your Magazine. I prefer that you would not if you will take time to answer me privately. If you should use it please suppress the town and my name for reasons good to me.

Wishing you great success in your laudable efforts, Yours truly,

——— ———.

U. S. TREASURER IN ACCOUNT WITH ANY NATIONAL BANK

Dr.

1. To interest on the $50,000 which buys bonds at 8%	$4,000
2. To interest on fund kept with Treas. for redemption, $2,500 at 8%	200
3. To int. on prem. on bonds, $2,312.50 at 8%	185
4. To ½% tax on circulation $50,000	250
5. To int. on cost of plate, $150 at 8%	12
6. To cost of two examinations	50
Bal. in favor of the banks	303
	$5,000

Cr.

1. By 8% on circulation $50,000	$4,000
2. By interest on bonds, $50,000 at 2%	1,000
	$5,000

This statement of the case is nothing new to me. In fact, a Democratic Member of Congress, in a private conversation with me last year, stated the National Bankers' side in almost those very words. His table of figures was precisely the same. So I must presume that this comparison of what $50,000 would earn as a private fund at 8 per cent. interest, with what it earns when banked on, is considered the best possible argument which can be made on that side.

Very well; let us consider the case just as they put it. According to his own showing the National Banker, by the use of a governmental privilege, granted him at the expense of his fellow-citizens. nets $303 per year.

We will not take account of the cost of management, for every bank correctly assumes before it opens its doors that it will do business on the money of other people as well as its own. Depositors will come. To a National Bank they are *sure* to come. The profits made in the handling of other men's money will more than pay the expenses of management. Therefore, we cut that out of the argument at the start.

Now then: The best statement which the National Banker can make for himself shows *an advantage* in his favor of $303 on $50,000. How many sums of $50,000 are engaged in National Banking? *More than nine thousand!*

Therefore, the Privileged bankers make a clear profit of nine thousand times $303 every year by the farming of his *Special Privilege.* How much does he thus gain annually at the expense of his unprivileged brother?

Two millions seven hundred thousand dollars.

That's a very pretty sum to ask the Government to give to you as a Special Privilege, isn't it?

Mind you, I am taking the figures which the National Banker prepares in making the best defense his case admits of; and by that showing he reaps nearly three million dollars per year out of the legal operation of a Special Privilege!

If the National Bankers continued to hold that advantage over the unprivileged, how much would the three millions amount to at Compound interest in one hundred years?

What will be the unavoidable effect upon the relative standing of the privileged and the unprivileged?

You *know* who will be the master; you *know* who will be the underling.

* * * * *

But the National Banker did not cover all the ground when he made the statement which we have printed. No, indeed!

He only skirted the edges. He left out the most interesting part of the story. Come!—let us see if we cannot find some advantages on the side of

the National Banker which that innocent individual overlooked in his statement.

The first thing that occurs to me is the little item of *Taxes*. If I pack away $50,000 in a U. S. bond, it escapes taxation. Neither the Federal Government, nor the State, nor the County, nor the Town can take the spoon of taxation and skim any cream off that milk. Not a single taste!

But suppose I hold the $50,000 as a private fund and lend it out at 8 per cent. interest, as represented in the statement.

In that event I have to pay taxes—State, County and Municipal—*upon the Notes*, and those who borrowed the money have to pay *on the money*, if they don't watch out.

Thus the $50,000 is sure to get taxed once, and maybe twice, in the same year. Suppose it is in big luck and pays tax only *once;* what will the amount be?

In the county where I live the yearly tax on $50,000 would be about $700. Consider, therefore, that the money when used for National Banking pays no tax, and that when not so used it pays $700, and, possibly, twice that amount. We have already seen that there are more than nine thousand sums of $50,000 invested in National Banking. Multiply $700 by 9,000 and you have the neat sum of $6,300,000.

That neat sum is saved to the National Bankers every year in the matter of Taxes. What will that advantage amount to in one hundred years; and what effect will it have on the relative position of the Privileged and the Unprivileged?

* * * * *

Thus we have already figured a yearly advantage of more than nine million dollars which the National Bankers enjoy at the expense of private capital.

But we are just getting across the threshold of the subject: the farther we advance the worse it gets.

By investing the $50,000 in the National Banking business, its owner puts that much money where it draws interest *in advance* of the time when interest is due, and thus he can lend *that* sum out also. *Compound Interest* becomes his ally, and in the long race what runner can outrun Compound Interest?

More than that: the Government taxes me and you, and gathers our cash into the Treasury until a surplus overflows the vaults. This money of yours and mine is put in the National Banks, without interest; and they lend it to you and me at 8 per cent.

Is there any class-law more unjust than that?

An unusually small sum is now being used in that manner, for the expenses of Government have been running ahead of the revenue.

Only $56,000,000 of public money is now being used by the National Bankers.

"Nearly six thousand of the jackals preying upon the people."

But suppose you figure out 8 per cent. interest upon a yearly average of $50,000,000 of Government deposits. The profit to the banks will be $4,000,000 per year. For *this* advantage the Capital engaged in National Banking pays nothing whatever.

It is a clear loss to *us;* and a clear gain to *them.*

Add this profit derived from Special Privilege to those already named, and observe how the millions swell.

Another thing must be considered:

When $50,000 incorporates itself, with Government bonds behind it, *the power of the money* is vastly strengthened. It not only draws to itself various perquisites, sundry pickings of choice fruits here and there, but the organized and incorporated Capital, vested with the sovereign power to increase or diminish the amount of money in circulation, becomes a *Master of Values.*

It is as *usurpers of a governmental function* that the National Banks are most to be feared.

The creation of money is a sovereign power, like that of making war and peace: it should not be delegated to a class for the purpose of private gain.

* * * * *

An Official Report, just issued by the Government, shows that the National Banks number 5,757: that these have Government bonds to secure circulation to the amount of $477,592,690; and of Capital stock paid in $800,000,000. The "*Loans and Discounts*" of these farmers of Special Privilege aggregate nearly *four billions of dollars!*

To be exact, the sum is $3,998,509,152.

There is profit in loans, and there is profit in discounts; and by the putting of *one dollar* in a government bond the National Banker has been fortunate enough to get interest upon *three dollars!*

The Capital stock paid in amounts to $800,000,000: the amount of the bonds $477,000,000: aggregate of these two sums, $1,277,000,000: the "Loans and Discounts," $4,000,000,000. I have used round numbers.

The official figures tell the tale!

Bear this fact in mind: the people, through their Government, pay the interest on those bonds—$477,000,000.

The people themselves pay the interest on the "Loans and Discounts"—$4,000,000,000.

The Privileged draw from the unprivileged annual tribute on *both* sums; the unprivileged pay the annual interest on both sums.

And the grand total is $4,477,000,000!

In the national race for wealth and power, who will win—the Privileged, who can multiply his capital by three and get revenue from it, or the victim of the privilege, who has to pay the tribute?

God in heaven! Isn't the situation grave enough to command attention?

Andrew Jackson raved and raged against *one* National Bank. It cost him greater labor to crush it than to win the Battle of New Orleans.

Today we have nearly *six thousand* of the jackals preying upon the people, and no Democrat dares attack them!

Editorial Comment

Reform movements come in waves.

There was the great movement of 1798, in France, which carried forward the work of the American Revolution, and made steady progress, in spite of halts and retreats, until the *Code Napoléon* was the law of civilized Europe, and the "Divine Right" of Kings gave place to constitutional liberty.

Then came Waterloo and the great reaction.

The great Democrat having been caught, and caged at St. Helena, the triumphant Kings laughed aside the promises they had made the people,

trampled upon guarantees and constitutions, jailed and gibbeted the braver reformers whom they could not bribe or intimidate, loaded every industrious peasant with an idle soldier and his insolent officer, and reveled once more in the luxuries of Absolutism.

* * * * *

So it rested for thirty years.

The Duke of Wellington was asked why he did not write his *Memoirs*.

Said he: "*If I were to tell the truth the people would tear me to pieces.*"

Beloved, *did* you ever stop to think of that saying of the Iron Duke, the grim soldier and champion of Force whom the Kings had employed to put the people down?

"*If I were to tell the truth the people would tear me to pieces.*"

Think on that, Beloved, and ask yourself:

What did he mean?

By the time you begin to realize why the Duke said that *the people* would tear him to pieces should he tell the truth about his victorious career, you will begin to lose some of your enthusiasm over "the glorious victory" of Waterloo, and you will begin to have new standards by which to measure the Caged Napoleon of Elba and St. Helena.

* * * * *

First, the Kings overthrew the great Democrat, took his crown, took his wife and child, sent him to Elba, reversed his policies, repealed his laws, and restored the hated tyranny of the Bourbons.

The cry of the people was heard—a people ground down by harsh masters.

Far off in his island prison Napoleon heard the cry, and he came back—came back almost alone, to front all the Kings of the civilized world.

Alas! France was divided, the outer world was united, and the great Napoleon was not now what he had once been. He could no longer banish sleep, decide without advice, execute as well as plan, strike as quickly as he could think. Both sword and scabbard showed wear and tear. Body and mind were in the sere and yellow leaf.

Besides, he had once already known what it was to be beaten at all points—and Confidence never smiles again upon the man, big or little, who has been beaten at all points.

While he slept, in the Waterloo Campaign, Destiny passed him by; and Wellington was able to hold his line until old Blücher could wade across muddy fields and strike Napoleon on the flank. Caught between the two armies, each equal to his own, or nearly so, the greatest man this world ever saw went down to hopeless defeat.

* * * * *

They had sent him to Elba, but he came back.

Living, he came and met his Waterloo.

Then they sent him to St. Helena, but he came back.

Dead, he came, and the plumes which nodded above the hearse as they bore him to their Pantheon might well have been white, for he came back to conquer. The mere presence of his dead body changed the world into which it rested.

Old memories revived, old hopes, aspirations and plans came to life; and the Napoleonic Legend was greater than Napoleon.

Down crashed the throne of the French King. The Republic which Thomas Paine had been the first to openly advocate in France was set up, and by this time Liberalism was sweeping over Europe in tidal waves.

Great Britain felt the shock of the vast movement of the human sea; Austria reeled in the throes of revolution; Germany was in travail with Democracy; Russia began to consider freedom for the serf.

Again came reaction. The advance of the Common people was arrested. Horrible crimes were committed by the Kings to regain their lost ground. Arrogant despots again spoke loudly of the earthly rule of "I and God." Soldiers were again taught the lovely dogma that it was "a soldier's duty to obey orders," even though these orders were to shoot his own mother.

* * * * *

Now once again a movement of the Common people is in progress; Russian despotism begins to totter. Perhaps it has fallen. We cannot tell. The apparent submission of the Czar may mean a New Russia. It may, on the contrary, be another case of "She Stoops to Conquer." Fine promises are being made to the people by the despots; but fine promises were made in 1813, and again in 1848 by despots who were only stooping to conquer.

Whatever may be the final result, *this* fact is clear:

The ruling caste in Russia yielded, not to reason and justice, but *to fear.*

And history proves that the ruling caste never does, in any land, give way to reason and justice until the tyrants are put *in fear.*

It has been so in Europe at every epoch of Reform.

It will be so in the United States.

* * * * *

The circulation list of a magazine like this presents a subject for study.

Our list shows that TOM WATSON'S now finds its peaceful way into every state of the Union, into the territories thereof, and follows the flag into our foreign possessions.

There are subscribers in Canada, Cuba and Mexico.

We go to Alaska, Porto Rico, Samoa, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands.

Besides these, a certain number of copies go to distant lands which are marked "Foreign." However, I compel the foreigners to pay the same rate which is exacted from my friends. The Stand-Pat Tariff robbers are the only men I know of who charge home-folks more for their goods than is demanded of foreigners.

Even the Tariff robbers could not do this outrageous thing if the best government which the world ever saw did not help them do it.

* * * * *

As to that circulation list, I am proud to say that the banner state is Georgia and the banner county is McDuffie. I live in said county, which is in said state.

Next to Georgia, comes imperial Texas, and next in line are Alabama and Missouri.

Then we go West, young man, and capture Nebraska with the next largest list.

The next in order is New York, where the Magazine has its home. To find the next we come South; Tennessee leads Mississippi by just a fraction.

Then we go West again, and find Illinois and Kansas, almost equal in their patronage.

North Carolina—glorious old state! —"First at Bethel, Farthest at Gettysburg, last at Appomattox," gives us a list almost equal to that of Florida and South Carolina combined—though in both these states we are steadily gaining ground.

"All things come to him who can wait."

Those who have faith in the people and in the triumph of Right need to remember the adage and to "keep hammering away."

I hope that those who agree with me in principle, and who wish me to succeed with the Magazine will remember that I need all the help I can get. I am deeply thankful for the active interest in the Magazine which so many have shown, and I feel assured that if every reader who wishes me well will *do* as well as *wish*, things which ought to happen will happen.

Benevolent Assimilation

"YES, Tom and the widow have become one."

"I don't have to ask which one. Poor Tom!"

F. Opper, in N. Y. American

F. Opper, in N. Y. American

THE BROKEN JOURNEY

BY

Joseph A. Altsheler.

THE road turned at the crest of the mountain and began its winding descent toward the lower levels, but Wharton stopped a few moments to inhale the keen air and to gaze into the white mist that rolled up the valleys and the slopes almost to his feet. He sat there on his horse, a figure of elastic strength, the young member from his county, serving his first term at the capital of his state, and proud alike of the honor and responsibility.

Wharton had been summoned suddenly in the middle of his term by the serious illness of his father, and he had gone, in all haste, to his mountain home, a journey of no little consequence, for the country was nowhere within fifty miles of a railroad and the time was winter. But his father's recovery had been rapid, and now he was on his way back to the capital, eager to be again in the great legislative contest that was shaking the state.

Amid the silence, as he sat there on the mountain, he was going through those mental processes that strengthen the will and prepare it for a great work. He knew that he would need all his faculties. The bill to recreate the judicial system of the state was vital, the fight over it was already long and bitter, and only the final vote could tell which side would win.

He spoke to his horse and began the winding journey down the slopes, dipping soon into the narrow valley that ran like a ribbon between the ridges. Then the trail turned once more, and he began the ascent of the farther slope that helped to hem in the valley. Here the mountain was bleaker, with upheaved stony sides, scanty shrubs and dwarfed bushes clinging in the clefts.

Wharton looked uneasily about him and his blood grew chill. Within the last half-hour the scene had become repellent and dreary to the full. The mists were creeping higher and were turning from white to a sombre gray. He increased his speed again, his good horse responding quickly to his word, but the sodden clouds continued to pile up in the sky, and out of them presently came something white and soft, which fell cold and damp upon his face. It was but a brief vanguard, for the storm rushed quickly afterward in flood tide, and the air was full of the driving flakes. Wharton, who could not now see any road before him, pulled his collar a little higher and his hat a little lower, and let the horse choose the way. He went on in this manner more than an hour, when the snow began to thin enough for him to raise his head and look about him.

He found that he was climbing a narrow path in a ravine, between two steep slopes, and the country was strange. It was in his mind to turn back and retrace his steps until he came to the road, but he had lost so much time already that it would certainly mean a night on the mountain, and second thought induced him to go on, in the hope that he might reach a cabin, where he could find shelter until the morning.

At a turning he heard faint sounds behind him, and then out of the mists rode a big dark man on a big dark horse.

"Which way, stranger?" he asked Wharton in friendly fashion.

"I should like to tell you, but I don't know." replied Wharton.

The big man laughed and stroked his dark beard with a big hand clad in a buckskin glove.

"It's nothing to wander from the path in a snowstorm so thick that one can't see," he said. "I've done it myself and I live in these parts, straight ahead about two miles. You are going to spend the night there with me."

Wharton nodded and gave him his thanks.

The path was broad enough for two, and the big man rode up beside him, the horses touching noses in friendly fashion.

"I've seen you before," said the stranger, after sweeping Wharton from head to foot with a concentrated gaze, "and I'm glad that I can save you from a wild night that might end badly for you."

"So you know me," said Wharton in some surprise.

"Aye," replied the man tersely, "you're Albert Wharton, an' you're the member from Rupert County. I've heard you speak."

"I hope the fact has not made you my enemy," said Wharton, laughing a little—he had some pride in his oratorical powers.

"You can talk well enough," continued the stranger, "and as for me, my name is Farrell—Nick Farrell. As I told you, I live in the cove ahead. I farm some, and I hunt more."

The snow ceased presently, and the gorge opened out to a fair width. Trees appeared; a brook, with ice at the edges, ran swiftly over pebbles, and on a shelf of land in a small but thick grove rose a house, larger and better than the usual mountain home.

Host and guest soon had the horses between walls, with oats and corn in their cribs. Then they walked together to the house, and now the dark had come completely. A single light burned from a window before them.

Farrell opened the door and led the way into a large room that seemed to be a kind of family apartment, a great fire of mountain logs crackling and blazing in a huge fireplace on one side.

"Just take off your overcoat, Mr. Wharton, and warm yourself while I see about supper," said Farrell.

He disappeared through a door at the far end of the room, but came back in a few moments and drew up a chair for himself.

"Supper in five minutes," he said hospitably. As he was now without his overcoat Wharton could see better his great proportions. He had the frame of a giant, and, lean as he was, he must have weighed two hundred pounds.

The door through which Farrell had gone opened again, and a girl, entering with light step, raised the leaves of a table near the wall and began to set it with dishes. Wharton could not see the girl without turning in his chair in too obvious a manner, and he caught only a glimpse of a plaid red and black linsey dress.

"Bring up your chair, Mr. Wharton. Supper's ready," said Farrell, and Wharton took his chair to the table, where the girl was standing in a waiting attitude.

"My sister, Cynthy," said Farrell. "Cynthy, this is Mr. Wharton, the member of the Legislature from Rupert County."

Cynthia Farrell nodded, but did not speak, and as there was no light in the room save that from the fire, which was on the far side, Wharton could not see her distinctly. But he knew that she was a tall, slim, mountain girl, with a face gleaming whitely from encircling masses of coal-black hair. The dress seemed to be of home-made material, but it fitted the lithesome form and indicated well-molded arms and shoulders beneath. She was far younger than her brother.

The fact that she neither sat down nor spoke was of no significance; nearly all mountain girls are shy in the presence of strangers, and it is the custom, too, even in the homes of parents of substantial means, for them to wait

upon the table. Cynthia Farrell, stepping lightly and with a singular, supple grace, served them, going to the kitchen for hot cakes and filling the coffee-pot again. Once, when she poured a fresh cup for him, Wharton noticed that her wrist was white and beautifully turned. The hand, too, was small, and the tapering fingers were unspoiled by hard work.

"It's good to have you here with us, Mr. Wharton," said Farrell genially. "I hear of you often, and the reputation that you're making. Now, Cynthy, you've done enough work. Just sit down with us and eat a bite yourself."

She obeyed without a word and drew a chair to the table. Wharton politely put food upon a plate and passed it to her. She accepted with a "Thank you," the first words that she had spoken. The accent was of the mountains, but the tones were full and rich, and Wharton at last had a good view of her face. She had none of the sallowness so common in that region; instead, her skin was remarkable for its white clearness. Her eyes were lowered mostly, but once he caught her swift glance at him and he thought that it bore a trace of uneasiness. He concluded that it came from shyness, and to help on the evening he began to talk of that world beyond the mountains to which he was an official delegate and of which they must be ignorant. He possessed the gift of tongues, and he talked well. Meanwhile he heard the beat of hail on the window-panes in a steady patter and the darkness inclosed the house in walls of black.

"We'll sit before the fire a while, Mr. Wharton." said Farrell when the supper was over, "and Cynthy, as soon as she has cleared away the things, will join us for a spell."

Wharton nodded in assent, and they drew their chairs in front of the great open fireplace.

Cynthia was noiseless, but Wharton knew that she was yet in the room, clearing the table, and presently he shifted a little in his chair until he could see her with the corner of his eyes. His first glance startled him. She was regarding him with a blended look of pity and apprehension, marked in either case, and, though wondering somewhat about its cause, his chief interest then was in noticing how well the look became her. He knew that beauty of a rare and delicate kind, usually doomed to wither too soon under hard toil, sometimes bloomed in the mountains, even in the most unlikely places, and it seemed to him that he had found such a flower now. But he had an innate refinement, and when he saw that she was slightly confused at meeting his gaze he turned his eyes.

She took away the last of the dishes in a few moments, let down the leaves of the little folding table and put her hand upon a third chair, with the evident intention of joining them by the fire. Wharton sprang up, took the chair and put it between his and Farrell's. She did not speak, but gave her thanks with a slight bow and sat down in the chair.

Farrell glanced at his sister, put his pipe back into his mouth and relapsed into silence. She said never a word, and Wharton, feeling an odd embarrassment, paused and lost his tongue. There was no noise in the room but the crackling of the hickory logs under the eating flames, and a great constraint laid hold of Wharton. He began at last to be dimly conscious of some strange influence, the quality and power alike of which were yet hidden from him. It troubled him, got upon his nerves, and his sense of satisfaction was dimmed.

"A wild night that grows yet wilder," said Farrell at last. "I doubt if you can go on tomorrow."

Although he used the word "doubt" his tone was that of finality, and it pressed upon Wharton's troubled senses. A sudden light of terror leaped into the girl's eyes. Wharton was not a man to have his course laid out for him by others.

"I cannot trespass too long upon your hospitality," he said. "As I am

of the mountains and know all their tricks, I shall go on in the morning."

Farrell's lips moved as if he would speak again, but he changed his mind and put the pipe back in his mouth.

"You've had a long, hard day, Mr. Wharton," he said after a while, "and as it's a sin to keep you up I'll show you to a bed now."

Wharton was glad to go, because he wished to escape from the oppression that was now heavy upon him, and because he really needed rest.

"Good night, Miss Farrell," he said.

She did not reply, but when her brother, turning his back, walked across the room toward a door that evidently led to the apartment in which Wharton was to sleep, she suddenly approached him, with swift, soundless steps.

"Remember that I did not want you to come—that I am sorry you are here. Always remember that," she said in an intense whisper, so charged with fear and emotion that Wharton was startled.

"I do not—" he began to say, but, quickly as she had come, she was gone as quickly, and Farrell, having opened the door, was showing him the way.

Farrell was the genial host once more as he led him into the little room.

"If the looks of your eyes don't belie you, you are very sleepy," he said, "and so I'll tell you good night."

"Good night," said Wharton, his head still so full of Cynthia's extraordinary words that he paid little heed to the bedroom. But there was nothing remarkable about it, merely four walls, two narrow windows cut like slits in the logs, a chair, a washstand and a bed. And it was the truth, too, that he was sleepy despite his wonder. After so long a day and such a strain, an overwhelming desire to close his eyes and find rest came upon him. He did not seek to resist it, but hastily undressing, went to bed, and in five minutes was sleeping soundly.

When he awoke in the morning a brilliant sunlight was shining in at the narrow windows and from his bed he saw the ridges and peaks, deep in glittering white snow. There was a knock at the door and Farrell entered.

"You have slept late and so have all of us, Mr. Wharton," he said—"late for country people. But the beating of hail on a house, when you are warm and inside it, always makes a man sleepy."

"That's so," exclaimed Wharton, dressing quickly. His spirits took a fine bound, due partly to physical and partly to mental causes.

"Elias has fed your horse," said Farrell. "There Elias is now, going across the yard."

Wharton glanced through the window and saw Elias, a man of years and of most unusual figure, combining the maximum of height with the minimum of girth. He seemed to Wharton to be at least six feet three and of wonderful slimness, with a face all seams and wrinkles, and hands all cords and knots.

The breakfast was in almost every respect a duplicate of the supper. The girl both served and shared, and, as before, spoke little.

Wharton, an intense Democrat and a mountaineer, had learned more than his fellows through his experience at the capital, and he knew that in the earlier times people of education and breeding had settled here and there in these mountains. Blood could carry through more than one generation, and it pleased him to think that the qualities going with it were present now in Cynthia.

When he rose from the table and glanced casually at the window, he noticed that the skies were again overcast, menacing brown clouds indicating a probable return of the snow. He did not like these signs, but he had no fear of them, because Farrell would tell him the straight road, and before night he would be at the station.

"I owe much to both of you for shelter and courtesy," he said, "but I must hasten on. I am due in the capital tomorrow."

Cynthia looked at Farrell and a pallor, sudden and deadly, overspread her

face. Farrell, too, had risen, but he was smiling, and it was a benevolent, protecting smile.

"Mr. Wharton," he said, "don't you see the clouds out there? Look how they are gathering again! We shall have another snowstorm. If I were you I wouldn't go on yet. It would be dangerous. You might lose your life, and we can't spare you."

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Farrell," said Wharton, smiling in his turn, "to make such an offer, but I must be in the capital tomorrow."

Farrell shook his big head and shut his thin lips together in a way that meant resolve.

"I can't let you go, Mr. Wharton," he said. "If anything happened to you, all the mountains would say I was to blame."

Wharton detected a new ring in his voice, a tone that annoyed him. It had the savor of a reproof, addressed by a man to a boy, and he resented its implication.

"You need not trouble your man Elias," he said, with some slight decline in the suavity of his manner. "I can bridle and saddle my own horse."

Again the great mountaineer shook his head, and seemed to thrust forward his massive chin.

"It comes to this, Mr. Wharton," he said in his old, protecting manner. "I feel that a sort of chance has put you in my care, and I've got to live up to the responsibility. I can't let you risk your life out there in all that snow and wildness with another storm coming on."

The blood of the younger mountaineer suddenly grew hot in every vein.

He lifted his overcoat from the chair where it lay, put it on, and took one step toward the door. Then he found the great form of Farrell barring the way.

"I told you, Mr. Wharton, that I could not let you go," said the mountaineer, "and I am such a good friend of yours that I will keep my word, even if it comes to force. You are a strong man, but I am stronger. Nor are you armed. Come, let's go into your room there and talk it over."

It was not the fear of hurts in a struggle, but of suffering indignity in the presence of Cynthia that made Wharton accept this offer of a moment's truce.

"Very well," he said. "Miss Farrell ought not to be frightened by violence, and I confess that I should like to hear your reason for this extraordinary act."

He bowed to Cynthia and went with Farrell into the little room.

"Now," he said, "you will please explain this!"

"Do you not see," said Farrell suavely, "that your life is safe only here with us? I am your best friend."

"I am no child!" exclaimed Wharton. "And this is nonsense! If that is all you have to say, get out of the way, because I am going at once."

Farrell raised his great arm.

"Do not get excited, Mr. Wharton," he said soothingly.

His tone was so ironical, so exasperating, that Wharton could endure no more. All his blood flew to his head and he sprang toward Farrell, aiming a blow directly at the smiling mouth. He never knew the exact order of procedure, because it was all so quick, but his clenched fist was caught in a palm that shut up on it with a deadly grip, and the next moment he was forced back against the wall, where he was pinned, breathless and unable to move.

"I warned you," said Farrell in a manner that was even fatherly. "Now, will you promise to be good if I let you loose?"

Wharton could only nod, and Farrell released him. He stood for a while, panting and alternately red and white with rage.

"Will you tell me the reason for all this?" he cried at last.

Farrell laughed softly and with the utmost good nature.

"Now you are impeaching my word," he replied, "and if I were hot-tempered like you I might get angry, but I won't. It's just as I say, I can't let you risk your life."

Wharton uttered an angry cry and

struck his open palm against the wall.

"Am I a man or am I not?" he exclaimed.

Farrell examined him critically.

"You are a man, but a very young one," he replied in a judicial tone.

"You can't keep me here," exclaimed Wharton.

"Oh, yes, I can," said Farrell, smiling. "We have no neighbors. This house is built of logs. The windows there are but clefts and you can't crawl through them. Elias will do anything that I tell him, and either he or I will be before you if you choose any other road. It's just the easiest thing in the world, Mr. Wharton, to keep you with us. Why not make the best of it and be a happy guest instead of an ungrateful one who is trying to get away?"

Despite himself Wharton was compelled to smile, though somewhat sourly.

"Come back into the big room," said Farrell, "and we'll sit there and talk."

Wharton went without a word. Although troubled and mortified to the verge of desperation he was recovering control of himself, and he resolved to affect a calmness that he did not feel.

They sat down again before the fire, and Farrell was all the genial host. Cynthia passed through the room, and when she gave a swift glance at the pair, sitting there, apparently such friends, color came back to the cheeks that had been so white.

There were hidden reserves and unplumbed mental depths in the gigantic mountaineer, who, though without education, talked that morning in a manner equaling in brilliancy and interest any conversation to which Wharton had ever listened. He had the gift of the story-teller, the power of narrative in its most appealing form, and a life of adventure, in the wild mass of mountains surrounding him, gave him ample material. Kindred blood was in the veins of Wharton. He, too, in his boyhood, had been, at times, a hunter, a fisherman and a rover and, despite his anxiety and hidden anger, he forgot himself under the spell of Farrell.

Dinner was spread by and bye in the same manner as the preceding meals, Cynthia first serving and then eating with them. It pleased Wharton to watch her, and he was constantly discovering new beauty and grace in her. It seemed to him that her eyes, full and soft, could be capable of much tenderness, and certainly he had never seen a whiter or more beautifully rounded throat.

She was more composed now, and she had a dignity that he liked. He began to believe, too, that her apprehension had been for him—that she had no fear of her brother on her own account, and out of this belief came a resolve.

"Miss Farrell," he asked, "will you tell me why your brother holds me here? It is very kind of him to care for my safety, but I cannot believe that it is the only reason."

Deep color suffused her cheeks, and she looked at her brother. The look was in a measure defiant, and the glance that he gave her in return was not a threat so much as a request.

"I am sorry you asked me that question," she said at length, "as I must not answer it."

Most of the afternoon passed in much the same manner as the morning, but at last Farrell rose and asked his guest to excuse him, saying that he would return in a few moments. Then he disappeared through the rear door and Wharton's heart gave a leap. Besides himself only the girl was now present in the room, and she did not have the power to stay him.

He went swiftly to the front door and put his hand upon the bolt, but Cynthia followed with a step as swift as his, and lighter, and her hand fell upon his arm.

"Don't try it," she said. "I ask you not to do so, because I wish you well."

"I am a free man," said Wharton with pride, "and I cannot be held in such a manner."

"Open the door if you will," she said in the same insistent tone, "but do not go beyond it."

He turned the bolt and swung wide the door. Elias, attentive, waiting, drawn up as if ready to spring, stood upon the porch. His long, thin, knotted form seemed alive with strength.

Wharton was a thoroughly brave man, but as he reflected swiftly that while he might overpower Elias, Farrell would surely come, he closed the door between them and the outer world. He turned then upon Cynthia with an impatience he had not before shown toward her.

"Your brother is not here and you need not fear him. Now will you tell me the reason of these extraordinary actions?" he exclaimed.

She turned pale and her eyes lowered before his wrath. But from beneath the drooping lashes she shot him a glance that was none too cold. Then she shook her head.

The rear door was opened and Farrell bustled in, brushing the snow from his shoulders.

"I've been to the stable," he said, "but I tell you it's wild! How glad I am that I persuaded you not to go on today, Mr. Wharton!"

Then he resumed his easy talk, his flow of narrative, anecdote and description, and the long, slow day passed on. The darkness fell over the mountains, thick and heavy, with only the white gleam of the snow showing through, and Wharton knew that a whole day was lost.

That night he lay on his bed, fully dressed, and slept not at all. Lying there in the darkness he reviewed the events of the day, and his anger rose rapidly as he recalled them. The spell of Farrell's power and of Cynthia's beauty was gone. It was intolerable that he should be detained in that lonely mountain home when his duty at the capital was calling him, and he resolved that the delay should not continue.

He rose from the bed and tried the door, finding it locked as he had expected. But he was not daunted. Farrell was right when he had spoken of him as unarmed, but he had one of those combination pocket knives that are a half-dozen useful things in one, and with it he skilfully picked the lock. Then he opened the door and stepped into the large sitting-room, where he and Farrell had passed so much time.

The great fire of hickory logs had burned down, leaving a bed of coals that cast ruddy but flickering bands of light across the floor. Most of the room, however, was in darkness.

Wharton stood there a few moments, and, as he stood, the door, leading to the rear of the house, opened. A figure, tall, slender and wrapped in a long black cloak, came out, and he knew by the motion that it was Cynthia.

The girl paused, and then, as, by the firelight, she saw the man standing there at the door, his figure bent slightly forward, his eager, intent face watching her. She started, but in a moment recovered herself and went to him.

"You have come this far by your own efforts," she said, "and I will help you with the last steps as I would have helped you with the first if I had been in time."

"I know it," said Wharton. Her act appealed to him as one of heroism and of sympathy, too, for him. The great cloak that wrapped her about had a high hood which was now drawn over her head. But he saw the tint of her face, within the encircling black folds, deepen into a crimson blush as he looked at her. But Wharton was a gentleman to the bone, and he looked away.

"I knew that you would help me if you had the chance," he said. "I have felt it from the first."

"My brother sleeps soundly," she said, "and so does Elias, but we should make haste."

He noticed even at that moment how she used the word "we," but she gave him no further time for thought upon the point as she led the way at once to

the front door, unlocked it, and stepped out upon the porch, followed by Wharton.

It was a wonderful, dazzling, white night. The snow had ceased to fall, but it lay deep on valley, slopes and peaks. A slice of silver moon hung in a sky of unbroken dusky blue, and it was so light on the mountains that Wharton could count the trees as they filed away in rows over the ridges. There was no wind, and silence overhung the wilderness.

"I owe you much, how much I do not know, nor do I know why," he said to Cynthia, "but I will tell you good-bye now. Yet it is not for always. I mean to see you again, and nothing can prevent me except yourself."

He seized her hand, and before she could rescue it he had held it rather longer and rather more closely than usual.

"You are not rid of me yet," she said when the rescue was effected, and she laughed a little when she spoke, perhaps not with displeasure. "Do you mean to walk? Come, I will show you your horse."

She led the way through the snow to the little dark stable, and in its shadow he saw not one, but two horses, saddled and bridled, and one of the saddles was for a woman.

"It is a long, wild ride over the mountains," she said, "and you do not know the road. I am going to show you the way."

Wharton was anxious enough to escape, but there he stopped; no woman should risk herself in such a manner for him.

"I cannot let you do such a thing," he said.

"It is not for you alone," she said, turning laughing eyes upon him. "I am as anxious as you to get to Morrison—this house is no longer a place for me—and I have an uncle there who will take care of me. If it were not for you I could not go, for I would not dare the flight alone over the mountains. You serve me as I serve you."

He gave her his hand, and, strong and agile, she sprang into the saddle. He was in his the next moment, and then they rode together down the cove. The snow was deep, the feet of the horses making but little sound, but Cynthia showed the way with certainty.

The road curved and they began the ascent of the slopes. It was a sheltered path, much protected by trees and overhanging rocks from the snow, but Wharton saw that alone he never could have followed it.

They were far on the ridge now, and the cove and its house were lost behind them. Around them was a wonderful silence, and they two were alone between the white world below and the star-shot sky above. Wharton felt a great thrill of exultation as they rode together, he a mountaineer and she a mountaineer, her figure strong and reliant, her beautiful face showing now and then from the folds of the dark hood.

They began to talk by and bye, and she disclosed a pure, untroubled soul, one innocent in thought as well as action. Wharton reflected that he was doing a good deed in taking her away from her brother, and putting her with her uncle at Morrison, where she could have what a woman needed.

They rode all night without stopping, and their talk was easy, like that of an intimacy coming from long acquaintance. Day came out of a gray mist and the white world sprang into the glittering sunlight. Wharton suggested that they stop a little while and rest in a sheltered cove, and then from an unnoticed bag tied to her saddlehorn she produced food.

They rode on again, under skies of cloudless blue, and they talked little now. Small houses of logs, stowed snugly away in coves, began to appear, and at last the station rose up from the white expanse. They had passed the first straggling houses when he said to Cynthia in tones which she could not misunderstand:

"I should like to tell you how I wish to thank you, Miss Farrell, but I cannot. Now if you will show me

which is your uncle's house, I will take you to it."

"Oh, you need not do that," she replied. "I would rather go there alone."

It seemed a natural thing to say when she was in such a position, but his attention was caught by a certain trembling in her voice. He looked at her with eyes that sought out every expression of her own, and she shivered and grew afraid. The red in her cheeks deepened, and, unable to bear his gaze longer, she let drop her eyes.

It was a moment of revelation, like a thundergust to Wharton.

"You have no uncle in Morrison!" he said.

The head sank lower.

"And you have risked everything, everything that is dear to a woman, for me?"

"I wished to save you and to save him, too, who is my brother."

With bent head and drooping glance she made a powerful appeal to Wharton, a man of high impulses.

"You cannot go back," he said, and his tone was so earnest and soft that she flushed more than ever, "nor can you stay here alone, having come with me: then we must go together to—the capital!"

"Together? To the capital?" she exclaimed, raising her head.

"Not as we are now, but as husband and wife. I love you already. How could I help it, seeing you as you are, the one woman in the world for me, and knowing that it will be the making of my life's happiness for you to be my wife!"

He spoke with his heart in his voice and his soul in his eyes. She, hearing him and seeing him, knew that he spoke the truth, and, yielding a little at first, presently she yielded all.

"If you wish it so much," she said, "then I will marry you."

Morrison was a county seat, a license was soon obtained, a minister as quickly, and two hours later they were married in the parlor of the little hotel, a half-dozen of Wharton's friends looking on and envying his great fortune. An hour afterward they were on the train for the capital, and the world in its robe of white looked very heavenly to both of them.

She did not speak for a long time, but after a while she said:

"Albert, you must not think too badly of my brother because of what he has done. You will like him when you know him better."

"I like him now," he said. "Hasn't he given me you?"

When no one was looking he kissed her.

The following day the House was assembling in the old Capitol, and everybody knew that it was to be a memorable session. The Judiciary bill, making great and vital changes, had already passed the Senate and today it would come up in the House, where it was known to all the public that the vote would be extremely close. But only the shrewdest of them knew that with Wharton, of Rupert County, missing the vote would be a tie, and hence the bill would be lost.

And Wharton was missing. That was one of the wonders of the little capital. The young member from the mountains had been so eager, so zealous in support of the bill, he had fought for it so valiantly and with such effect that people now could not understand his disappearance. It was known that his father was out of danger and that he had departed for the capital in good time, but then the mystery followed. No one had seen or heard anything of him, and scandal was busy with his name, saying that he had inducements to stay away.

It was a clear, winter day, the ground deep in snow, and the sun glittering on roofs and walls. The members passed slowly into the Capitol, grave with the weight of responsibility, but speaking occasionally of Wharton and his strange absence.

Down in a dim corner of the lobby sat two men, saying little, but now and then exchanging a satisfied glance. They were lobbyists, skilful and supple of mind, and they were friends of

a circuit judge in the mountain district, to whom public report recently had not been kind. It was said, and there were proofs, that he had notoriously failed in the performance of his duty, and everybody knew that the passage of the Judiciary bill would unseat him.

"It was a clever trick," said one of the lobbyists at length, "and Nick Farrell was just the man to do it for us. It was lucky that he owed the judge a good turn."

"Right you are," said the other. "Wharton will be too late, and the bill is lost as surely as you and I are sitting here."

They said no more just then, but looked toward the floor of the House where the members were still coming in. Suddenly the man nearest to the floor turned white, and his companion, who followed his startled glance, forced an oath between his clenched teeth.

Albert Wharton, the member from Rupert County, was walking down the aisle on his way to his desk, and he bore himself very proudly. In his eyes shone a singular new light, the light of a quiet, intense happiness.

There was a buzz of excitement in both House and lobby, and the members began to crowd around Wharton and ask him questions. But he only shook his head and smiled.

"I will explain all presently," he said.

The House went into session, the Judiciary bill was called up, and the vote was taken. When the name of the member from Rupert County was called Wharton arose and said:

"I think I owe the House a word of explanation for my absence, which may have seemed a compromising thing at such a time. The fact is——'

He hesitated, but, smiling proudly, looked over the House, which was silent and intent. Then he continued firmly:

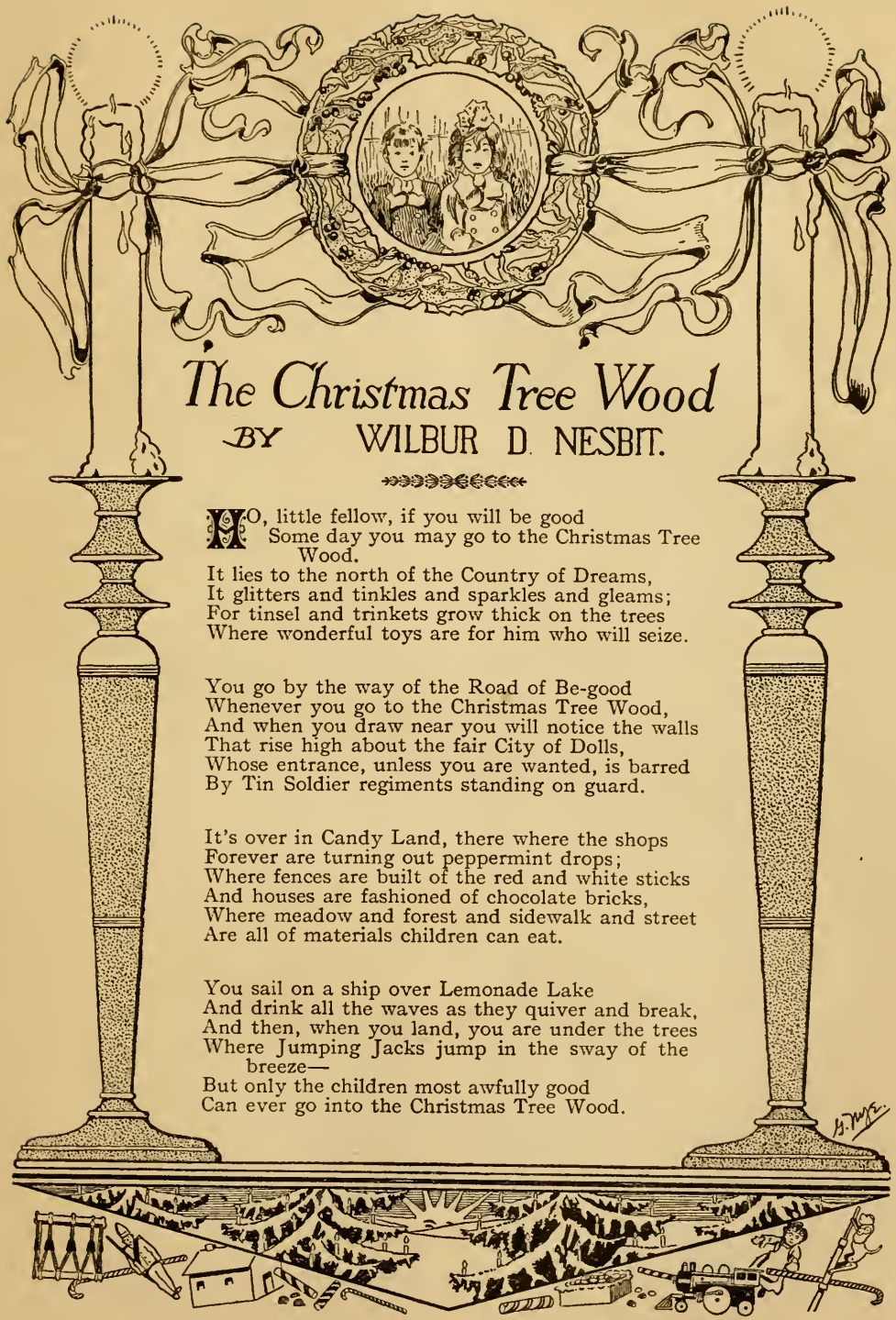
"The fact is, I stopped on the way to get married."

The House burst into applause, and, far back in the lobby, a young woman of remarkable beauty blushed deeply, but happily.

Then Wharton voted in the affirmative, the clerk continued calling the names, and, when the whole vote was taken, the Judiciary bill passed by a majority of one.

Tainted

KNICKER—Money takes wings.
BOCKER—Yes, but it's awfully hard for it to get a halo.



The Christmas Tree Wood

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

NO, little fellow, if you will be good
Some day you may go to the Christmas Tree Wood.
It lies to the north of the Country of Dreams,
It glitters and tinkles and sparkles and gleams;
For tinsel and trinkets grow thick on the trees
Where wonderful toys are for him who will seize.

You go by the way of the Road of Be-good
Whenever you go to the Christmas Tree Wood,
And when you draw near you will notice the walls
That rise high about the fair City of Dolls,
Whose entrance, unless you are wanted, is barred
By Tin Soldier regiments standing on guard.

It's over in Candy Land, there where the shops
Forever are turning out peppermint drops;
Where fences are built of the red and white sticks
And houses are fashioned of chocolate bricks,
Where meadow and forest and sidewalk and street
Are all of materials children can eat.

You sail on a ship over Lemonade Lake
And drink all the waves as they quiver and break,
And then, when you land, you are under the trees
Where Jumping Jacks jump in the sway of the breeze—
But only the children most awfully good
Can ever go into the Christmas Tree Wood.

Is Money to Rule Us?

BY HON. LUCIUS F. C. GARVIN

AN apprehension exists that the United States, intended to be a government by the people, is to end under the rule of money. This fear is widespread, and has been voiced repeatedly by calm and judicious men. Is it well founded?

The question can best be answered by inferences carefully drawn from history, from our own past experience, and from the situation as we find it today.

The condition of things at the time of the fall of the Roman Republic, in the century preceding the birth of Christ, is full of instruction for us.

Consider, for example, a few quotations from Froude's "Cæsar."

Page 1. "If there be one lesson which history clearly teaches, it is this, that free nations cannot govern subject provinces. If they are unable or unwilling to admit their dependencies to share their own constitution, the constitution itself will fall to pieces from mere incompetence for its duties."

One would think that paragraph to have been written after, and not, as it really was, long before we had made subject colonies of Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Speaking of the Roman Constitution as being detrimental to free government Froude says:

Page 113. "There was no hope for these unhappy people, for they were under the tyranny of a dead hand. A bad king is like a bad season. The next may bring improvement, or, if his rule is wholly intolerable, he can be deposed. Under a bad constitution no such change is possible. It can be remedied only by revolution."

Our state and national constitutions, although they can scarcely be called bad, are certainly very defective. The difficulty of changing a state constitution, and the practical impossibility of amending the national Constitution in any important particular, cause their imperfections, as time goes on, to increase both in number and magnitude. Our situation in this respect differs in degree only from that which caused the destruction of the Roman Republic.

Page 20. "The elections were managed by clubs and coteries; and, except on occasions of national danger or political excitement, those who spent money most freely were most certain of success."

Cicero, speaking of the election in Rome for the year 54 B.C., is quoted by Froude as saying (page 328): "All the candidates have bribed, but they will all be acquitted, and no one will ever be found guilty again."

Do not those statements exactly describe what takes place in the United States at almost every closely contested election?

Intimately associated with such political corruption was this picture of the times:

Page 19. "To make money—money by any means, lawful or unlawful—became the universal passion. . . . Money! the cry was still money!—Money was the one thought from the highest senator to the poorest wretch who sold his vote in the Comitia."

Such was Roman society just prior to the beginning of the Christian era. How much does it exaggerate what is occurring in the United States in this opening of the twentieth century?

Are we not tending thitherward rapidly?

All the above quotations taken together—and they might be multiplied indefinitely—go to show that the social and political condition of the United States at the present time bears a close resemblance to the Roman Republic just before it merged into an empire.

The pursuit of wealth is here, and is now the chief aim and purpose of life. Money is the principal factor in determining the result of elections.

In every state, with scarcely an exception, the political party which contains the largest number of wealthy men, and therefore can raise the biggest campaign fund, is permanently in power. This is just as true of Democratic South Carolina as of Republican Maine; it is becoming more emphatically the rule in all sections with every passing year.

It is very instructive to trace the process by which rock-ribbed Vermont has reached the point of casting at an election about three times as many Republican as Democratic votes.

Vermont is a farming state. Its citizens are exploited by the tariff taxes imposed by Republican policy. Its population increased only from 314,120 in 1850 to 343,641 in 1900—a growth of 9 per cent. in half a century, or less than two-tenths of 1 per cent. per annum. This is by far the smallest increase of any of the states. What is true of its population is also true of its wealth.

A Vermonter, a well-known lawyer, has expressed to me his view of the cause of the adhesion of his people to the political party and principle which has proved so ruinous to its prosperity.

"The inhabitants of Vermont," he said, "are the most ignorant politically of any in the United States. They take only Republican papers, and their state is stumped from one end to the other in the September preceding each Presidential election by Republican spellbinders, so that 'them asses' actually don't know what hurts them. They see, besides, that horses and potatoes command a larger price on their side of the Canadian border than beyond it, and that argument settles their opinion and carries their vote."

These good people seem to be wholly unaware that the tariff taxes imposed by the party which they so loyally support takes from them a dollar for every cent it bestows.

The political history of Vermont is well worthy of study, because its lead is being followed more and more by the other states, and because the disease of fealty to the wealthy party, whether right or wrong, is extending from the states to the nation as a whole.

Thomas W. Lawson, claiming to speak from personal knowledge, asserts that on the eve of the Presidential election of 1896, a five-million-dollar extra campaign fund was suddenly subscribed and quietly expended in five doubtful states. His opinion is that this corruptive money changed the result of that election.

That the corporations, which possess one-third of all the wealth of the United States, as a rule contribute to the election expenses of the Republicans is generally believed. The testimony of George W. Perkins, First Vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company, given on the fifteenth day of September, 1905, is in point. Under oath he reluctantly admitted that his company had contributed to the Republican campaign fund in 1896, 1900 and 1904, and that the last of those bonuses amounted to $48,702. This information must be very pleasing to the Democratic policyholders of this *mutual* insurance company.

By multiplying the quadrennial contribution of $50,000 of this one company into the whole number of corporations who feel that their "assets would be jeopardized by Democratic success," some conception may be formed of the difficulty of transferring our national Government from the pockets of the few to the hands of the many.

In view of the contributions by rich

monopolists to the campaign expenses of the party of their choice in the recent past, what are we to expect in 1908?

With Roosevelt and his popularity out of the way, a more pliant tool will easily be produced by those who furnish the sinews of war. And it now seems as though the wishes of the people may, with safety, be left wholly out of consideration in the nomination of a Republican candidate.

The only effect of their naming for the office of President of the United States one of the frenzied financiers will be that it would call for a somewhat larger expenditure of money. But with the prize offered of a four years' looting of the national wealth by means of an obedient President, Congress and Supreme Court, the doubling of the usual contributions would be a small matter to the trusts and other monopolists.

Furthermore, it has become easy to mold public opinion. The process which has worked so well for a generation in the little New England State of Vermont can now readily be applied upon a much larger scale.

Half a million dollars is now estimated to be the minimum sum upon which it is safe to attempt to establish a morning daily newspaper in a large city. The day when a Greeley or a Bennett, as poor men, could successfully found a *Tribune* or a *Herald*, has long passed. Metropolitan dailies are now the investments of millionaires, with all that fact implies. The millionaire, however humble his origin, who sympathizes with and champions the cause of the common people, although not unknown, is a *rara avis*. Few of that stripe have gone into the newspaper business.

Weekly and monthly periodicals there still are, owned by comparatively poor men and advocating popular rights; but many of them are upon a precarious pecuniary footing, and are liable, therefore, to be subsidized or bought outright.

Within a few years an implement has been fashioned capable of exercising a tremendous influence upon public sentiment. I refer to the modern system of rural delivery.

In the last Presidential campaign one of the large legitimate expenses was the flooding of the mails with Republican literature. Not only congressional documents, which were printed and sent out by both parties, but syndicate articles supplied to the country weekly press and distributed by rural delivery, without cost to the recipient, were delivered to hundreds of thousands of homesteads, including not only farmers but others who reside away from the centres of population. It was clearly possible by week after week of cunningly framed partisan appeals to indoctrinate the multitudes of readers with the virtues of Republican candidates and the beauties of Republican policies, as set forth by the literary bureau of that party.

Moreover, in the drivers of the rural delivery wagons, dependent for their appointment upon the existing Republican administration, the national committee of that party had ready-made the most powerful partisan agency of which it is possible to conceive. Each driver can easily, almost without loss of time, learn the state of mind politically of every family he visits. He can make out a list of the doubtful and the opposing voters in order that they may be deluged with the right kind of literature.

It has been said by politicians who have studied the possibilities of rural delivery system that, using its facilities for all they are worth, the party in power can never be ousted. Certainly the rural delivery, coupled with a limitless campaign fund, makes the defeat of the Republican Party in a national election very near to an impossibility.

Nothing short of a spontaneous and almost universal uprising of the people can overthrow the party that draws into its treasury the contributions of the railroads, the trusts, the banks, the insurance companies and the protected corporations of the whole

country; and it is more than doubtful whether such an uprising can occur with the rural delivery adequately handled.

It may be set down, therefore, as a fixed fact that a national victory of the people over money is not to be expected in 1908. And why should the outlook be any different for 1912, or, with present conditions continued, for any year thereafter?

May it not be counted a probability that the process which has gone on in many states, and which has reached its high-water mark in Vermont, will extend soon, if it has not already done so, to a majority of the states, and consequently to the nation as a whole?

If a national reform is impossible, what, then, can save the republic?

Comparing Rome of the year 50 B.C. with the United States of 1905, the parallel holds in very many particulars, but in two vital respects it is defective and may be misleading.

In Rome both education and the suffrage were limited to a very few of the millions of subjects of the empire; in the United States we have, roughly speaking, universal suffrage and universal education. With about 14,000,000 votes actually cast for President, mostly by men able to read, a very broad basis exists for intelligent political action.

In the election of national candidates the discriminating independent vote has of late been more than offset by the purchasable vote, but for local conditions it has frequently occurred that really independent voters predominated and held the balance of power. This was illustrated in the November election of 1904, when states which chose Republican Presidential electors, elected Democratic governors, as was the case in Massachusetts, Minnesota, Colorado, Missouri and Montana.

Moreover, Chicago, which cast an enormous majority for President Roosevelt, has since given a very substantial victory to the candidate of the Democratic Party, Mayor Dunne.

It still remains possible, therefore, in the North, for the people to carry some states and many municipalities, upon local issues, against the party that has the money and uses it.

Besides the five states that have thus manifested their ability to withstand the onslaught of money, there may be mentioned as possibilities in the same direction, because they have in some way shown responsiveness to public sentiment, Oregon, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, Ohio, Illinois, Kansas.

Moreover, in addition to the Western metropolis, Chicago, other great cities have given signs of revolt against monopoly and graft, to wit, Cleveland, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and even New York.

The conclusion to be drawn from the above facts is that, if national regeneration is to come, it must be as the result of successful reform either municipal or state. As the whole body is protected against smallpox by vaccinating the arm, so it is possible that the nation may be saved by the antitoxin of self-government applied to one of its members.

The precise form which the resumption of popular government, through the states or cities, is to take cannot at present be foretold.

Just now public opinion seems most disposed to crystallize about public ownership, as a substitute for private corporate ownership, of such utilities as call for the exercise of the power of eminent domain. This would include steam and street railways, gas and electric lighting, the telegraph and the telephone, also the heating of buildings by street service, which is close at hand. Water supply is already in most cases a public function.

It is conceivable that the strong public sentiment which already exists in favor of public ownership may become so overwhelming as to find expression in some cities, as it already has, among others, in Norwich, Conn., and in Chicago.

But even so, it places the emancipation of the people from the rule of money a long way off. Generations

might come and go before the great public corporations could be forced, one after another, to give up the special privileges which have created so many multi-millionaires.

I look more confidently for relief in another direction. To this hope the chief contribution thus far made is by distant Oregon. That state at its next election is to vote upon a constitutional amendment, which has been proposed by a petition signed by 8 per cent. of its qualified voters.

That event, when it takes place, will be a landmark in the history of Republican government. In the State of Oregon it is now possible for seven thousand voters to initiate changes in the organic law, and to have the proposition they present accepted or rejected by a majority vote of all the qualified electors. Here is a combination of the many, more powerful than the concentration of money in the hands of a partisan state committee. It might be possible, by means of hired agents, to secure for a desired plutocratic or aristocratic constitutional amendment the few thousand signatures needed to cause its submission to the people, but no amount of money could bring to its support a majority of the popular vote.

Other states must follow the trail blazed by Oregon, if the way out of the wilderness is to be found.

The aim must be to give to a majority of the voters of every state the control of its organic law, wholly independent of any action by the legislature; to confer upon each city a like control of its charter, which is the municipal organic law; and eventually to grant a similar control of the national Constitution to the voters of the United States. Then only shall we cease to be "under the tyranny of a dead hand."

When this has been accomplished in any state, as already in Oregon, it will be possible there for the will of the people to be done. Now it is not possible, because of the distorting influence of money in the election of public servants.

With the power secured to the majority to alter their organic law at will, the machinery of elections can be so altered as to make legislators truly representative. Legislation in the interest of monopoly, which underlies every trust and every enormous fortune, will become a thing of the past. A system of taxation may be adopted which will not, as now, compel the poor to contribute for public purposes ten times as much as the rich; and public ownership of public utilities will follow as a matter of course.

Not until the people gain control of their organic law will money cease to rule us. That is the one way out: it is both sure and speedy.

The American Citizen

BY JOHN WITHERSPOON DU BOSE

IN the winter of 1903-04 a white farmer of good character living near Huntsville, Madison County, Ala., was waylaid about dusk on the highway and murdered under circumstances of extreme atrocity. Maples, a negro of the vicinity, on suspicion of participation in the crime, was lawfully arrested and committed to the county jail at Huntsville to await trial.

Some weeks after the committal of the prisoner a mob of extraordinary proportion and violence overcame the sheriff and also the local company of the Alabama National Guard on duty

at or about the jail, set fire to the premises and in the confusion got possession of the prisoner and hanged him until dead on the abutting public square.

The State Circuit Court soon after the lynching convened in regular term, and nineteen indictments were found against the members of the mob.

Hardly had the indictments been found, however, when a decision of the Supreme Court of the State pronounced void the recent act of the Legislature creating the new Circuit, including among others the County of Madison. The indictments had been found at the first term of the Court of the condemned Circuit, and were therefore illegal and of no effect.

This was the situation when, very soon after the fiasco in the matter of the indictments had transpired, the United States District Court for the Northern District of Alabama convened at Huntsville in regular term, the Hon. Thomas G. Jones, District Judge, presiding. The grand jury for the term was discovered to be composed of citizens of the first rank of society, some of them Confederate veterans.

The charge of the presiding judge dwelt at length upon the lynching of the negro Maples by white men and upon the failure of the State to punish the mob that perpetrated the outrage.

The Court then instructed the jury, in effect, that it was within the province of the Federal Court to interfere. Maples when lynched was a citizen of the United States under the Fourteenth Amendment. The Civil Rights act of 1866, passed in exercise of authority vested in Congress by the Thirteenth Amendment, gave the negro perfect equality of civil rights with the white race. When a negro citizen is assailed by white men, because of his race, and deprived of any civil right given by Federal law to the white citizen, the assault becomes a violation of the rights of the negro cognizable by the Federal court.

Under this charge, the grand jury indicted a white man, Riggins, for participation in the murder of Maples, and Riggins was committed to jail at Huntsville. He is there now. Upon application to Judge Jones for release under *habeas corpus*, the application was denied, and appeal taken from that decision has not yet (August, 1905) been acted upon by the Federal courts above.

Judge Judd, of Nashville, Tenn., declared in the annual address to the Alabama Bar Association, in June, 1905, that the negro was the exciting cause of the citizenship proviso of the Fourteenth Amendment. That is a superficial view, not denying the improbability that, as early as the year 1866, Congress would have submitted for ratification an amendment establishing the status of citizenship in the United States had not revolutionary conditions then prevailed in the country at large, in fomenting which the presence of the negro was *per se* a most active and powerful instrumentality.

But the status of Federal citizenship has a formulation long prior to the enactment of the Fourteenth Amendment. It is a foundation superior to the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment because it does not rest upon any claims of race or results of revolution.

When the joint committee of the two Houses, the Reconstruction Committee—twelve Republicans and three Democrats—Thaddeus Stevens, chairman, reported an article of amendment to the Constitution, January, 1866, the suffrage proviso alone comprehended the report. The several other sections that appear in the perfected article arose and were adopted in course of protracted debate covering months. In the debate as limited to the original report, now Section 2, the suffrage proviso, Senator John Sherman reminded the Senate that the movement to enfranchise negroes by the constitutions and laws of at least two-thirds of the Northern states would fail. He warned senators that Ohio, with a constitution limiting suffrage to the whites, would not

ratify the proposed amendment (*Cong. Globe*, 1st Sess., 39th Cong., Part I).

We recur to Judge Judd's statement, to insist that the status of Federal citizenship in the American system is not logically dependent upon the revolutionary enactment of the article intended to inject the negro race into the elements of scientific government in this country. Certainly the free negroes of the free states of America, most of them free from nativity, had not before the year 1866 offered to reform in any measures the civil government of any state or of the United States in original invention. Certainly the 9,000,000 of negroes now in the United States would not be intrusted with the government of the United States in proportion to their numbers by the whites, North or South. In a word, there is no example in all time that shows the negro race as an organic potentiality in enlightened civics.

There is the established fact of Federal citizenship, and when we find the principle lodged in the normal operation as well as the letter of the Constitution as it came from the signature of Washington on the parchment, September, 1787, at Philadelphia, we shall be prepared to determine whether the charge of Federal District Judge Jones at Huntsville, instructing the grand jury of his court to take up the examination of witnesses for the purpose of finding indictments against citizens of the state who murdered Maples, a negro citizen of the state, was valid in constitutional theory.

To express the relation of the case differently: Does the Federal citizenship proviso of the Fourteenth Amendment precipitate a civil right? Or is not that proviso the logical growth of a principle instilled into the spirit of the Constitution of 1787, consciously or not, by the gentlemen who sat in convention at Philadelphia—a step which awaited the white man's time entirely without regard to the black man's accidents?

The Union was practically dissolved in 1787 because it was a Confederation dealing alone with sovereignties—in a word, because the government of the Union had no relation to citizens of the constituent states. It was evident to statesmen of the time that the Federal Government must acquire contact direct with individuals or crumble in ignominious failure. Appreciation of this fact led up to those varied provisos of the Constitution of 1787 which had no possible resulting effect short of Federal citizenship in a perpetuated Union.

We need only to take in enumeration some of the more salient features of the organic law intended to correct the omission of the Articles of Confederation to understand the inevitable trend of the system toward Federal citizenship.

1. The Federal Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof became the supreme law of the land, the laws and constitutions of any of the states to the contrary notwithstanding.

2. The citizens of each state became at once citizens of all the states in the sense that they were entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several states.

3. Representation and direct taxes under the Federal system must be apportioned upon numbers.

4. Equality before the law of the United States was secured to every citizen or free person of the several states; no man could become a noble, but must remain a citizen; no debt could be contracted in anything but Federal legal tender.

Other more or less direct provisos of the Constitution of 1787 qualify the individual to attain to the status of Federal citizenship.

If we recur to the practice of the Government in all its history we detect qualifying influences brought into view to hasten the status of Federal citizenship.

The Government of the United States comes frequently by its agent into the domain of the State of Alabama, for example. Under the guise

of collecting a specific tax for its own enjoyment on distilled spirits, the Government breaks up private property in distilleries, destroying it outright without compensation, and from time to time lodges the owner in prison, while at other times it shoots him to death without indictment or trial. Would not individuals, the victims of that frequent practice of Government, develop a national inclination to seek the status of Federal citizenship for protection against the operation of oppressive laws by the Government?

By tariff taxation the Government of the United States may legally raise any number of millions of dollars and may disburse the enormous sum at will. The natural effect is to raise up a favored class, bankers, manufacturers, speculators. Would not individuals, the beneficiaries of that practice of Government, develop a natural inclination to seek the status of citizenship under its laws for the promotion of its policies so beneficial to themselves?

Indeed, the air is full of direct and indirect influences that, from the very adoption of the Constitution of 1787, tend to generate out of this supreme law of the land a citizenship based on its practical operations. For instance, the Supreme Court of the United States has constitutional jurisdiction over "all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties," and so on. Therefore, when the Federal Court decides what the relation of the individual is to the objects of the Constitution, the decree of the court is final and concludes the privileges of the individual. Court decisions of this kind naturally and inevitably tend to prepare the individual involved to demand a status of Federal citizenship. At an early time in the career of the Government the Supreme Court held that that tribunal possessed jurisdiction in settling controversy between a state and one of its own citizens (Wheaton, 264).

There can be no question that the framers of the Constitution, or a majority of them, intended to consolidate the Federal Government to the full extent of their power and influence over the ratifying state conventions. They would have perfected a consolidated Government, dared they to hope the States of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia would enter such a government.

Mr. Madison said there is "necessity of providing (by the nation) more effectually for the security of private rights and the steady dispensation of justice."

In his second inaugural address Mr. Jefferson proposed that the surplus revenues of the Federal Government be used to build and support a great national university at Washington.

These are interesting intimations from the thought of the fathers, that the Federal Government was designed to mature in its legitimate action a status of Federal citizenship to be acknowledged, soon or late, by appropriate procedures of government.

When the Federal Constitution became the supreme law of the land, the laws and constitution of any state to the contrary notwithstanding; when the citizen of any state became secure in the rights, privileges and immunities of the citizens of all the states, and when the Federal Government alone obtained the right to create the legal tender and the right to regulate interstate commerce, it was left to time and the effects of rapid transit, education in the same language, and the universal operation of laws protecting freedom of speech, freedom of the press and of religion, and trial by jury, to fortify a citizenship correspondent with the enlightenment of the civics prevailing, to wit, Federal citizenship.

We are not arguing for the situation as it is, but only stating facts of history and their logical interpretation. Had the United States remained isolated from Western Europe by six weeks' passage of the sea on small sailing vessels, we might have remained dominated, like the British

Islands, in our civil character by the British governmental theories upon which our Constitution and laws were originally founded. The Southern states were colonized by English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh and French. For more than a century the original colonists of the South have been permitted by circumstances to possess the land, they and their posterity unmixed with other elements. We cast our maiden vote for the men and the measures that represented the aristocratic democracy of the slaveholders. We voted then in the solemn belief that the right of self-government, in which alone liberty, public security and happiness resides, was founded upon the principles of Jefferson; that the people of the United States were leagued together in political community interest and not by the rights of individuals; that each state possessed the inherent right of resisting the Federal Government to the extent to which the Federal Government had not the right to encroach. I believe yet that states that composed the populous and powerful Southern Confederacy naturally embraced the theories described, and that they were competent in war and in peace to prosper under those theories more than under any other theories whatsoever.

The people of the North are composed of the indiscriminate overflow of the countries of Western Europe in large measure; countries that are unassimilating and jealous of each other.

In addition to the annual and even augumenting political complication of the Northern states with overflow immigration from unassimilating countries of Western and Eastern Europe, the practical uses to which the negro is applied in those states arise to the importance of a jeopardy to the whole country.

It is certain that the fraction of Congress which prepared and adopted the Fourteenth Amendment did not appreciate the fact of the evolutionary Federal citizenship from the original Constitution that needed only time and peace and prosperity within the Union to mature and put it in practical use. For instance, the Constitution of 1787 laid the predicate of Federal citizenship in the proviso that "the whole number of free persons," etc., shall be enumerated for apportionment of representation in both Congress and the electoral college and for direct taxation. Deprive "free persons," race nor former condition of servitude considered, of the essential privilege of apportionment for representation in Congress and in the electoral college, and no Federal citizenship could become possible to them; grant "free persons," regardless of race or former condition of servitude, the right of such apportionment, and the operation of the supreme law of the land would naturally evolve the Federal citizen. Nevertheless, this fundamental right of the Federal citizen, the right of apportionment, is taken from the list of Federal rights, over which no state could exert an iota of influence, by the Fourteenth Amendment.

Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment robs the free negro of the original Federal right guaranteed by Article 1, Section 2, to "all free persons," to be apportioned, and lodges absolute control of negro apportionment with the several states, subject to a penalty which is at the option of the state in the last analysis.

Let us proceed a little further in the abundant evidences that the framers and responsible promulgators of the Fourteenth Amendment were oblivious of the evolutionary forces already at work within the Constitution of 1787 to mature the status of Federal citizenship.

The Congress was in vacation when Lee surrendered and the Confederacy fell. There was no Congress at all in the eventful months between March and December, 1865.

The Northern states convened in Congress, December, 1865, but they denied admission to the waiting Southern states.

This was the situation when, January 22, 1866, the substance of Section 2 of the present Fourteenth Amend-

ment came into the Senate and the House at the same time as a report from the joint Committee of Fifteen—the Reconstruction Committee. There was not a word of Section 1 as it now stands. (See *Cong. Globe*, 1st Sess., 39th Cong., Part I, p. 337 *et als.*) There was long debate. Senator Fessenden, from Maine, said among other things: "If we report a provision of this kind (enfranchising the negroes), is there the slightest probability that it will be adopted by the states? It is perfectly evident that there could be no hope of that description" (*Cong. Globe*, 39th Cong., Part I, p. 704).

This first report from the Committee was sent back. Three weeks intervened while the radical press and platform all over the North aroused the most intense feeling against the downright neglect of Congress wholly controlled by loyal states to prepare an amendment to enfranchise the Southern blacks. Congress took the alarm. The Committee sent in an amendment report reading: "No payment shall ever be made by the United States or any state (*sic*) for or on account of the emancipation of any slave or slaves; or for or on account of any debt contracted or incurred in aid of rebellion against the National Government" (*Cong. Globe*, 1st Sess., 39th Cong., Part I, p. 701).

The radicals under Sumner bitterly opposed the original report as a fraud upon the negro. When the amendment report came in it was seen that further amendments, protecting the debt of the United States, while sacrificing the Confederate debt, might be made to override the radical sentimentality on the negro. The article was finally perfected as it now stands.

After two years' debate in the state legislatures the Fourteenth Amendment reached the Secretary of State from the ratifying states. The Secretary, W. H. Seward, at first declined to certify to it, because of the want of a sufficient number of ratifying states, not counting "certain political communities calling themselves states"—that is, the Southern states under military rule. Mr. Seward made a qualified certificate later, and Congress passed a resolution declaring the amendment valid (Documentary Hist. Constitution, M.S. Vol. II).

The Needs of the People

1. THE complete education of every child for self-support, good citizenship and the most perfect development of all the powers of mind and body, as Thomas Jefferson taught.

2. Government control of all public utilities for the benefit of all the people.

3. All questions relating to money and revenue to be taken from the arena of partisan politics and put in the charge of a permanent commission.

4. Revision of the Federal Constitution according to Jefferson's formula, that each generation should have a chance to amend it.

5. The submission of general laws to the people in state and nation.

6. A land policy that shall encourage home building throughout the country and relieve the congestion of population in the great cities.

7. The responsibility of the executive officers to Congress.

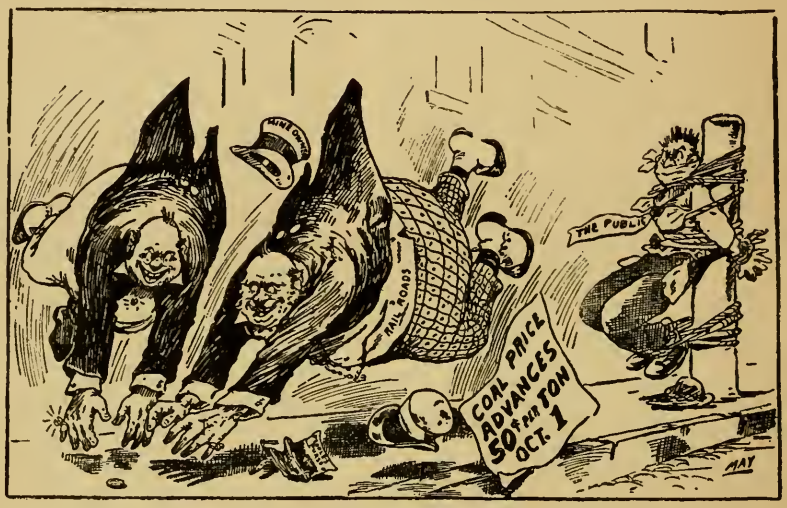
8. The responsibility of Congress to the people by powers of instruction and recall.

9. Permanent sessions of Congress taking recess for rest, but no *adjournment* during its term. Meantime, the President should call each Congress together as soon as the term of the last one expires.

EDWARD DANIELS.

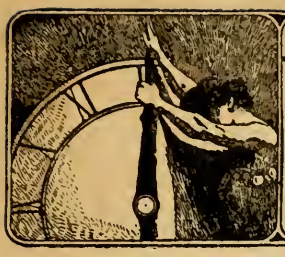
Ananias—"Here you are, old man, she's yours!"
Westerman, in Ohio State Journal

Wouldn't It Make a Hit?
May, in Detroit Journal



Who Gets the 50?
May, in Detroit Journal

One of the Features of the Campaign of the Future
Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer



FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD

BY

CLARENCE S. DARROW.

JANE LEWIS was sixty years old before her life's ambition was fulfilled. But this was not so very bad. Many people live still longer and then lie down and die before their dreams come true.

Jane Lewis's ambition had not been a great one—it could not be, for she was only a woman, and a very ordinary one at that. All her life she had wanted to own a home, to have the deed in her own name, so that nothing, not even adversity, could drive her out. She had married when only a little past twenty, and had planned and saved in her small way until the great event had come to pass. When she at last placed the deed safely in her bureau drawer she somehow felt that she was just beginning life.

The forty years of waiting and saving had slipped so quietly away that she hardly knew that they had come and gone. And while her hair was white and her figure bent and her face wrinkled, still the years had stolen so softly upon her that she seemed to feel that she was yet a girl. True, she was once called Jennie, then Jane and now Aunt Jane, but the names had so gently blended together that she never knew when the last had been completely left behind.

She had married John Lewis in her young womanhood, and she loved him with the love of the commonplace woman for the man who gives her the first caress. As the years passed by, her affection had grown from love of habit. She had never even dreamed of the possibilities of any other person in the chair where her husband sat.

John was almost a common laboring man; he had worked at the stockyards, in the railroad warehouse, in the shipping department of wholesale stores, and in the later years of his life had been a night watchman in a factory out on the West Side. Left to himself, he would never have saved even the amount necessary to buy a cottage, but he was industrious and frugal and let his wife take charge of what he got.

Jane carefully hoarded the little margin that was left above the necessities of life, and from time to time put her small accumulations into a savings bank to keep them for the longed-for home. Once the bank had failed and she was compelled to begin anew. Then she bought a small amount of stock in a building association, and month by month took her little savings to the office and waited with all the inborn patience of the poor to see it grow. Finally she had enough. Then she bought a cheap lot out at the frayed edge of the town, just where the city leaves off and the prairie begins. This cost four hundred dollars. For two thousand more she built a little cottage with a parlor, dining-room and kitchen below, and a half-story with three small bedrooms and two large closets above. She watched almost every brick as it was put in place, until the cottage stood out before her eyes a real and living thing. In the front room was an oak mantel with a big square mirror on the top, and then she got a brand-new set of parlor furniture—settee, easy-chair, rocking-chair and two lesser chairs with large, white oak frames and staring upholstered seats and backs.

But the pride of all the house were a real porcelain bathtub and a cement cellar floor, although even these were forgotten in a pathetic little evergreen tree that she planted just in front of the large plate glass window which shone so brightly from the street.

Then she and John moved in, thirty-eight years to a day from the time that the minister filled out the certificate which proved that they had a right to live as man and wife.

It was in the early fall that they found themselves for the first time beneath their own castle from which no man might drive them out.

But when the springtime came around John lay wearily down upon his new oak bed and died. So Aunt Jane picked out the cheapest lot in the cemetery, a little dot of yellow ten feet square, and agreed to pay two hundred and fifty dollars in monthly instalments to the solemn, long-faced wolf who managed the association that had bought the ground a year before for two hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Then she bought a coffin for eighty dollars that cost the undertaker fifteen, and picked out a small headstone, the largest the lot would hold, for which she agreed to pay seventy-five dollars. The headstone was worth about twenty. Then she hired some carriages and tearfully followed him to the great white yard and buried John's remains in the ground.

She had not bargained over the funeral trappings—women are not shrewd dealers, especially women who are buying the burial equipments for the man with whom they have lived for nearly forty years. And then, too, she knew that his funeral was the last thing she could ever do for John. The cemetery association, the undertaker and the tombstone maker also realized that it was the last thing that they could ever do for John.

After the funeral she went back to the grand, new cottage. It was not much changed, but it seemed large and empty and still and lonely, and the little round clock ticked as loudly as a trip-hammer and the trilling of the yellow canary filled the whole house with its sharp, piercing notes.

Well, this story is about a lawsuit, and John is dead and out of the way and we must hurry on. It was about ten days after the funeral that a man called at the house. He told Jane very kindly that he had heard of her husband's death and that he thought she might now like to sell her house. She sat with her hands hanging listlessly in her lap and looked up above the mirror over the mantel at a red and green yarn motto, bordered with a rustic black walnut frame, a motto which she had worked twenty years ago. In spite of all its elaborate decorations she could plainly read the words "God Bless Our Home." She read the words over slowly and mechanically and looked around the parlor at the grand furniture and said she did not want to sell her house. He then told her that the railroad was coming and if she did not sell it they would take it, and it would be much cheaper to settle without trouble and expense. Then he offered her a thousand dollars, then fifteen hundred, and finally two thousand for the place. She refused these offers and he went away.

Then, of course, there was nothing left to do but to see a lawyer. She had met one of these some years ago in connection with a matter growing out of the failure of the savings bank. So she dressed herself carefully, put on her widow's weeds, went downtown through the crowded streets into the great, bewildering building, where she found the lawyer on the fifteenth floor. Aunt Jane told him that she did not want to sell her home, but the lawyer explained that this made no difference; they could take it, no matter whether she wished to sell or not. He explained that a railroad was supposed to be operated for the benefit of the public, and therefore private property could be taken for railroad purposes even against the owner's will.

She did not see why this could be, but, of course, she did not argue it.

All her life she had taken the word of those who were better dressed and had more money than herself. So she told him to do what was necessary, asked him about his price, which he said would be fifty dollars a day for the time spent in court and twenty-five dollars a day for the time spent in preparation, and then she went away. John used to work for forty dollars a month, and yet she did not seem so very much impressed at the difference in the wages of the man who works and the man who does not work. Somehow poor people do not seem surprised at this.

Aunt Jane had always heard a great deal about the law's delay, and she had no thought that there would be any hurry about giving up her home. But in ten days more she got a letter from her lawyer that she must come at once. When she went to the office he explained that when a railroad company wished to take a piece of property the courts put aside all other business and gave them first place, the same way that every train on the road is sidetracked when the limited wants the right of way. The lawyer explained that she must "hire" some witnesses. This seemed strange. She had never thought of "hiring" witnesses, but the lawyer said that in a case of this sort experts must be called to place a value on her home. So she again said all right; he must do all that needed to be done.

When the case was called the road insisted the cases of about a mile of property should be tried in one. Jane's lawyer protested. He told the judge that this would take so long that it would cost as much as the little home was worth. But the judge said that the company should not be put to the trouble of trying each case by itself. So ten defendants with as many lawyers and twice as many witnesses were brought into court at once. Aunt Jane sat down meekly inside the rail, wearing her widow's weeds. Mourning clothes are always appropriate in court.

The lawyer for the company took nearly a week to get a jury; then he called nine "expert" witnesses to prove the value of the property. Most of them said that Jane's was worth about a thousand dollars. It was in a poor neighborhood; the house was well built, but was not suitable for the place; it was only a factory district, and if John had been wise he would never have built the house. All these witnesses had been engaged in the business of perjury for years. The lawyers knew it, the judge knew it, everyone knew it; but still they plied their trade. Jane's witnesses crowded the truth; they swore that the cottage was worth from $3,500 to $4,000, but her lawyer explained that the jury was apt to "split the difference."

Then Jane went feebly up to the stand. As she sat down she felt as nervous as a victim strapped in a death chair and waiting for the lightning to be turned on. She did, however, manage to tell about the price of the lot and the cost of the house, about the porcelain bathtub, the oak mantel, the cement cellar floor, the sickly pine tree that she had planted in front of the big plate glass. Every time she tried to say something the lawyer stopped her and the judge seemed to get very angry, especially when she kept telling what "John said." Then the lawyers began to talk, and this lasted three days more.

Finally, at the end of the thirtieth day, the jury went out. Jane waited nervously to hear her fate. They came in at last and decided that she was to get twenty-five hundred dollars. Of course she was disappointed—everyone is who "goes to law." But the lawyer said she had better take the money and drop the case. So she told him to figure up the expenses and she would move away.

The lawyer had spent thirty days in court, to say nothing of preparation, but he could not bring himself to take full pay, so he told her that $1,000 would do for him. Then there was $200 for expert witnesses, $200

more for court reporters and about $50 for small items of expense. They figured it all over. She objected to nothing. She did not really think much about it any more. It seemed to be something like John out there in the little square spot of ground—it was finished.

A few days later Jane came downtown again. Her lawyer noticed that she was a little paler than usual, but as quiet and uncomplaining as she had always been. He made out the miserably small check that was due her and placed it in her hands. Then a lump rose in his throat as he looked at her, meek, straight, clean and uncomplaining.

"Mrs. Lewis, I am very sorry that this is not more, but I don't see how it could have been helped. Have you decided what you will do?"

"Yes," she answered; "I have been looking around. My husband's funeral expenses left me in debt, but I can pay for a place in the Old Ladies' Home with what is left, and I think I can sell my furniture at auction for enough to bury me when I am done. You see, we have a lot in the graveyard and there is room enough for my name on John's headstone."

There was really nothing more to tell, and in a few minutes more she went away.

The next week the auction was over and Aunt Jane had her small belongings packed in a trunk and a box and sent to the "Home." Then she took her birdcage and her old yarn motto, "God Bless Our Home," and started to a car. A little later she walked up the great white stone steps of the red brick "Home." Above, on the porches, a number of old women were rocking in their little chairs. They were sewing dresses and darning stockings, and now and then looking meekly down at the people in the street. Jane passed in through the double doors, went to the little office in the hall and gave her name. They seemed to be expecting her to come.

A girl was called, a key placed in her hand and she was told to show Mrs. Lewis to her room. The old woman walked slowly up the curving stairs, passed down a long hall with rows of doors, each having a little square tin with gilt numbers fastened near the top. They stopped when "15" was reached, the girl placed the key in the door, turned the lock, opened it and went away. Aunt Jane stepped feebly in. The room was about the size of the little lot where she had bade John good-bye. She set the birdcage on the painted washstand, laid the motto on the little chest of drawers, put her bonnet and black veil carefully on the straight-backed cane-seat chair and softly closed the door. Then she staggered to the narrow iron cot and sank down upon the smooth, white spread and without any further effort to control herself she sobbed and cried like a little child.

De Foe: Political Economist

BY WILLIAM N. HILL, M.D.

WHEN the average boy spends the delighted hours of imaginative youth in devouring the pages of "Robinson Crusoe" he has, like most people of more mature years, no idea that he is perusing a work of profound philosophy written by one of the greatest political thinkers of the English-speaking race.

Taken with a knowledge of the facts of the career of De Foe, "Robinson Crusoe" can properly be considered a story intended to illustrate the heavy burden of trouble placed upon any single individual isolated from his fellows and compelled to maintain his existence without their aid. The tale shows in an inimitable way how all civilized men are interdependent. Regarded from this point of view, the author of the most widely read work of fiction ever written becomes an object of particular interest to all thinkers upon politics.

The personality of De Foe sheds light upon the reason why "Robinson Crusoe" came into existence and furnishes a possible key to the intentions of its author.

Daniel Foe, or De Foe as he called himself later in life, was born in London, according to the commonly accepted history, in 1661, but a late discovery of a document evidence by Aitken places the date of his birth two years earlier. He was descended from a family of yeomanry who were farmers in Northamptonshire. De Foe is said to have inherited land property from these ancestors. His father followed the trade of a butcher. His immediate progenitors appear to have been members of the Established Church of England, though his father became a Presbyterian, following the minister of his church, who refused to conform. As is the custom in all Presbyterian families, great stress was laid on the education of the youth in a knowledge of the Scriptures, and this fact accounts in part for the deeply religious character of De Foe's mind and the frequent use of Biblical quotations in his writings. De Foe held tenaciously to the Presbyterian system of theology throughout his whole life. Like Cromwell, his enemies have called him a liar, hypocrite and almost every other opprobrious epithet that our language contains, but this vilification is undoubtedly unjust in a very large degree.

At fourteen young Daniel was placed at school, where he received, besides a special theological training in accordance with his father's desire that his son should enter the Dissenting ministry, a good grounding in the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish and Italian languages. Above all these, however, he was fortunate in having a teacher who drilled his pupils especially in English. His scholastic training embraced also mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography and especially church history. His teacher wrote several works, among them one outlining a system of politics, in imitation of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia."

It is probable that a teacher of this character was largely instrumental in giving that political bent so marked in the later career of his distinguished pupil. De Foe did not enter upon the public ministry of the Gospel, though intended for this service by his family. His was a mission to teach Christianity

in a way entirely different from the accepted methods. If he had become a preacher, "Robinson Crusoe" might never have been produced, because its production is possible only to a man of the widest possible personal experience of men and things. It is indeed claimed that Crusoe's life and adventures is none other than an allegory setting forth the actual personal experiences of the author.

His life opens in a period of intense Protestant fanaticism. He left school about the year 1678, the time when tales of plots by Roman Catholics to massacre Protestants flooded all England and were believed by ignorant multitudes. It is impossible that, entering life at such a juncture, a youth of Presbyterian training should not have been somewhat influenced by the abominable lies of such men as Titus Oates, though De Foe does not seem to have been altogether carried away by the prevailing fanatical madness. Shortly after his marriage in 1683 De Foe began to meddle in politics. His freedom from bias against the Catholics is shown in his political literary labor. War broke out between the Turks and Austrians. The English Protestant politicians generally sided with the Turks, who, it was thought, might overrun Europe, thus destroying the power of the Catholic house of Austria, but De Foe took a view opposite to that of his party leaders, holding that the greater danger lay in a triumph of the Turks, which might result in the complete extirpation of Christianity, both Protestant and Catholic.

At this time De Foe's occupation was that of a hosier or agent for the manufacturers of hose, and like many others who have dabbled in political writing, it might have been much more advantageous in a financial way for him to have stuck strictly to his mercantile business and let the Turks and Catholics severely alone. But everyone who has ever been touched by the *furor scribendi* knows how nearly impossible it is for him to follow so excellent a precept. As a trader De Foe made numerous voyages to Spain and Portugal. He lived for a time in Spain and came to entertain a high opinion of the Spaniards, which, however, did not extend to the Portuguese, as is shown in his pen pictures of the two peoples in "Robinson Crusoe" and "Captain Singleton."

Though living in a dueling age, De Foe opposed the practice, saying, "I am an enemy to dueling, as it is a sin against God, and therefore never speak of it but to declare my own penitence," leaving the inference that he may have been compelled to take part in some "affair of honor" against his better judgment.

It is generally believed, though some doubt has been cast upon the fact, that De Foe took part in the Monmouth rebellion, and that he narrowly escaped the scaffold or slavery when the notorious Jeffreys was giving grotesque exhibitions of miscarriage of justice upon the unfortunate participants in that rebellion. Though associated with a court, De Foe never believed in the divine right of kings or in the doctrine of passive resistance to their tyrannical usurpations. For a time after the Monmouth rising, when King James II was giving illustrations of the application of the doctrine of extreme royal prerogative, De Foe was probably compelled to keep quiet, and for several years nothing is accurately known of his career. It is probable that he devoted a large part of this time to intense study when not engaged in mercantile affairs. He preached sometimes in the church of which he was a member, but he was above all things a student. He says in "The Great Law of Subordination," probably referring to this period of his life:

> As I made myself master of the history of the ancient state of England I resolved in the next place to make myself master of its present state also; and to this purpose I traveled, in three or four towns over the whole island, critically observing and carefully informing myself of everything worth observing in all the towns and countries through which I passed.

All this was the preparation for the career of an author, which De Foe fol-

lowed for fifty years, taking a most important part in molding public sentiment through one of those critical periods of English history. He had a most enduring influence upon the institutions of the English-speaking peoples and, through them as the paramount force in modern society, of all the rest of mankind. Religion and politics were so inextricably mixed in those times that it is impossible to divorce them. De Foe took up the cudgels for the Dissenters against what he refers to as the libels upon them of the clergy of the Established Church. His opportunity came with the expulsion of James II from the throne. He became an ardent revolutionist and later enjoyed a personal intimacy with King William III.

Political science, as we now know it, was in its infancy during this era. Political economy separate from the practice of politics had no existence whatever, so we find essays in which practical statesmanship, religion and economy were all mixed up together. Under King William De Foe received an appointment as commissioner of the glass duty. About this time he took part in establishing brick and tile kilns for the manufacture especially of pantiles to supersede the necessity of their importation from Holland. This enterprise, like most of his other mercantile ventures, turned out unsuccessfully. It is said that he was thirteen or fourteen times in affluent circumstances during his lifetime, and as many times in the direst straits for money.

The literary works of De Foe are so numerous that a mere catalogue of the titles demands too much space. There are at least two hundred and fifty well-authenticated products of his pen in prose and verse now known to exist. His fruitfulness as an author is almost without parallel—Balzac in the nineteenth century only approaching him. He set a pace for all his successors with the pen, but has never been equaled, even by Dumas, in the quantity he turned out.

Next in importance to "Robinson Crusoe" is his "Essay Upon Projects," in which the results of his many observations upon the social status of the people are admirably set forth. All his suggestions in the essay have reference to the improvement of the social and political conditions of the masses of the people, and show him conclusively a man far ahead of his time. Under political projects he discusses banks and their relation to both government and commerce; public highways engage his special attention; the improvement of the bankrupt laws; a plan of insurance for what we now call industrial insurance for small amounts conducted upon the mutual plan; an asylum for the mentally defective but not altogether insane; popular public education; an academy for military instruction, and schools for females. Such, in brief, were his suggestions. Many of them have since been put into practice.

De Foe's most celebrated poem, "The True-born Englishman," written in defense of the foreigners who came in the train of William III, in which he strives to show that all Englishmen are foreigners, proves the truly cosmopolitan character of the poet's mind. It was due to this poem that the author gained the particular favor of the King, who employed him on many secret services. De Foe thus took a very important, though concealed, part in the many stirring events of this and the subsequent reign of Queen Anne, being especially noted for his efforts to secure the Protestant succession to the throne. An important political fact of this era is that it dates the end of kingly power irresponsible to Parliament, and the beginning of the time when England was to become a democracy, though continuing a nominal monarchy.

One of the most amusing uses to which De Foe put his versatile pen was the writing of the "Shortest Way With the Dissenters" (1702), in which, a Dissenter himself, he advocated the gallows for his coreligionists instead of the special taxes then laid upon them. The High Church party never sus-

pected the publication to be a satire, and were loud in praise of its production. Unfortunately, the writer's own friends also believed in its sincerity, so that he was estranged from them for a time. Afterward it was clearly proved that De Foe had prepared a trap for the Established clergy into which they easily fell, and he used this against them with vigor later on. The incident illustrates the danger of ironical writing upon serious subjects, as making the writer liable to misconstruction by both friends and foes.

For publishing this De Foe was prosecuted by the government. In the House of Commons it was resolved that the book be burned by the common hangman. It is commonly stated that De Foe acknowledged the authorship of the "Shortest Way" so that others should not be injured by what he called his "mistake," but documentary evidence has been found showing that a spy was paid to inform against him. He was indicted and tried in Old Bailey, July, 1703. In effect he plead guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the Queen, upon the advice of counsel, which he seems greatly to have regretted following. He was sentenced to a fine, to stand in the pillory, and to give bail for his good behavior for seven years. In an advertisement concerning this affair De Foe is described as "a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes and a large mole near his mouth." The people, however, were with De Foe. Multitudes attended him to the pillory, not to gibe at the prisoner, but to pity him. He was adorned with garlands, and acclamations of delight came from the people when the prisoner was released. De Foe wrote a "Hymn to the Pillory," in which he counts it no shame to be pilloried under the circumstances, but rather glories in his punishment. His imprisonment, however, ruined his business. During his confinement in Newgate he projected his *Review*, which was published for nine years without intermission.

De Foe can be said, with truth, to have been about the first journalist—certainly the first of what we call the writers of leading articles. After his *Review* came the *Tatler*, *Spectator* and *Guardian*—the embryos of the modern press. De Foe's interest in the welfare of the masses is conspicuous throughout all his writings. His charges that the books of history were for the most part accounts of the doings of the great, both in war and peace, and failed to record actual conditions of the people, might be reproduced by the latest historical critic of our own time.

The next twelve years of his life were spent largely in dodging his creditors. At one time he was compelled to flee to Bristol to avoid the debtors' prison. It was during his enforced residence at this place that he acquired the soubriquet of the "Sunday Gentleman," the fact being that it was only on this day that he was safe from the service of writs and could appear in public. Though his creditors kept harrying him, he managed to make a compromise with them that enabled him to escape the debtors' prison. He finally paid them in full during one of his periods of prosperity.

De Foe continued in the public service, carrying out various secret missions in connection with the union of Scotland to England and performing confidential missions to the Continent throughout the reign of Queen Anne. Upon the death of the Queen De Foe retired from active politics, devoting himself to literature. "Robinson Crusoe" appeared in 1719. Eight years previously the author met Alexander Selkirk, a buccaneer sailor, who had been "marooned" upon the island of Juan Fernandez in the South Pacific, remaining there alone for several years. De Foe became possessed of the narrative of Selkirk's life upon the island, which suggested "Robinson Crusoe." The book was an immediate literary success, and was followed in rapid succession by "Dickery Crooke," "Captain Singleton," "Duncan Camp-

bell," "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jacque" and the "Account of the Plague in London."

"Colonel Jacque" is of special interest to Americans, as it deals with the emigration of "redemptioners," or persons whose passage to the colonies was paid by years of servitude. These redemptioners were frequently political prisoners sold into this species of slavery after the Monmouth and Stuart rebellions. Colonel Jacque becomes a settler of this kind in the province of Maryland, and the novel gives an excellent description of the business and social customs of the colonial period.

De Foe's literary labors continued uninterruptedly until his death in 1731. His pen yielded him a competence during his declining years. That his writings have been a great power for good cannot be gainsaid. Benjamin Franklin was greatly influenced by them, the "Essay on Projects" having a specially potent influence upon his mind. It must be remembered that the English revolution of 1688 was the forerunner of the revolt of the American colonies nearly a century later. Many patriots of 1776 cited precedents from the English revolution justifying their actions on the ground that both rebellions were against the tyrannical use of the royal prerogative. To molding the public mind in favor of the rights of the people against kingly usurpation De Foe devoted himself assiduously. He was ever a humanitarian, a lover of truth, and can justly be called a benefactor of his race through all time.

De Foe has the weakness of our common humanity—the vanity of an author and a constant penchant for satire which cost him dearly. He was an earnest advocate of the Hanoverian succession, but his satirical humor led him to write a tract, "Reasons Against the Succession of the House of Hanover," which caused the arrest of the author, and, notwithstanding his protest that his articles were ironical, he was again committed to Newgate. His judges refused to see the irony, and he continued in Newgate from April to November, 1713.

During this imprisonment his mind seems to have lost its partisan political bias, and he resolved to contend in future for principles regardless of party, and this at an epoch of extreme party spirit. In May of this year appeared his "Essay on the Treaty of Commerce with France," in which he shows himself on the topics of trade a century and a half in advance of his time. Lee says of him that "he believed that international reduction and abolition of duties would increase trade, cheapen commodities, promote national and individual prosperity and become the most powerful guarantee of a lasting peace. To use the modern phrase, De Foe was the first and foremost advocate of Free Trade."

While hobnobbing with King William and upon terms of close intimacy with the ministers of Queen Anne, yet we nowhere find in De Foe the subserviency of a court lackey. He opposed the economic and superstitious fallacies of his time, and there is reason to believe that he was ready, if a fair opportunity presented, to throw over all the paraphernalia of royalty and assist in re-establishing the British commonwealth. He was compelled to compromise his republican proclivities to a steady support of the Hanoverian succession against a possible return of the Stuarts. No chance for a Puritan revolutionary outbreak presented itself during De Foe's lifetime. The Stuart agents were active in undermining the Hanoverian influence among the people, and it was De Foe's special business to counteract their design. In pursuing this design he had frequently to take parts which placed his life in jeopardy. He surrounded himself with an air of mystery by which he succeeded in bamboozling the shrewdest of his enemies. There is no evidence that he used his back-stair political power to the detriment of his enemies. He was not of a revengeful disposition, but was disposed to help the numerous

enemies he overwhelmed by his political address.

For a time he was editor of a newspaper ostensibly in the interest of the Pretender, but his connection with this publication was really for the purpose of exposing the designs of its patrons against the reigning house. It is true that such a position cannot be justified upon high moral grounds, but we must remember that the England of that period was virtually in a chronic state of civil war. De Foe did not make use of his position as editor to harm the Stuart partisans, but rather to prevent their harming themselves and the country by engaging in rebellious projects which, in his opinion, could have no other issue than ruin to all participants.

While De Foe repudiated the current belief in witchcraft, he believed in familiar spirits and that he was attended by a good demon. He was not slavishly superstitious, for his mind was of too strong a calibre to be carried away from the domain of common sense. His life of active and broad knowledge of public and private affairs prevented his falling into the gross beliefs of magic fortune-telling common in his era. Though a believer in ghosts and apparitions, his attitude was that which we would call a "critic of psychic phenomena."

Political economy as a study separate from practical politics did not exist in De Foe's time. The conception of man's relations to man in a collective capacity had not then dawned upon the human consciousness. De Foe did some pioneer work upon this line, probably wholly unconsciously upon his part, in "Robinson Crusoe" and his political essays.

For example, Crusoe saved from the wreck a large sum of money, which, however, was of no value to him upon the island. No better illustration of the fact that money is simply a medium of exchange can be found.

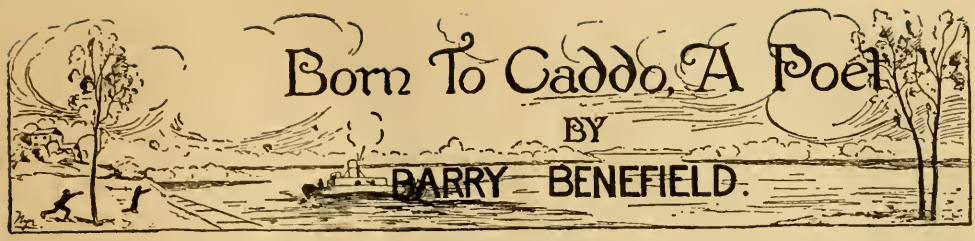
The opinion of all present-day critics of De Foe is laudatory in the highest degree. Daudet and Zola, among the French, are his great panegyrists. Daudet asserts of him that "even Shakespeare does not give so perfect an idea of the English character as does De Foe. Robinson is the typical Englishman *par excellence*, with his adventuresomeness, his taste for travel, his love of the sea, his piety, his commercial and practical instincts. And what an artist he is, this De Foe! What effects of terror there are in Robinson—the foot of the savage in the sand; and then his dramatic gift—the return of Robinson to the island and the parrot still screaming, 'Robinson Crusoe! Robinson Crusoe!' If I were condemned to a long period of seclusion and were allowed only one book to read, I should choose 'Robinson Crusoe.' It is one of the few works of fiction that may be considered as nearly immortal as any written thing can be."

In preparing this article the authorities consulted have been Chadwick, Wright, Lee and Wilson, all of whom have written critical biographies of Daniel De Foe.

Success

HE that has kept clean hands and stainless heart,
He, that in climbing, bore no brother down,
Whose vision sees not God and man apart—
He has not failed! To him the victor's crown!

FLORENCE A. JONES.



REALLY, the lunacy case of little Pierre Thebeau was being finally decided this late Tuesday morning in the universal store of Amadée Poinnet, though none of the natives knew it. So far as these Acadian settlers knew, they were simply reveling in the old discussion of the most interesting subject that had come among them in sixteen years.

Amadée's store, where all things are bought and bartered, is within sight of Caddo Lake, a small picture body of water that sleeps partly in Texas and partly in Louisiana, while the tall, gray, moss-draped cypress trees stand silently on guard around it.

Each Tuesday the twoscore men of Caddo, the settlement which has taken its name from the lake, gather in and around Amadée's store to get the mail the little steamer *Mon Amie* brings up and to see that their shipments of cotton or fish or wild game go back to Shreveport on the officious, small stern-wheeler. For every man of Caddo is at different seasons of the year farmer, fisherman and hunter. To them the arrival and departure of the *Mon Amie* marks the end of a week's work, the eve of the beginning of another. And the men of Caddo, being but men, are prone to linger long at Amadée's universal store, talking on large and interesting subjects.

Pierre Thebeau has the honor of having commanded more attention in this deliberative body than any other subject—or question, for he was very much of a question—that has ever come before it. Hotly contested parish elections, the Dreyfus affair, the Fashoda incident and a few other sensational things their papers told them were happening in and to La Belle France, rose to dispute Pierre's supremacy, flourished a while and then sank before the conquering hero.

Little Pierre, ugly Pierre, thriftless Pierre, Pierre who was accounted crazy, Pierre who thought strangely and acted strangely, he always soon came again into his dominion, no matter how often nor how seriously it was threatened! It was not necessary for 'Sieur Dumain and 'Sieur Borchette to tell each other how they stood on the question as to whether or not Pierre was crazy. Practically all Caddo agreed on that point. But they could gather together once a week and tell of some new thing the boy had said or done, or which the narrator imagined he might well have said or done. Gallic men are always successful newspaper men.

They could also discuss the wisdom of calling upon the judge down at Shreveport, whom they knew their votes had helped materially to elect in the last hot contest, and asking him to have Pierre sent away to an insane asylum. They had vague ideas about asylums. Not only was the boy's sad state agreed upon, but his eccentricities had caused the Caddoes some worldly losses. The little Widow Thebeau, however, and Lewis, Pierre's brother, the "gran', strong boy who feesh so excellent an' shoot so queeck," these two fought to keep him at home.

It is doubtful whether their efforts would have been successful in holding the Caddo people back from sending representatives to the far-away judge at Shreveport if it had not been for the silence of 'Sieur Hubert Mistigluez, "titcher" of the sporadic Caddo school. His opinion outweighs that of all the other Caddo people on any subject.

The state allows 'Sieur Hubert fifty dollars a month to teach school five months in the winter of each year. Old Hubert scatters the session throughout the twelve months, closing his door whenever the weather is especially favorable to hunting or fishing or farming, so that the children may help their parents as much as possible in the important matter of providing meat and drink and raiment.

Though he is as dirty as a Mexican, as foul-mouthed as a sailor; though he rarely deigns to talk upon any subject less elevated than Shakespeare and history—where he carries on the discussion entirely by himself—yet the Caddo people swear by him. That is because he seems to be ever looking carefully after their welfare, and because his constituents believe that he is the most learned man outside of France.

"Hist'ry!" exclaimed one of the committee that went down to the city last year to see to it that young Smith from up in the pine hill country did not get the Caddo school, when it was stated by some Smith advocate that the young man was well equipped with lore of the past. "Hist'ry! Why, 'Sieur Hubert know it all. He know also the great William Shakespeare by the heart. You shall hear him name all he wrote," continued the enthusiastic committeeman. "Moe, you shall hear him say off a whole page in a gran' voice. He say Shakespeare is the one great poet on earth, the greatest ever in France."

Still, what the committeeman said was truer than most recommendations.

And so the Caddo people held back from the visit to the far-away judge, much to the rejoicing of Madame Thebeau and the stout Lewis.

The Caddoes felt also that maybe some day 'Sieur Hubert might deliver an opinion on the case of Pierre, which would make perfectly clear the path to follow in the matter.

Moreover, they hoped against hope that Pierre would improve with age, like their muscadine wine. But he was considered as bad as ever on this Tuesday morning when his case was unwittingly to be tried. And yet he was now sixteen years old. Didn't Amadée know his age? The winter that Pierre saw the light the storekeeper had bought an immense and gorgeous, blue, plush-covered box, in which lay very snugly a full set of manicuring instruments. Amadée had seen it pictured in a catalogue, and had read underneath the illustration how absurd it is for anyone, especially young people, to attempt existence without a manicuring set, especially about Christmas-time.

Plungers there had been among the youth of Caddo during those sixteen years, scatterbrain young lovers who had squandered untold numbers of mink hides, wild ducks and even dollars upon birthday and Christmas presents for Rosaline and Jacquennetta; but never for a single moment did one of these Gallic boys gather sufficient temerity to suggest to himself the purchase of that gorgeous, sky-blue box. The marvelous plush had whitened with age as the years had drawn their long length over it. Here and there, despite the constant attention of its rueful owner, there had come a spot of cankering rust upon the bright instruments and mountings. To the folk of Caddo, however, who saw the set through a veil of awe, nothing could dim its glory.

The centre of Amadée's one showcase had always been given up to the manicuring set. Round combs, razors, two ancient cans of tooth powder, three pairs of link cuffs, a full dozen of standing collars, numerous bottles of multi-colored cologne and all the other things that Amadée classified as toilet articles held positions distinctly subordinate to the regal station of the manicure set. Its possession had given him a certain standing that no other storekeeper around the lake or up in the hill country could even boast of. Nevertheless, it ever called up to him bitter thoughts of unwise investment, of non-interest-bearing capital, of capital that was itself disintegrating and shrinking away.

A glance at the heartbreaking set always called Pierre to the mind of Amadée, and so it was that the fat little storekeeper, far oftener than anybody else, turned the subject of conversation upon the second and last son of the Widow Thebeau. So it was, too, that involuntarily close-fisted Amadée became an inveterate enemy to the pro-Pierre side of the reigning question as to the boy's deportation.

On this Tuesday morning, however, it was not the manicure set, the dual self of Pierre, in the opinion of Amadée Poinnet, but Pierre himself that started the conversation along the old groove. The store faces the road that leads down to the landing, where the puffing little *Mon Amie* had that morning stopped for at least thirty minutes on her always momentous trip up the lake.

Up the road came the Widow Thebeau, clasping tightly the hand of Pierre. The widow's face was haggard, but smiles of satisfaction hid some of the marks of worry that had been with her all night.

"You tell Lewis, if you see him, I hav' foun' Pierre," she said to the men on the porch of the store. "He hav' said he stay out no moe all night. I believe him once moe, eh, Pierre?

"But I hav' not worried. No, no, not so," she went on craftily to these men, some of whom she knew would gladly have Pierre sent away, far away. "He hav' been out many times all by hisself, eh, my beeg boy?"

She looked greedily at the dark-faced hunchback that she held by the hand. He gazed away at the lake, paying not the slightest attention to either the talk or the talkers. There was silence for a moment. He quickly turned his head, looking keenly up at the men. Upon his face was the blurred, hazy, groping expression that goes with a mind that is swinging loose.

"Listen, 'Sieur Hubert, you shall hear how he hav' spen' the night," said Madame Thebeau, a little doubtfully and appealingly, to the square-headed old teacher. "I fin' him on a log runnin' into the lake. Why stay you there all night, Pierre? Tell 'em." She watched with straining eyes the test.

"I go there to hear the silversides flirtin' in the water," he answered in a monotone, looking out toward the lake as he spoke. "To see the red sun sneak up in the morning, an' I thought maybe I fin' my trout. He gone from Fautillon's Pointe."

"'Tis so," triumphantly exclaimed the widow. "You hear him. Is that the intelligence? An' you talk 'bout sen'in' him away! Is it not gran' to lie on a log an' listen to the minnows tinkle in the water? If I were a boy, I'd——"

But the voters of Caddo Post-office were deprived of the pleasure and the profit of learning what the little widow would have done if the Far-Seeing hadn't made her as He did. She stalked up the path toward the three-roomed log house that Victor Thebeau had built some twenty years ago, before he had come to her mother's house down the lake after a wife.

Inside the door she dropped her proud air of possession, and begged Pierre never again to stay out all night. She told him that she and Lewis hadn't slept at all, but had been hunting for him. If he did things like that, she said, "they" would send him far away from home, would lock him up where he could never see a bird, nor a trout, nor a pine tree again.

The boy looked at her quizzically a minute, and then went to the kitchen and ate.

And the men in Amadée's store at once resolved themselves into a deliberative assembly, the subject before the house being the inevitable Pierre.

"You see now what the boy is," went on Jacques Fauvrot. "He should be sen' to the home. There could he worry no one, neither hurt hisself. Some night he will drown hisself.

"Look, know you not that Madame Thebeau an' Lewis, the good Lewis, hav' look for that awful boy all the night? So came it that Lewis had not his feesh ready for *Mon Amie*, an' they

will die. He will get no money for 'em. The work of six days is los'. Shall we not have the judge what we help elec' bring him away to the home for keep? Is that not better?"

Shall it be hinted that the thin-faced, dyspeptic Jacques Fauvrot was not entirely unselfish and sincere? Shall it be suspected that his logic was tainted? Small happenings often influence large events, and it must be told that one day, when the boy was but ten years old, he had caused 'Sieur Jacques a dear loss. Jacques had in training a broken-winged wild duck for a decoy. The proud old drake was rapidly rising to a valuable stage. His wing was nearly well; he was losing his wildness and retaining his spirit. That fateful day Pierre went into Jacques's backyard, and not only did he untie the staked-out old drake, but he saw him swimming out across the lake to certain safety before he considered the incident closed.

Here now also was a famous chance for Amadée to get in his dig at the human being who shared the ill feeling involuntarily showered upon the innocent and gorgeous, albeit unprofitable, manicure set by the investor who read catalogues. Fat little Amadée imagined he was saying some wonderfully wise and unselfish things.

"Jacques hav' the right," he volunteered, talking excitedly. Wasn't he protecting the community by speaking against Pierre? All men are eloquent upon the common good. "So it should be done. Tell me, is that Pierre ever in the school of our gran' Hubert? Can he say off any of Shakespeare? Do he know any hist'ry? Works he for Madame Thebeau? Works he for anybody? But listen, does he not cause the loss to you, to me, to us all? Will he grow moe better? No, I say no. Sixteen year ole he is, an'— Deny it not, 'Sieur Hubert. I know it for a surety. For yon splendid, gran' set was——"

"Hold, Amadée, we hav' before heard how the knowledge came to you," commanded 'Sieur Hubert in a severe tone.

"Well, well, all I say is, 'tis better that Pierre Thebeau go to the home," concluded Amadée decisively. "Is it not so, 'Sieur Hubert?"

"Nay, nay, consider it 'mongst yourselves," answered the Shakespearean student. "I am here in the body, but my heart 'tis far away with the gran' William on the coas' of Bohemia. I was even then tryin' to commit to the heart those lines of the cunning Autolycus. He, you know, was a seller of things, merchandise, even as is our own Amadée. Attention!

"Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugles—bungles—bangles——

"No, no, the thread is los'. More study for me now. Proceed along with the argument. Now, how goes it? 'Lawn as white as—'" And he kept on moving his lips, with his eyes alternately on and off his weather-beaten Shakespeare.

"Certainly is Pierre not right in the head," volunteered Peter Boyet—slow-tongued, mild-eyed, big-boned Peter, reputed the best still hunter in Northwest Louisiana. "But I know not whether 'tis better to sen' to the judge. He hav' cause us loss, yaas. Yet we know him now; we can watch him. If Madame Thebeau love to keep him with her, let him stay, say I.

"I say, though, 'tis certain he is not right in the head. Las' week my Amele was back up in the hill country on the still hunt for the fox squirrel. He stumble on Pierre lyin' un'er a beeg pine.

"'Listen,' say Pierre. 'Hear you what the pines are saying? I hav' listen all evenin'. They say somethin'. Is it sad, you think? It mak' me cry sometime. Look, see that tall one leanin' over to whisper it to the li'l one! Sometime I'll hear it. Sometime I'll say it.'"

"Ha, did he say that?" put in old Hubert suddenly. "So, so—good, very good!" Then he quickly lost himself again on the "coas' of Bohemia."

"He say things to me sometime without the large sense," continued Boyet to his attentive listeners, "yet they mak' me feel queer in the head and warm at the heart for a minute, just like the muscadine wine that my Aimée's grandfather put in the cellar when he firs' lan' here. I know not why 'tis so."

"Mak' you feel so?" again put in 'Sieur Hubert. "'Queer in the head and warm at the heart?' Yaas, yaas, I see."

He was struggling hard to be loyal to Shakespeare, to keep out of this little local muddle, but the interest of discussion was drawing him more and more away from the 'Gran' William."

"Bravo, Peter Boyet, you speak for me the word." It was now young Fourche, the small, stout trapper, talking, and he seemed as overjoyed at finding his description as when some morning he found a rich otter in one of his traps. His eyes sparkled, his face shone. Fourche was the only human toward whom Pierre extended even a limited acquaintance.

"You hav' for me spoke the word," repeated young Fourche. "'Queer in the head and warm at the heart!' Yaas, 'tis so. 'Tis good words. Also thick in the throat, Peter, thick in the throat. I been tryin' tell mysel' how he mak' me feel.

"Las' Friday evenin' late I fin' him lyin' on the hill back from Ouichita Pointe. We walk down to the lake. When the water creeps to the eye through the trees, the many oak trees, you know, he say, 'Look, why rises the lake up away out yonder? Seem to tiptoe to kiss the sun. An' the sun is turnin' red—red like the large Joseph Cambeau this mornin' when his li'l wife rise up to kiss him when he go out to feesh.'"

"'Tis a lie! 'Tis a lie!" exclaimed the same large Joseph, who got on his feet quickly. He was even then blushing. Everybody laughed, and he sat down again.

"Then we go on," continued young Fourche. "He talk in li'l voice 'bout the water an' the sun an' the feesh—'bout his pet trout that he hav' los'. The trees get dim, a small bird sing some. I feel just like Peter say. Mus' stop an' take to the embrace one large oak tree. I goin' talk moe to Pierre. Better'n drinkin' wine. Amadée, also you better talk some to Pierre. Madame Thebeau shall not give up Pierre."

"Hard for a surety may it be, but it mus' be so," said Amadée in a tone of triumphant finality. "Henri Pillon here just tell us 'bout fin'in' Pierre openin' his feesh box las' week, for the *raison*, say the boy, that he see the feesh bumpin' heads on the hard boards. We talk it here 'mongst oursel's. Me an' Jacques Fauvrot, we go nex' week on *Mon Amie* to see the judge at Shreveport. Pierre shall go before the court."

"Say you so, you low, li'l hound?" queried Peter Boyet mildly, rising to his feet slowly. "Then me an' Armand Fourche, we go also on *Mon Amie* to the judge, that Pierre shall not leave his mother."

"Will that do good?" demanded Amadée defiantly. "The judge will say, 'We hav' the trial, an' the jury shall say he be for the home or for Caddo Pos'-office.' Know you not what the jury will say 'bout Pierre?"

And the old hunter and the young trapper knew that Amadée was right in his view of what a jury would think when it was told what the boy was accustomed to think and do. The old Peter was silent. The young Armand began to lash Amadée with his tongue, while the others began to talk all at once, wildly gesticulating, raising their voices high in excitement. Boyet seemed to be alone in his fight for Pierre.

To make the case worse for the two defenders, Lewis, the brother, came in, tired and worn and anxious, from his search for the missing boy of the night before. He was told that his mother had gone home with Pierre. The very appearance of Lewis at that time was about the only thing needed to carry Amadée's suggestion.

Then the little Widow Thebeau herself came hurrying gaily into the store to buy some green thread. The excited hubbub was hushed in a second. She still held Pierre by the hand, as if afraid he might get away from her again. She was smiling radiantly, and she made it appear that she was very proud of this Pierre. Lewis, who had come back into the store with her, stood leaning against the counter.

Old Hubert hadn't entered into the discussion at all up to this point, except to make a query now and then in a more and more interested tone. For a few minutes he had been thinking deeply about something. Putting aside his ragged Shakespeare, he rose quickly to his feet, clearing his voice loudly and warningly. "Goin' say off what he been learnin'," it was whispered. You could have heard even the little waves of the lake lapping the shore.

"Ladies an' gen'lemen of Caddo Pos'-office," began 'Sieur Hubert Mistigluez. He bowed grandly to Madame Thebeau, she being "the ladies." His right hand was stuck in his shirt bosom. He was reared back like a wind-swept oak. Slowly and pompously he began to talk.

"Ladies an' gen'lemen, methinks I hav' mak' a gran' discovery. 'Tis not just today that I hav' study the matter, but for many days hav' your instructor probe into this question.

"An', ladies an' gen'lemen, none is there moe prouder of this honor than Hubert Mistigluez.

"Attention! We have in our village hamlet, community, pos'-office—attention!—a poet!"

Then Hubert Mistigluez introduced a rhetorical pause, which was heroic work for him.

"A poet," he finally continued, "is of the few mortals looked after directly by God, one of God's own chil'ren. What is La Belle France without her Molière, her Corneille, her Racine? What is Englan' without her Shakespeare? A dirty chip upon the water! An' what is Caddo Pos'-office without her poet?"

The listeners didn't answer. They were struggling hard with the probable meaning of all this unaccustomed talk on the part of the great "titcher."

"Some poets are stingy and selfish," continued the reared-back oracle. "So it is that they stay in their houses an' write an' sell their thoughts. One or two there hav' been in the hist'ry of the worl'—I tell mysel' vainly I know a li'l 'bout the hist'ry of all countries—one or two there hav' been, I say, who loved their own people so well they simply went 'roun' 'mongst 'em, sayin' off the glorious things the Lord giv' into their hearts, so that all their divine treasures are shared at once by all the neighbors and kinspeople.

"Such poets gather no treasure of the dollar an' the greenback, but God watches over 'em at all times. So it is they can never want, they do not suffer, they can do no wrong. No good is it to worry 'bout what such a poet do today or tomorrow. Let him alone. He can do no wrong, he can come to no harm. Just praise God 'tis Caddo Pos'-office, not the pine hill people, who can claim this poet I am now 'bout to name.

"For, ladies an' gen'lemen of Caddo Pos'-office, we hav' such a poet 'mongst us here. Who is he? Who? Attention! Pierre Thebeau, Pierre Thebeau!"

Well did 'Sieur Hubert Mistigluez know that another rhetorical pause was imperative at this point, but he couldn't hold himself now. Even his right hand was out of his shirt bosom, waving in excited gestures along with the other one. He bent forward. His face was red with excitement. His voice was bellowing now. He could wait for no pause.

"Uncover, all!" he shouted; "uncover, I say, in this gran' presence! Let all shout three separate times for the young prodidigity of Caddo Pos'-office."

They all swung up their hats wildly, not by any means understanding one-tenth of what old Hubert had meant to convey. But they would never refuse to follow such a leader.

"*Vive le poète! Vive la poésie! Vive, vive Pierre Thebeau, Pierre Thebeau, Thebeau, Thebeau!*"

Is it not 'Sieur Hubert Mistigluez himself who is shouting as if he were mad? Has he not talked as he never did talk before? Even now he is embracing Pierre as if the boy were some divine being.

So, "*Vive le poète! Vive la poésie! Vive Pierre Thebeau! Vive Madame Thebeau*, mother! *Vive Lewis Thebeau*, brother!"

But Pierre is stone. He appears to be just a little bit disgusted with the whole business, to judge from the expression of his face. The little widow is weeping upon the arm of the stout Lewis, as she should do.

"*Vive le*— Hold! 'Sieur Hubert will speak again. He is on the barrel."

"Frien's an' fellow-countrymen an' ladies, listen while I mak' the talk, the las' talk upon this gran' 'casion," he commanded hoarsely, holding up his hand for silence. "Shall we cas' honor upon this great Caddo poet? Even him we hav' call lunatic? I say so, yaas."

"Aw, yaas, aw, yaas," came the enthusiastic affirmatives from the thoroughly aroused Caddo men.

"An' how?" asked the renowned "titcher," again speaking rhetorically; for he knew and his hearers knew that he would answer the question himself—woe being due to anyone else who tried to answer it.

"Look 'roun', look 'roun'. See you any splendid, remarkable thing we could give to a divine poet? Look 'roun', look 'roun'!"

Then he set his eyes on a certain prominent position in Amadée's one showcase.

"The blue box!" he finally roared, pointing to the treasure with his big right hand. And before he had uttered the words all the others took up the cry, having thus been given permission to voice their sentiments.

"The set! The hand tools! The nail cutters! Box, the beeg blue——"

"'Tis well," roared old Hubert again. "So shall it be. Amadée, attention! Procure the box from the case, an' present it to the prodigious poet of Caddo Pos'-office. 'Tis me that shall pay for the same."

Once more, wild cheering. Now it is for Pierre. Now it is for 'Sieur Hubert Mistigluez, who stands sternly upon the barrel, watching the fortunate investor, who is moving with fear and trembling. Amadeé thinks he is dreaming. Flowering with smiles, he takes the gorgeous blue box reverentially from its regal position in the showcase, kneels before Pierre and holds it toward the boy, his own head bowed low.

Mechanically Pierre received the wreath of laurel, as it were, transferring it presently to his mother. He walked out of the store, up the path to his home, followed by the cheering, wonder-filled Caddoes. Clasping the hand of her now "prodigious" son, the little widow seemed not more proud than when that morning, playing a part, she had made the speech about the wisdom and the glory of lying on a wet, black, bug-ridden log and listening to the tinkle of the minnows in the waters around.

The small, three-roomed, vine-covered log house was now invested with a peculiar grandeur by the Caddoes. 'Sieur Hubert restrained the enthusiastic followers from going further than the board fence in front, explaining that the utmost quiet is demanded by a poet, especially late in the afternoon, which is the time, he said, when the "gran'est thoughts come to a poet."

The Widow Thebeau ran quickly into the house, into the "parlor," and set the precious box upon the top of the sacred photograph album itself. Then she came out on the *galerie*, and bowed and smiled and asked the neighbors in many times.

But Pierre, never even looking at his worshiping fellow-countrymen, had seated himself on one end of the little porch, and was gazing abstractedly into the dense depths of a China tree that stood in the hard, white yard. When 'Sieur Hubert saw the "prodigious" poet assume that position, he put a stop to all talking whatever.

Then he led his followers away, all of them tiptoeing, lest they should disturb one poetic thought of the "prodidigity" of Caddo Pos'-office. They went home to tell the tale.

Even Amadée shut his doors and windows earlier than usual. He was whistling merrily all the while. Then he scuttled up the road, past the widow's house, to his own home, to retail the great news of Pierre—and of the sale of the manicure set. He waved his hand gaily at the Widow Thebeau as he passed, but she saw him not.

Her face showed disappointment, vexation, chagrin. Minutely she scanned the sky, through an open window in the house. Even she could not see that the elements were as yet comporting themselves as if they knew what had really taken place that afternoon in Caddo.

She walked to the front door. Her eyes examined the things a shade below the heavens. The chickens had gone to roost. The natural, still pause that comes just before sundown seemed to her especially significant. The irrepressible mocking-bird had to sing, out in the orchard on the apple tree, but wasn't his voice lower and sweeter than usual? Lewis's irreverent old hound Blue must needs announce joyfully to the world that he had found a fresh rabbit track away over yonder in the Moon Lake bottom—as if that were anything unusual—but surely there was an extra note of music in the deep-toned bellow. Maybe the cotton patch was a little whiter. Maybe the rustling brown corn was saying something. Pierre's mother involuntarily followed with her gaze the rail fence as it swung along the edge of the woods, and afar down the field didn't she see the old oaken rails making some small motions to her? Certainly, and for some reason, it seemed to her, the great round skyline, where the clouds and the pine trees meet, had drawn further back into the misty distance than was their wont.

Finally, she seated herself on the horse-block in front of the gate, now watching all the heavens and the earth. A moist, cool, sweet wind drifted in from over the lake. The sun went all the way down. A crooked shaft of lightning ripped and tore through the south far across the water. Then the Widow Thebeau went into the house, calm, satisfied, content even with the elements.

His Petty Plans

"I SEE the Hon. Thomas Rott is circulating around town," said a prominent citizen of Polkville, Ark. "Wonder what he's up to?"

"Don't know," replied the landlord of the tavern. "But, you bet your life, his visit has some political insignificance."

Cory, in N. Y. World

McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune

A HARD BUNKER FOR JOHN. CAN HE GET OVER IT?

Kemble, in Collier's Weekly

Phases of the Peonage Question

BY DAVID A. GATES

(*U. S. Revenue Agent*)

THE startling disclosures resulting from the recent prosecutions for peonage in the United States courts of Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Arkansas were a surprise to the great majority of the people of the states in which it developed that the conditions existed. When these prosecutions were bringing to light, a year or so ago, the atrocious cruelties that were being visited upon the helpless victims of peonage, the press in another part of the country, usually unwilling to do even scant justice to the South, sought to make the rest of the world believe that the holding of human beings in involuntary servitude was common all over the South and was sanctioned by Southern sentiment.

The simple truth is that until the practically obsolete Federal statute against peonage was invoked in the United States Court for the Northern District of Florida, and the prosecution of Samuel M. Clyatt for peonage followed, not one man in every thousand in the South dreamed that a condition of involuntary servitude of any kind existed anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Following the prosecution of Clyatt at Tallahassee, Fla., came investigations in Georgia, Alabama and Arkansas. It is possible that some "sporadic" cases of peonage were discovered in other sections of the country, but it was only in these states that genuine cases, coming squarely within the law as finally construed by the court, were found. It is by no means uncertain that an investigation of conditions in some other sections quite remote from the "Land of Cotton" would discover to an unsuspecting public the existence of peonage in places where there is no black man and where the negro is not welcome even when he goes asking nothing but an opportunity to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. That peonage exists in some of the coal-mining sections of the East, a great many people, possibly with good reason, believe.

The case of the Government against Samuel M. Clyatt is interesting for the reason that it illustrates the most vicious type of peonage in the South and at the same time is a pioneer case. In November, 1901, Clyatt was indicted at Tallahassee for having violated Section 5526, Revised Statutes of the United States. The specific charge was that he had *returned* two negroes, Mose Ridley and Will Gordon, to a condition of peonage in the Northern Judicial District of Florida. The facts stated briefly are that Clyatt, who was a turpentine operator in southern Georgia, went into the adjoining State of Florida, and, without any right under the laws of either state, caused the arrest of Ridley and Gordon by a Florida deputy sheriff. The charge upon which they were arrested was larceny, but it was never contended that they were guilty of any violation of any law. After the arrest they "consented" to return to Georgia, and were delivered to Clyatt and one of his men. They were taken to Tifton, Ga., and, so far as the record before the Supreme Court of the United States shows, they disappeared. As a matter of fact they were taken into Clyatt's

turpentine camp and were held against their will to work out a debt due Clyatt's firm.

In March, 1902, Clyatt was tried at Tallahassee and convicted. Judge Swain, in whose court he was tried, imposed a sentence of four years' imprisonment in the Federal prison at Atlanta. Clyatt appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals, and from that court the case was certified up to the Supreme Court of the United States for final determination. Early the present year the Supreme Court handed down its decision. The decision reversed the judgment of the District Court on purely technical grounds, but upheld the law. The decision was a clear and comprehensive construction of the peonage statutes. Incidentally, Clyatt was released, the court holding that the facts proven, according to the record, did not constitute a complete offense under the law.

Section 5526, Revised Statutes, provides that:

> Every person who holds, arrests or returns, or causes to be held, arrested or returned, or in any manner aids in the arrest or return of any person to a condition of peonage shall be punished, etc.

Clyatt had unquestionably caused the arrest of the two negroes for the purpose of having them returned to a condition of peonage, but he was not indicted for that offense. He *held* them in a condition of peonage after they were arrested, but that offense was committed in Georgia and not in Florida. He was indicted simply for *returning* the two negroes to a condition of peonage, and the record that went up to the Supreme Court disclosed absolutely no evidence to establish the material point—that they had previously been *held* in a condition of peonage to which they could be *returned*.

But, so far as practical results are concerned, it mattered very little whether Samuel M. Clyatt was punished or not. He, while wealthy and influential, is simply an individual. He is a representative of a class. He committed no worse offense than thousands of other employers of labor East, West, North and South. While his treatment of those two negroes may have been outrageous, he did nothing but what, under the code of ethics of thousands of masters, he thought he had a right to do. The important point is that the decision construes the statute and applies it, in connection with the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, to the facts. It holds that the Constitution prohibits peonage and that the statute provides punishments, and it states what are the necessary elements of the offense.

> Peonage [says the court] may be defined as a status or condition of compulsory service, based upon the indebtedness of the peon to the master. The basal fact is indebtedness.

The Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, in general terms, prohibits involuntary servitude whether enforced in pursuance to any law or custom of any state or in defiance of all law. Section 1990 of the Revised Statutes prohibits a particular species of involuntary servitude—peonage—and Section 5526 provides for the punishment of the master of the peon. Peonage is involuntary servitude based on *debt*, and unless there is a debt there is no peonage. Consequently involuntary servitude without the existence of the relationship of debtor and creditor does not come within the purview of the peonage statutes.

The situation therefore is this: While ample provision is made by appropriate legislation for the criminal prosecution of persons who are guilty of holding human beings in that species of involuntary servitude known as peonage, the question still arises as to whether or not other proper and necessary legislation is not demanded to cover the various cases that may develop. The great majority of cases discovered and reported by the secret service officers charged with the work of investigation had in them the necessary element of debt, but cases were found where human beings were held

as slaves and the relationship of debtor and creditor did not exist. These were plain violations of the Constitution, but adequate United States criminal statutes to cover these cases were not found. It is a little curious that Congress should have stopped at making provision for the prosecution of persons who impose but one kind of human slavery. Manifestly one species of slavery is as vicious as any other, and the basis of the claim upon which the human being is held is unimportant.

In the task of exposing peonage and destroying the system much effective work has been done in Georgia. Prosecutions were promptly instituted in each of the judicial districts of that state when it developed that violations of the peonage laws were being committed. In the Southern District the investigations of Secret Service Agent H. C. Dickey, in the summer of 1903, developed some horrible cases, and at the term of the court the following November at Savannah a number of indictments were returned. The case of the McRee brothers attracted the most widespread attention. The three McRees were prominent politicians and wealthy citizens of south Georgia. They operated a manufacturing plant near Valdosta. Formerly they worked state and county convicts under contract at this plant, keeping them in a stockade. For some reason the State Prison Commission annulled the contract and abolished the McRees' camp. The McRees thereupon made arrangements with the officers in some of the surrounding counties whereby they paid the fines of the misdemeanor prisoners and these prisoners were turned over to them by the officials to work out the fines. The laws of the State of Georgia did not authorize this sort of proceeding, for when the fine was paid the McRees simply assumed the relationship of ordinary creditors to the person whose fine was paid and no authority was given them, under the laws of Georgia, to hold the person a prisoner a single hour.

If the McRees had stopped at "buying" real violators of the law, and had treated the unfortunate beings whom they "bought" humanely and with simple justice in allowing for the time worked, their methods, while illegal and obnoxious to Anglo-Saxon institutions, would not have given special cause for complaint, for the person whose fine was paid would have fared no worse, perhaps, than he would have fared if the state had held him. But the McRees could not secure a sufficient number of laborers from real violators of the law, so they went a step farther and bought from private citizens the services of persons who had violated no law and who had simply been *charged* with having committed offenses. These persons were treated as ordinary convicts, kept in the stockade at night, whipped when they violated the "regulations," and were otherwise cruelly maltreated.

A case that will serve to illustrate the McRees' methods is that of Lula Frazer, a young negro woman. A misdemeanor charge was preferred against her in the City Court of Waycross. Upon investigation the state's attorney found that the facts did not sustain the charge, and ordered that she be released from jail. Her own attorney had not collected his fee, and so instead of having her released he sent for one of the McRees. McRee, the lawyer and the sheriff of the county went to the jail and informed Lula Frazer that she had been convicted and sentenced to pay a fine. She was ignorant and believed their story, and agreed that if McRee would pay her fine she would go and work for him for eighteen months. There was no trial and no fine, and the only claim that anyone had against the woman was that of her lawyer, whose fee was fifty dollars. The jail records were made to show that Lula Frazer was released on bond. McRee took Lula to his camp, worked her as an ordinary convict, kept her in the stockade at night and whipped her when she tried to escape. After a service of some fourteen months, the woman's husband, through the assistance of some of his white friends, secured her release.

Another case, interesting because of the fact that a negro himself appeared as the star villain and chief beneficiary in a tragedy that sent one of his own race into indefinite bondage, was that of Lula Durham. Lula was a negro girl, fifteen years of age. She was on her way from Vienna, Ga., to visit a sister in Florida, and stopped for the night at Valdosta, Ga. The mother-in-law of J. M. Cobb, a leading negro physician and druggist, ran a negro boarding-house at Valdosta, and Lula Durham was so unfortunate as to put up at this hostelry for the night. The next morning before she could leave, Cobb took the girl to his office, accused her of immoral conduct and threatened to prosecute her unless she paid him $25. She did not have the money, and Cobb gave her the choice between a trial in court with himself as chief accuser and an indefinite sojourn at the McRees' camp. She finally accepted the McRee camp horn of the dilemma, and accordingly was carried to their camp by George P. Hart, an educated negro who worked in Cobb's drug-store. McRee and Cobb's representative dickered over the price of the girl very much after the fashion that the old slave-traders and planters used to do before Lincoln's proclamation. Cobb wanted $25, but McRee said she was weak physically and was not worth that sum. A bargain was finally struck for $20, and Lula Durham, against whom no criminal charge of any kind was preferred in any court of justice, became the "property" of the McRees. She was kept at the camp and worked for three months, when her mother employed a lawyer to secure her release. The case was finally compromised by the mother's paying $15 to the McRees for Lula's release.

A dozen or more indictments were returned against the McRees. There were scores of cases similar to those of Lula Durham and Lula Frazer. In a great many cases the witnesses had disappeared by the time they were needed before the grand jury in Savannah, and no indictments could be found. The sheriff of Ware County and the lawyer who sold Lula Frazer were indicted for the part they took in that transaction. The grand jury also paid its respects to Cobb, the negro doctor, and to Hart, his clerk. The McRees, the Waycross lawyer and the sheriff proclaimed their innocence and made a lot of noise about their willingness for the question of their guilt to be put to the test of a trial in court. First the McRees weakened, meekly walked into court, pleaded guilty and asked the mercy of the court. Then the lawyer and sheriff concluded that they would let someone else perform the patriotic duty of testing the law. They, too, pleaded guilty while times were yet good. Cobb and Hart then discovered that they, like the "white folks," were guilty of "technical peonage" and, being good imitators, followed the example set them by the other "technical" violators.

The McRees were given sentences in a number of cases including both fine and imprisonment. Each paid a fine of $1,000 and the other sentences were suspended during good behavior. The lawyer, the sheriff and the two negroes were permitted to pay somewhat smaller fines. Thus ended the peonage prosecutions in the Southern District of Georgia. Unaided and without any display of fireworks, Assistant District Attorney Alexander Ackerman developed the cases, and Judge Speer did the rest.

In the Northern Judicial District of Georgia the only cases of genuine peonage discovered have been in the Athens Division. At a recent term of the court at Athens the grand jury returned a number of indictments. Some were aggravated cases of peonage and some were technical cases. Secret Service Agent Wright had been at work on these cases for months, and there was no question about the facts. The Supreme Court of the United States had spoken, and there was no question about the law. Judge Newman gave a clear and exhaustive charge to the grand jury, and it was simply "up to" that body to do its duty.

Assistant District Attorney George L. Bell, who had charge of the prosecutions, had a campaign of education on his hands, but he was equal to the task.

The most vicious case developed at Athens was that of a Madison County planter, one of the horse-racing, cock-fighting variety. What he was looking for was an easy way to make money. He had a score or more of peons. In the case of five or six young negroes held by him, it appeared that a few years ago a negro for some minor offense against the state laws got into the chain gang. In order to get out he agreed that he would take his entire family to work for the planter in question provided the latter would pay his fine. The Madison County man was on the lookout for a good thing, and he promptly paid whatever claim the state was making against the negro. The negro and his family went to the planter's farm. According to the planter's statement, in the course of time he "had to kill" the negro. The necessity that brought about the killing was not revealed by the investigation, but in the absence of any proof to the contrary it might as well be assumed that it was a case of "justifiable homicide."

After the father's death the young negroes, boys and girls, were still held prisoners. Other children had, in the meantime, been born in peonage, but the planter did not want them, so he sent the mother and smaller children adrift and held only those who were able to work. His only claim upon them was that their father had agreed that they should work until they had paid his fine and all debts that in the meantime might be incurred. The debt instead of being satisfied grew apace, and the condition of the peons became more hopeless every day. The most shamefully cruel and inhuman treatment was given them. They were miserably and scantily clad. At night they were chained in a shanty, and their bedding in the coldest weather consisted of gunny-sacks spread upon the floor. If they fell short in the task allotted them, they were brutally punished. The overseer of the plantation refused to whip the negroes to the extent the planter wished and was promptly discharged.

On this plantation two or three other families were held in the same manner. The planter was indicted, but his case has not yet been tried.

An Oglethorpe County man was indicted for holding a negro woman in peonage. In this case the claim was that the woman's husband agreed that he and his wife would work out a debt due the planter. In the course of time they became dissatisfied and left. The man escaped, but the woman was arrested on the usual fake warrant. The planter and a constable took her before the justice of the peace who had issued the warrant. The planter announced that he wished the warrant dismissed, and the justice of the peace told the woman she could go. Instead of releasing her, the task of forcing the woman to return to the plantation was undertaken. She resisted, and a fight followed. She was about to come out first best in the fight, when the constable interfered and assisted in taking the woman back to the plantation, where she was unmercifully whipped and held for several months.

The cases brought to light by the investigations of the secret service agents in Alabama are very similar to those developed in Georgia. A typical case tried at Montgomery in Judge Jones's court was that of a planter who held in peonage three negro boys. These boys were arrested at Goodwater on the charge of vagrancy. While *en route* to their homes in Columbus, Ga., they had stopped at Goodwater a short while. An enterprising town marshal discovered them, swooped down upon them and arrested them. They were taken before the mayor, who imposed trifling fines. Without giving them an opportunity to communicate with their friends, the marshal took them to a nearby town and made a deal with the planter whereby he received for them a sum several

times in excess of the aggregate amount of the fines and costs. The amount of the fines and costs was paid into the city treasury by the marshal, but the residue went to him as "velvet." The planter who bought these negroes made it a business to buy this kind of labor in this way. He had a stockade in which all persons bought by him were held and treated as convicts. If one escaped, he followed with bloodhounds, brought him back and caused a second sentence to be imposed for the attempt to escape.

In South Alabama a case was found where a white man and his entire family were held in peonage by another white man. In this, as in nearly all cases, there was the fake trial before a justice of the peace specially elected for the business. After the trial came the "agreement" of the unfortunate and friendless person to work out his "fine" if the benevolent owner of stockades and bloodhounds would advance the money with which to pay it.

In Arkansas was found the mildest type of peonage. A wealthy firm of merchant-planters, cultivating several thousand acres of cotton-land in the rich section of southeast Arkansas, adopted the practice of sending their agents into the adjoining states of Texas and Louisiana to hunt for dissatisfied negroes. These agents sang to the unsophisticated sons of Ham beautiful songs of the many good things that were simply waiting to be gone after up in "God's country." A negro in debt is usually ready to move, and there was no trouble for these agents to get all the negroes they needed.

After the negro had gotten in debt to his new employer in Arkansas and had found that the situation was not of the roseate hue it had been painted, he would conclude that it would be a good financial move to find another field of employment. There was no trouble in finding another man who was ready to employ him, and so the "party of the first part" would thereupon take up his bed, usually between two suns, and decamp from the premises of the "party of the second part." The agents of the planters were soon "up and doing," and it was a question of a very short time until the "party of the first part" became the defendant in a justice's court on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. The negro had committed nothing worse than a breach of a contract for which he was liable civilly. He had violated no criminal statute; but in the court of the ordinary justice of the peace when there is wealth and influence on one side and poverty on the other, ordinarily it is easy to guess in whose interests the goddess of justice will get busy. The defendant was given to understand that it would be conducive to good health for him to return and remain until his contract terminated. There were no stockades, no bloodhounds. It was a kind of moral suasion, but it was moral suasion of such a nature as to be impressive and to convey the idea that there would be worse things doing if the negro did not learn to have more regard for the solemnity of a contract.

It was not proven that the masters exacted of the peons anything that had not been paid for, nor were the negroes maltreated or in any manner misused. What the offenders in these cases did was to take the law into their own hands and undertake to enforce a contract in a manner not in accord with the good old rule that there shall be no sort of imprisonment for debt, which recognizes no right of any man, however wealthy and powerful, to exercise restraint, however slight, over another man, however poor and humble, and thereby enforce compliance with the terms of a contract. The defendants in these cases pleaded guilty and were each fined $1,000 by Judge Trieber.

It has been stated that peonage is the result of certain vicious laws in the states in which it existed. This may in a measure be true of Alabama, but even there the worst cases of peonage did not grow out of the obnoxious contract laws, and the peonage contracts were not made under any law. In Georgia, Florida and Arkansas any

sort of peonage is in violation of all laws. The things done by the McRees in Georgia were not only not authorized by any statute, but they were positive and distinct violations of the laws of Georgia. They were no more authorized under the laws of Georgia than they would have been under the laws of New York.

It is true that the state was not taking any steps toward punishing the persons who were violating these laws. Just as it is probably true that there are thousands of state laws in other states being openly violated without the least notice being taken of such violations. The McRees were wealthy citizens and influential politicians, so why was it not possible for them to escape the notice of the state authorities just as violators of the laws similarly situated in other states snap their fingers at the courts and their machinery and escape prosecution?

In the educated and enlightened South of today, forty years from Appomattox Court House, any sort of human slavery is as obnoxious as it is anywhere else on the globe. The Southern people are intensely Jeffersonian in all things, and, no matter with how much skepticism the statement may be read elsewhere, it is nevertheless true that this section is today practically a unit in opposition to any sort of human slavery.

Let those that have been disposed to hold the entire South responsible for the brutal cruelties shown to have been practiced in certain localities take a sane view of the situation, if possible, and analyze it. The peonage laws, while they are being enforced in the United States courts, are being enforced by the people of the South. Without a grand jury in sympathy with the court, no indictments can be returned; without a traverse jury willing to enforce the law, no convictions can be secured. The juries are made up of Southern people, largely white people. The membership is principally of those who hold to the prevailing political faith of the South. The judges who have dealt with the peonage question in the trial courts are with one exception Southern men, and, while they do not all belong to the same political party, they all hold the same views on the "negro question." Three of them were in the Confederate army.

Outside the courts the press has been almost unanimous in denouncing the vicious forms of peonage that have developed. It was the Waycross *Journal*, one of the leading Democratic newspapers in south Georgia, that first made public the facts in the Lula Frazer case and directed public attention to the McRees and their system. The solicitor of the City Court at Waycross rendered the zealous and able United States Attorney for the Southern District of Georgia valuable assistance in securing the facts in the Lula Frazer case. In fact, without the cooperation of the white people of the South the crusade on peonage could not have been successfully prosecuted. It is true that in some sections local influence has been against the enforcement of the peonage laws. It has been to the interest of the "ins" in politics to exert themselves in behalf of the influential violators of the law. This happens everywhere, and it is not surprising that the vicious element in politics should be in control in some sections of the South just as it is elsewhere.

It is probable that nothing has done so much toward enlisting local support in these peonage prosecutions as the very wise and conservative course adopted by the United States judges who have tried the cases. The courts have been uniformly sane and sensible, and have not imposed harsh sentences where they were not clearly deserved. This has had a tendency to create a public sentiment in favor of the enforcement of the law.

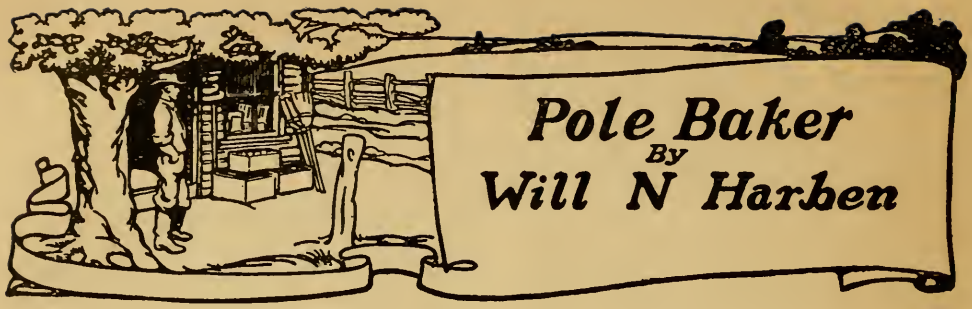
The vicious cases of peonage, where there have been stockades, chains, bloodhounds, and so on, have been few and isolated. By far the greater number of violations of the peonage laws have been of the milder type, where there have been no cruelties, no imprisonment. In these milder cases

there have been mitigating circumstances that appealed to the best people. They could not see the wrong of using force to prevent a negro, who had made a contract with a planter for the year and who had been fed all the winter, from jumping his contract when spring came and there was a demand for labor.

One result has quickly followed these prosecutions of peonage. There is now no peonage in the South, mild, vicious, technical, actual or otherwise. Those who violated the peonage laws were persons who, though they may not have had a discriminating mind when it came to considering the rights of others, had a very high regard for their own personal safety. The Federal prison was the last place to which they wanted to go, hence they were not disposed to take any chances with Uncle Sam's court. Peonage in the South today is a thing of the past.

While the strict enforcement of the peonage laws has unquestionably benefited, by restoring to freedom, some negroes who were being miserably treated by cruel, unjust and inhuman masters, still it has not been without its bad results, temporarily at least. The man who ignores conditions and deals with theories will doubtless take issue on this point, but the fact remains that, until conditions change, employer and employee will both suffer more or less because of the strict enforcement of the peonage laws. The negroes are an improvident race. The great majority of them are ordinary laborerers or share croppers. Usually on the first of January the negro who works on the farm has nothing with which to sustain life. He depends upon the planter for whom he has agreed to work for the year to advance the necessaries of life on the faith of the work that is to be done later on. Until crop-planting time in the spring there is very little employment for labor, and not one negro out of every five can get enough employment to sustain himself.

The man who supposes that anything like a considerable percentage of negroes are Booker Washingtons has yet to learn the A, B, C's of the negro question. There are thousands of honest, industrious, well-meaning negroes, but there are *some* bad ones. One or two bad negroes on a plantation can demoralize all the labor on it. The ordinary negro at best hasn't the highest regard for his obligations. He thinks a great deal of his "rights," and is always anxious to make a show of exercising those rights. The planter who advances to this class of labor does a risky business. The recent peonage prosecutions have done much toward exalting the negro's opinion of himself and his rights. This has complicated the situation somewhat and has made the business of advancing to an already irresponsible class extra hazardous. The result is that in some localities planters and merchants have preferred to reduce the acreage of crops planted rather than to take chances with labor that must be sustained for several months before it can be used. The result has been a hardship on the negro and incidentally the percentage of vagrants has increased. It is believed, however, that in the end employer and employee will adapt themselves to the somewhat changed conditions wrought in certain sections by the enforcement of the peonage laws, and that the country will be better off by the abolition of even the mildest type of peonage.



CHAPTER XXXI—(*Continued*)

"MOTHER, what is this?" Cynthia darted out into the hall and snatched the gun from her mother's hands.

For an instant Mrs. Porter stood staring at her daughter, and then, as if to escape her glance, she turned and went slowly into Cynthia's room.

"'Sh!" she said; "don't wake your pa." And, seeing Cynthia's lamp burning low, she blew down the chimney and put it out. The room was now dark save for the moonlight that struggled in at the windows on each side of the drawn shades.

"Mother, you've got to tell me," Cynthia demanded, as she leaned the cumbersome weapon against the wall and groped toward the still, white figure; "what were you going to do with that gun?"

"I was going to get out of my trouble, if you *will* know," Mrs. Porter said, looking her daughter defiantly in the face.

"Your trouble, mother?"

"Yes, I've borne it as long as I can. Huh! you can't guess how much I know. I was awake last Friday night and overheard your plan to run off with Nelson Floyd. I was within a yard of you, crouched down behind the rosebushes."

"You say you were there?" Cynthia gasped—"you heard?"

"Every word," answered Mrs. Porter; "and every one was a rusty nail in my heart."

There was silence. Cynthia had no defense to offer. She simply sat with bowed head, her arm lying limp upon her mother's thinly clad shoulders.

Suddenly a sound broke the outside stillness. There was no mistaking it. It rang out as shrilly on the girl's quaking consciousness as the shriek of a locomotive dashing through a mountain gorge.

"There he is now," said Mrs. Porter. "Pick up your valise and hurry, hurry to him; but before you go hand me that gun. Before you and he get in that buggy you'll hear my deathknell, and you may know, too, that you fired the shot into the withered breast that nursed you. Go! I'm not keeping you!"

Cynthia swayed visibly in the darkness, and then she sank to her knees and put her head in her mother's lap.

"I won't go," she groaned softly. "Mother, I'll do anything you say—anything!"

"If I thought you meant that, Cynthia—Lord, Lord, what a load it would take off of me! Don't—don't say that unless you mean it; the—the joy of saving you would almost kill me."

"Oh, mother, God knows I mean it!"

"Then"—Mrs. Porter seemed to squeeze her words from her frail body as she stiffly rose to her feet—"then you must let me go myself out there and send him off."

Cynthia, still on her knees, glanced up, her startled eyes wide open.

"Would you ask that, mother?"

"Yes, for in my present condition I'm afraid I'd never believe it was absolutely settled. I—I'm not as clear-

headed as I used to be. I've got deep-rooted suspicions, and I'm afraid they would prey on my mind."

"Then go, mother—go, send him away. I'd rather never see him again on earth than to cause you to—to contemplate—but go, mother!"

"Well, you stay here, then." Mrs. Porter was moving toward the door. "I'll be easy with him. I'm so happy over this release that I feel grateful even to him. I'll be gentle, Cynthia."

As she stood in the doorway of the chamber and glanced back Mrs. Porter saw Cynthia throw herself face downward on the bed.

When Mrs. Porter returned to the house she saw Cynthia standing on the threshold of her chamber.

"Did you see him, mother?" The question was hardly above a whisper.

"Oh, yes, I saw him," the old woman answered frigidly. "I saw him."

"What did he say, mother?" The girl's voice was low, tremulous and halting.

"Oh, I don't know as he said much of anything, he was so set back by seeing me in this outfit instead of you in your best Sunday-go-to-meeting, with your valise in hand, ready to fly to the moon with him. He let me do most of the talking." Mrs. Porter managed to stifle a chuckle of satisfaction, and the darkness hid her impulsive smile. "He seemed to be more reasonable, though, than most men would be in his condition. I don't think he was fully sober; he smoked like a steam engine, dropping cigars and lighting fresh ones, as if they were his mainstay and support. He agreed with me, in a roundabout way, that it was a foolish thing for him to expect a respectable girl to run off in the dead of night with a man of his stamp, and he ended by saying for me to tell you that he was going away off somewhere and that he wouldn't bother you any more."

"Well, you have had your way, mother," Cynthia said quietly; "I hope you will feel better satisfied now."

"Oh, I will, I will—in fact, I feel some better already." There was another incipient chuckle far down in Mrs. Porter's throat, but she coughed it away. "I really feel like I'm going to get well. I'll sleep like a log tonight. You'd better turn in yourself, daughter."

"All right, mother—good night."

CHAPTER XXXII

Ten days passed. It was now toward the close of a hot and sultry August. Nothing more had been heard of Nelson Floyd, and the sensation due to his mysterious absence had, to some extent, subsided.

Pole Baker was the first to meet Floyd again. It was in Atlanta. Standing in the main entrance of the Kimball House one afternoon, Pole saw Floyd on the opposite side of the street. He was walking rapidly, his head up. He was neatly dressed, clean-shaven, and had a clear, healthful complexion, as if he were in good physical condition.

"Thank God! thar he goes," Pole exclaimed, "an' I'll bet a hoss he's quit drinkin'." Quickly darting across the street, he followed Floyd the best he could on the crowded sidewalk. He had pursued him thus for several blocks, when Floyd suddenly entered one of the large wholesale dry-goods stores. Reaching the door and looking in, Pole saw his friend just disappearing in the glass-inclosed office in the rear of the big room. Pole entered and stood waiting amid the stacks of cotton and woolen goods which, in rolls and bolts, were heaped as high as his shoulders over the whole floor. Salesmen were busy with customers in different parts of the room, and porters and "stock men" hurried by with big baskets on wheels, and little notice was taken of the mountaineer.

Presently Floyd emerged and came rapidly down one of the aisles toward the door. Pole stepped directly in front of him.

"Why, hello!" Floyd exclaimed, flushing suddenly as he cordially ex-

tended his hand. "I wasn't looking for you, Pole."

"Well, you differ from me," said Baker; "that's just what I was doin'. I was lookin' fer you, Nelson. I begun yesterday an' kept it up till I seed you go by the Kimball jest now like you was shot out of a gun, an' I bent to the trail, an' here I am. Yes, I want to see you. I've got a favor to ax, old friend."

"Well, you can have anything I've got." Floyd smiled rather sheepishly as he laid his hand on Pole's shoulder. "The only trouble right now is that I'm pressed for time. A lot depends on what may take place in the next two hours, and I'm afraid to think of anything else. When do you go back?"

"Oh, I kin take a train any time. I'm in no big hurry, Nelson. All I want is to get to talk to you a few minutes."

"Then I'll tell you what to do," Floyd proposed. "Take this key to my room at the Kimball House. I've got a bed to spare up there. And, more than that, Pole, go in and take your supper in my place. It will be all right. I registered on the American plan. Then I'll meet you in the room about eight o'clock. You see, it's this way: I've brought a fellow with me from Birmingham, and he's back there in the office now. He and I are on a trade for all my iron lands in Alabama. A thing like this is a big, exciting game with me; it drives out all other thoughts, and, the Lord knows, right now I need some diversion. He and I are going to the house of a friend of his in the country and take early supper there. I'll be back by eight, sure, Pole."

"That'll suit me all right," said Pole, as he took the key and looked at the number on the brass tag. "I'll be there, Nelson. I wouldn't let you stand for my expenses, but if your bill's paid anyway, that's different."

"Yes, it won't cost me a cent extra," said Floyd. "Here comes my man now. I'd introduce you, but we are in a devil of a hurry."

That night, after supper, Pole was in Floyd's room at the hotel. The weather being warm, he had raised the window, which opened on a busy street, and sat smoking, with his coat off. From the outside came the clanging of street-car bells and the shrill voices of newsboys crying the afternoon papers. Suddenly he heard the iron door of the elevator slide back, and a moment later Floyd stood on the threshold of the room.

"Well, I succeeded, Pole!" he cried, sitting down on the window-sill and fanning himself with his straw hat. "I sold out, lock, stock and barrel, and at an advance that I never would have dreamed of asking if I hadn't been in a reckless mood. My boy, I've made more money today than I've made all the rest of my life put together, and"—Floyd sighed as he tossed his hat on one of the beds and locked his hands behind his neck—"I reckon I care less for material prosperity than I ever did."

"Well, I'm glad you made a good trade," Pole said. "You were born lucky, my boy."

"Oh, I don't know," answered Floyd; "but here I am talking about my own affairs when you came to see me about yours."

"I didn't come to see you on my own business, Nelson," Pole answered. "I'm here on account of old man Mayhew. Nelson, he's mighty nigh plumb crazy over you bein' away. He gathered from your last letter that you intended to go West and live, an' he called me in an' begged me to come and persuade you not to do it. Nelson, I'll hate it like rips, too, ef you leave us. Them old mountains is yore rightful home, an' I'm here to tell you that God Almighty never give any one man more friends than you've got amongst them plain, honest folks."

"It's the only spot on earth I'll ever care about," Pole heard him say in a deep, husky voice, "and God knows I love the people; but I don't want to go back, Pole. Fate rather rubbed it in on me up there."

"Nelson, listen to me. I am here tonight to beg you to come back to

yore old home and meet that thing face to face. As God is my judge, I believe sech great big troubles as yore'n are laid on folks fer a good purpose."

Floyd turned and began to walk back and forth again. The room was filled with silence. Through the open window came the sound of brass musical instruments, the rattling of a tambourine, the ringing of cymbals. Then a clear voice—that of a young woman—rose in a sacred song. It was a band of Salvationists clustered near a street corner under a hanging arc light. Floyd paused near to Pole and looked thoughtfully from the window; then he sat down on the bed. For a moment he stared at the floor, and then, folding his arms across his breast, he suddenly raised his head.

"Pole," he said firmly, "I'm going to take your advice."

There was silence. The two men sat facing each other. Suddenly the mountaineer leaned over and said: "Give me your hand on it, Nelson. You'll never regret this as long as you live."

Floyd extended his hand and then got up and began to walk back and forth across the room again.

"I've got another trouble to bear, Pole," he said gloomily.

"You mean Cynthia Porter?" said Pole, and he leaned forward, his eyes burning.

Floyd nodded, took one or two steps, and then paused near to Pole. "You don't know it, perhaps, but I've been back up there lately."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, I went back to see her I couldn't stay away from her. I had been on a protracted spree. I was on the brink of suicide, in a disordered condition of mind and body, when all at once it occurred to me that perhaps she might not absolutely scorn me. Pole, the very hope that she might be willing to share my misfortune suddenly sobered me. I was in an awful condition, but I stopped drinking and went up there one night. I secretly met her and proposed an elopement. The poor little girl was so excited that she would not decide then, but she agreed to give me her final decision a week later."

"Great God! you don't mean it, Nelson!" the mountaineer cried in surprise—"shorely you don't!"

"Yes, I do. Then I went back to fill the appointment, but she had confided it all to her mother, and the old lady came out and told me that Cynthia not only refused me, but that she earnestly hoped I would never bother her again."

"My Lord!" Pole exclaimed; "and there was a time when I actually thought—but that's *her* matter, Nelson. A man hain't got no right on earth dabblin' in a woman's heart-affairs. To me nothin' ain't more sacred than a woman's choice of her life-partner."

"Mrs. Porter hinted plainly that Cynthia was thinking of marrying Hillhouse," said Floyd.

"Ah, now I begin to see ahead!" the farmer said reflectively. "Cynthia's down at Cartersville now, on a visit to her cousins, and the long-legged parson is there, too, filling in for another preacher. I don't pretend to understand women, Nelson. Thar's been a lot o' talk about her and Hillhouse since you went off. Well, that will be purty hard fer you to bear, but you must face it along with the other, my boy."

"Yes, I've got to grin and bear it," Floyd said, almost under his breath. "I've got to face that and the knowledge that I might have won her if I had gone about it in the right way."

For a moment neither spoke. Then it seemed that Pole wanted to change the subject.

"In tryin' to run upon you this mornin', Nelson," he said, "I went out to yore—out to Henry A. Floyd's. That woman, his housekeeper, met me at the door an' let me inside the hall. She's a kind, talkative old soul, and she's worried mighty nigh to death about the old man. She remembered seein' me before, an' she set in to tellin' me all about his troubles. It

seems that he's had some lawsuit, an' his last scrap o' property is to be tuck away from him. She told me thar was a debt of three thousand dollars to pay in the morning or everything would go. While she was talkin' he come along, lookin' more dead than alive, an' I axed 'im ef he could put me on to yore track. He glared at me like a crazy man; his jaws was all sunk in, an' with his gray hair an' beard untrimmed, an' his body all of a quiver, he simply looked terrible.

" 'No,' said he, 'I don't know whar you kin find 'im. I've heard that he was in trouble, an' I'm sorry, fer I know what trouble means,' an' with that he stood thar twistin' his hands an' cryin' like a pitiful little child about the three thousand dollars his creditors wanted, an' that thar wasn't a ghost of a chance to raise it. He said he'd made every effort, an' now was starin' starvation in the face. He turned an' went back to his room, puttin' his old, bony hand on the wall to keep from fallin' as he moved along. I'm a pore man, Nelson, but, by all that's holy, ef I'd 'a' had the money the old chap wanted this mornin' I'd 'a' hauled it out an' 'a' kissed it farewell."

Floyd bent toward the speaker. Their eyes met understandingly.

"But I've got money, Pole—money to spare—and that old wreck is my father's only brother. Look here, Pole, I'm going out there tonight—*tonight*, do you understand?—tonight, before he goes to bed, and give him a check that will more than cover his shortage."

Floyd sat down at a table, and, with check-book in hand, adjusted his fountain-pen.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Fifteen minutes later his uncle's housekeeper regarded him with surprise as she recalled his face.

"You want to see Mr. Floyd?" she said. "I'll see if he will let you come in."

Leaving Nelson standing in the hall, she went into the lighted room, and the young man heard her talking persuasively to her master. Presently she came back and motioned the visitor to enter. He did so, finding the old man standing over a table covered with letters, deeds and other legal documents. He did not offer his hand, and the young man stood in some embarrassment before him.

"Well," old Floyd said, "what do you want? Are you here to gloat over me?"

"No, I am not," returned the visitor. "It is simply because I do not feel that way that I came. A friend of mine was here today, and he said you were in trouble."

"Trouble?—huh!" snarled old Floyd. "I guess you are glad to know that."

"I certainly am not," Nelson said warmly. "I heard of it only a few minutes ago at the Kimball House, where I am staying, and I took the first car to reach you. I wish I had heard of the matter earlier—that is, if you will allow me to help you out."

"You—you help me?" Old Floyd extended his thin hand and drew a chair to him and sank into it. "They've all talked that way—every money-lender and banker that I have applied to. They all say they want to help, but when they look at these"—Floyd waved his hand despondently over the documents—" when they look at these, and see the size of the mortgage, they make excuses and back out. I don't want to waste time with you."

"I didn't want security," Nelson said, looking sympathetically down into the withered face.

"My Lord, you say you don't want security; then—then what the devil *do* you want?"

"I want to *give* you the money, if you'll do me the honor to accept it," Nelson declared. "My friend told me the amount was exactly three thousand. I have drawn this check for four."

"You mean—?" The old man took the check and, with blearing eyes and shaking hands, examined it in the

lamplight. "You mean that you will *give*—actually *give* me four thousand dollars, when I haven't a scrap of security to put up?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean."

Old Floyd took his eyes from the check and shrinkingly raised them to the young man's face. Then he dropped the paper on the table and groaned. There was silence for a moment. The housekeeper, passing by the open door, looked in wonderingly, and moved on. The old man saw her, and, rising suspiciously, he shambled to the door and closed it. Then he turned aimlessly and came slowly back, his hand pressed to his brow.

"I can't make it out," Nelson heard him muttering. "I'm afraid of it. It may be a trick, and yet what trick could anybody play on a man in the hole I'm in? *Four thousand!*" He was looking first at the check and then at his caller.

Greatly moved, the young man put his hands on the old man's shoulders and gently pressed him down into his chair; then he got another and sat close to him.

"Try to look at this thing calmly," he said. "In the first place, you don't understand me. You are not a relative of mine by law, but by blood you are the only one I ever saw. We are not relatives before the world, but we are by ties of nature, and I pity you tonight as I never pitied any human being in my life."

"My God! my God!" The old man struggled again to his feet, his eyes avoiding Nelson's earnest stare. "Wait here. Keep your seat, sir. Let me think. I can't take your money without making a return for it. Let me think." He tottered to the door, opened it, and passed out into the hall. There Nelson heard him striding back and forth for several minutes. Presently he came back. He was walking more erectly. There was in his eyes a flitting gleam of hope. Approaching, he laid a quivering hand on Nelson's shoulder. "I have thought of a plan," he said almost eagerly. "Your partner in business, Mr.—Mr. Mayhew, came down here looking for you, and he told me how my unpleasant disclosure had unstrung you, upset your prospects, and caused you to leave home. Now, see here. It has just occurred to me that I am actually the only living individual who knows the—the true facts about your birth and your father's life. Now here is what I can and will do—you see, what *I* say, what *I* testify to during my lifetime will stand always. I am willing to take that—that money if you will let me give you sworn papers, showing that it was all a mistake, and that your parents were actually man and wife. This could harm no one, and it would be only justice to you."

Nelson stood up suddenly. It was as if a great light had burst over him. His blood bounded through his veins.

"You will do that?" he cried—"*that?*"

"Yes, and not a living soul could ever contradict it," the old man said eagerly. "I can put into your hands indisputable proof. More than that, I'll write up to Mayhew and Duncan in your neighborhood and show the matter in a thoroughly new light."

The eyes of the two men met. For a moment there was silence in the room so profound that the flame of the lamp made an audible sound like the drone of an imprisoned insect.

"No, I can't be a party to that, Mr. Floyd," said Nelson. "I fully understand all it would mean to me before the world, and I am not willing to bear the stamp of a lie, no matter how justifiable it may seem, all through life."

"Why, you—you can't mean to refuse!" old Floyd gasped.

"I *have* to," said the young man.

"Then—then," the old man groaned—"then I can't take your money."

"But you'll have to," Nelson smiled sadly. "I can *make* you do it. I'll give you no other recourse. I shall simply instruct the bank in the morning to place it to your credit and charge it to my account. If you don't draw it out, neither you nor I will get the benefit of it, for I shall never touch it again."

Taking his hat Nelson moved toward the door, followed by the tottering, faintly protesting old man.

When Nelson Floyd reached the hotel it was eleven o'clock. He found Pole seated in the dark at an open window, his coat and shoes off. He was smoking.

"Well, here you are," was the mountaineer's greeting. "I was sorter sleepy, but I wanted to hear what you done, so I run down an' got me a nickel cigar. Then I've put in my time watchin' the folks in the street. I'll be dadblasted ef thar ain't as many nighthawks on the wing now as thar was jest after supper."

Nelson threw off his coat and hat and sat down and recounted briefly all that had taken place at Floyd's, Pole smoking thoughtfully the while. When Nelson ceased speaking Pole rose and began to undress.

"So the blamed old codger talked like he wasn't goin' to draw the money, eh?" he said. "Well, that sorter upsets me; I can't exactly make it out, Nelson. I'll have to think that over. It ain't what I expected him to do. I thought he'd pounce on it like a duck on a June-bug. No, that's quar, I tell you—powerful quar!"

It was about eight o'clock the next morning when Floyd waked. The first thing he saw was Pole seated in the window chewing tobacco. He was fully dressed, had shaved, and wore a new white shirt and collar that glistened like porcelain in the morning sun; he had on also a new black cravat which he had tied very clumsily.

"Good gracious, have you been waiting for me?" Floyd cried, as he sprang out of bed and looked at his watch.

"Not much I hain't," the mountaineer smiled. "I was up at my usual time, at sunrise."

"Did you finally get it settled in your mind, Pole, why that old man didn't want to take my check last night?"

"Thar's a lots o' things I've got to git settled in my mind," was the somewhat evasive reply. "I told you I was goin' to take the ten-thirty train fer Darley, but I ain't a-goin' a step till I've seed a little furder into this business. Looky here, Nelson Floyd, fer a man that's had as much dealin's with men in all sorts o' ways as you have, you are a-actin' quar."

"I don't understand you." Floyd had put his hand on the latch to open the door, but, seeing his friend's serious face, he went back to the window, wondering what Pole was driving at.

"You say," said Pole, "that Henry A. Floyd came into his plantation at his daddy's death?"

"That's my impression, Pole."

The mountaineer went to the cuspidor near the washstand and spat deliberately into it; then he came back wiping his lips on his long hand.

"An' when the old man died he jest had two sons—yore daddy an' this one here?" Pole said tentatively, his heavy brows drawn together.

"Yes, that's right, Pole."

"Well, Nelson"—the mountaineer was staring steadily at his friend—"I make a rule never to judge a person too quick, but whar I see a motive fer evil in a man that ain't plumb straight I generally find some'n' crooked."

"I'm sure I don't understand you, Pole," Floyd said, his eyes wide in curiosity.

Pole stepped near to Floyd and laid his hand on his arm.

"Do you mean to tell me, as keen and sharp as you are, that you tuck that old skunk's word about a matter as important as that is, when he come into property from yore granddaddy—property that 'ud be part yore'n as his brother's son? Shucks! I'm jest a mountain scrub, but I ain't as big a fool as that."

"Oh, I know!" said Floyd wearily. "I suppose you are right, but I don't care to go to law about a little handful of property like that; besides, you know it would be my interest *only* in case I was a *lawful* heir—don't forget that damnable fact, Pole."

"I'm not thinkin' about the value

of property, nuther," said Baker; "but, my boy, I am lookin' fer a *motive*—a motive fer rascality, an' I think I've found one as big as a barn. I don't any more believe that dirty tale old Floyd told you than I'd believe it about my old saint of a mother."

"But you don't know what he showed me, Pole," Floyd sighed. "I never had the heart to go over it thoroughly, but it was conclusive enough to draw a black curtain over my whole life."

"I don't care, Nelson, what he said or showed you. Thar's a big, rotten stench in Denmark, I'm here to tell you; an' ef I don't squeeze the truth out o' that old turnip before night I'll eat my hat. You go on an' git yore breakfast, an' let me map out——"

There was a rap on the door. Floyd opened it. A negro porter in uniform stood on the threshold.

"A man downstairs wants to see you, Mr. Floyd," he announced.

"Did he give his name?" Nelson asked.

"No, sir, he didn't."

"He's an old, white-headed, dingy-faced fellow, ain't he?" Pole put in.

"Yes, sir," answered the servant. "He looks like he's sick."

"Well, you tell 'im to come up here," said Pole, his face rigid and his eyes gleaming triumphantly. When the negro had gone the two friends stood facing each other. "Nelson, my boy," Pole said tremulously, "I'm goin' to stroll outside down the hall. I'd bet a full-blooded Kentucky mare to a five-cent ginger cake that you can run this whole rotten business up a tree if you will play your cards exactly right. Looky here, Nelson, I've changed my mind about goin' out o' this room. Thar's entirely too much at stake to leave you with the reins to hold. You are too touchy on a certain delicate subject—you'll take a lot o' guff rather than ask questions. I wish you'd go out and let me meet that man fust."

"I'll do anything you suggest, Pole," Floyd declared, his face twitching sensitively.

"Well, you scoot into that empty room next door. I seed it open when I come up. Let me have the old codger to myself fer jest five minutes and then I'll turn 'im over to you. Hurry up! I don't want 'im to see you here."

Floyd acted instantly. Pole heard the door of the adjoining room close just as the elevator stopped at the floor they were on.

"Good!" he ejaculated. He threw himself back in a chair and had just picked up a newspaper when old Floyd cautiously peered in at the half-open door.

"Come in, come in, Mr. Floyd," Pole said cordially. "Early bird, ain't you?"

"They told me Mr. Floyd was here," the old man said awkwardly, as he stepped inside and glanced around the room. He was, in the open daylight, even paler and more despondent-looking than he had appeared the previous evening. In his hand he held Nelson's check folded and clutched tightly.

"He's jest gone out," Pole said, indicating a chair; "set down; he'll be back here in a minute."

"I—I thought he was up here alone," the old man stammered.

"Oh, it don't make no difference," Pole smiled easily; "me 'n' Nelson's jest like two brothers. You see, what one knows the other does. The truth is, me 'n' him work together, Mr. Floyd, an' I've been investigatin' that case about his mammy an' daddy fer some time. I run the whole thing down yesterday, an' come in an' told 'im about it last night after he'd got back from yore house. By gum! the boy broke down an' cried like a child fer pure joy. It would 'a' done you good to 'a' seed 'im. That was an awfully nasty thing fer a proud young sperit to stand up under, an' you bet gittin' it off was a relief."

"You mean—?" The old man sank heavily into a chair, but he could go no further. He stared helplessly into Pole's inscrutable face, and then his shifting eyes fell guiltily.

"Why, you see," Pole smiled, plausi-

bly; "all I wanted was a clue to start from, an' after nosin' about whar Nelson's daddy had lived I at last discovered that he was part heir to that property o' yore'n; then, you see, the whole shootin'-match was as clear as a wart on the side of my own nose. The next discovery was the marriage record, an' then I had the whole thing in apple-pie order. You needn't set thar an' look scared out o' yore skin, Mr. Floyd. Nelson 'ud have his right arm sawed off at the shoulder-joint rather'n prosecute you. He told me last night that he'd stand by you. He's got money to burn, an' he'll never let his daddy's brother suffer. He told me jest this mornin'—'Pole,' said he, 'I don't believe Uncle Henry would 'a' kept this back so long ef he hadn't been mighty nigh out o' his head with his own troubles."

"God knows I wouldn't! God knows that!" sobbed the old man impulsively. "I meant to tell him the truth the day I met you and told you he was my nephew, but I had a sick spell, and I got to worrying about the little all I had for my old age. I thought you were prying into matters, too, and knew that any question about the titles would make my creditors jump on me, and——"

"I see, I see!" said Pole. Indifference was in his voice, but his rugged face was afire, his great, eager eyes were illumined by a blaze of triumph. "I reckon the proof you showed him was forgery, Mr. Floyd, but of a harmless kind that 'most any man in trouble naturally would——"

"No, those letters were not forgeries," broke in the old man. "They were really my brother's, but they related to his life with another woman. When their child died she deserted him for another man. My brother came home broken-hearted, but he finally got over it, and married a nice girl of good family. She was Nelson's mother. In my great trouble, and facing ruin, it struck me that the letters would convince the boy and he would keep quiet and not put in a claim until —until I could see my way out—but now, you say he knows it all."

"Yes, an' is so happy over it, Mr. Floyd, that instead o' givin' you trouble, he'll throw his arms around you. God bless you, old hoss, you've been denyin' the finest member yore family ever had. I reckon you can turn over to him sufficient proof"—Pole drew himself up with a start—"proof, I mean, that will, you see, sort o' splice in with all I've run up on—proof that he is legally yore nephew."

"Oh, plenty!" the old man said almost eagerly; "and I'll get it up at once. I've brought his check back"; he unfolded it and held it in his quivering hands. "I couldn't take money from him after treating him as I have."

Pole laughed outright. "You keep that check, old man," he said. "Nelson Floyd will cram it down yore throat ef you won't take it any other way. I tell you he's jest tickled to death. He thinks the world and all of you because you are the only kin he ever laid eyes on. Now, you stay right whar you are an' I'll send 'im to you. He's not fur off."

Hurrying into the next room, Pole saw Floyd standing at a window looking out into the street, a touch of his old despondency on him. He caught Pole's triumphant smile and stood with lips parted in suspense.

"It's jest as I told you, my boy," the mountaineer said, with a chuckle. "He's owned up to the whole blasted thing. You've got as good a right to vote in America as any man in it."

"Good God, Pole, you don't mean——?"

"You go in thar an' he'll tell you all about it." Pole continued to smile.

"You say he has actually confessed of his own accord?" Floyd cried incredulously.

"Well, I *did* sorter have to lead 'im along a little," Pole laughed. "To unlock his jaws, I told 'im me 'n' you already knowed the facts, so you might as well take that stand, give 'im plenty o' rope an' let 'im tell you all about it. But don't be hard on 'im, Nelson; the pore old cuss wanted to do the fair thing, but was pressed to the wall by circumstances an' devilish men."

"Thank God, Pole, thank God!" Floyd cried. "I can hardly believe it's true."

"Well, it is, all right enough," Baker assured him. "Now, I'm goin' to catch the ten-thirty train. I want to git home before you do, an' git this thing circulated—so nobody won't snub you an' feel bad about it afterwards. I'll strike old Mrs. Snodgrass the fust thing. She is editor of the *Hilltop Whirlwind*, an' will have an extra out ten minutes after I land containin' full particulars. Fer once I'm goin' to put her to a good use. She'll certainly make the rounds, an' as I don't want the old thing to walk 'er props off, I'll lend 'er a hoss. But I'll tell you what I'd like fer you to do, Nelson, an' I almost ax it as a favor."

"What's that, Pole?"

"Why, I want you to take that old chap under yore wing today an' git 'im out o' the clutch o' them shyster lawyers that's got 'im scared to death."

"You may rest assured that I'll do that," Floyd said, as he hurried away.

A moment later, as Pole was passing Nelson's room to reach the main stairway, he glanced through the open door. Old Floyd sat with bowed head, wiping his eyes on his handkerchief, and his nephew stood by him, his hand resting on his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Three days later, toward sundown, as Pole was about to enter Floyd & Mayhew's store, the old man came from behind one of the counters and, with a smile of welcome, caught his arm and drew him to the edge of the sidewalk.

"I am not much of a hand to talk on any subject, Pole," he said. "But there is something I've got to say to you, and it comes from the heart."

"Well, ef it ain't a dun I'll be glad to hear it," Pole smiled. "When I fust catched sight of you it flashed over me that ef I didn't make another payment on that debt you'd have to take my farm. But I'm gettin' on my feet now, Mr. Mayhew, an'——"

"I'll never bother you on that score," the merchant said impulsively. "I was just about to tell you that I am deeply grateful for what you did for Nelson. Oh, he's told me all about it!" The old man held up his hand and stopped Pole, who was on the point of decrying his part in the matter in question. "Yes, he told me all you did, Baker, and I don't actually believe any other man in the whole state could have worked it so fine; and the boy's coming back here, Pole, has been my financial salvation. I couldn't have kept on here, and it would have killed me to see the old business fall to pieces."

"You bet, I'm glad he's back, too," Pole returned. "An' he's happy over it, ain't he, Mr. Mayhew?"

"Ah, there's the trouble, Baker!" the old man sighed. "It looks like, with all that has come his way of late, that he would be satisfied, but he isn't—he simply isn't. Baker, I think I see what's lacking."

"You think you do, Mr. Mayhew?" Pole leaned forward anxiously.

"Yes, I believe it's due to Nathan Porter's daughter. God knows she's the very girl for him. She's one woman that I admire with all my heart. Nelson's got sense; he sees her good qualities, and wants her, but the report is out that her and Hillhouse are courting down at Cartersville."

Turning from the old man, Pole passed the clerks and a few customers in the store and went back to Floyd's desk, where his friend sat writing.

"Got yore workin' gear on, I see," he observed, with a smile. "You look busy."

Floyd pointed to a stack of account-books on the desk and smiled. "The old man got these in an awful mess," he said. "But I am getting them straight at last."

"How's business?" Pole asked.

"In the store pretty good," Floyd answered; "but as for my own part, I'm busy on the outside. I closed a nice deal yesterday, Pole. You re-

member the offer I made Price for his plantation, furnished house, and everything else on the place?"

"You bet."

"Well, he came to my terms. The property is mine at last, Pole."

"Gee whiz! what a purty investment! It's a little fortune, my boy."

"There's only one drawback," said Floyd; "you see, it will never suit me to live there myself, and so I've got to get a sharp manager that I can trust."

"Ah, yes, you bet you have!" Pole declared.

"Pole, there is only one man alive that I'd trust that place to."

Pole stared in a bewildered way. Floyd was leading him beyond his depth.

"You say thar ain't, Nelson?" was all he could say.

"And that man is you, Pole."

"Me? Good Lord, you are plumb cracked—you are a-jokin', Nelson!"

"No, I never was more serious in my life. Pole, I'm depending on you. The salary is three thousand a year, rent of the house free, and all the land you want for your own use thrown in."

"That's ridiculous, Nelson. You are plumb, stark crazy!" Pole was really frowning in displeasure over he hardly knew what.

"Look here, Pole, I get out of patience with you sometimes," Floyd said earnestly. "Now, answer this: don't you know that if you *did* accept my offer that you would not let my interests suffer wilfully?"

"Of course I do," Pole retorted almost angrily. "Ef I was workin' fer you in *any* capacity I'd wear my fingers to the bone to do what was right by you, and ef I don't make that investment pay, I'll hang myself to the limb of a tree. Gee whiz! won't Sally be tickled!" Pole went on homeward with a quick, animated step. Floyd looked after him through the gathering dusk.

"He's happy, and so will his wife be," he said to himself. "But as for me, that's another matter. She's going to marry Hillhouse. Great God, how strange that seems!"

The following evening about eight o'clock Floyd walked over to Baker's house. He found his friend seated alone before a big fire of red logs.

"Hello! Come in, Nelson," Pole called out cordially.

The young merchant entered and took a vacant chair.

"How's your wife, Pole?" he asked.

"Huh, crazy, crazy—crazy as a bedbug!" Baker laughed. "You'd think so ef you could see 'er. She spent all the evenin' at yore plantation, an' come home beamin' all over with what she's seed an' her plans. She sometimes talks about all this to 'erse'f, she's so full of it, but she ain't talkin' to 'erse'f now. I say she ain't, an' I mean it, my boy."

"Someone's in the kitchen, then?" said Floyd.

Pole looked steadily into the fire; not a muscle of his face changed. "Somebody come back from Cartersville this mornin'," he said significantly.

Floyd's heart gave a big jump. "So I heard," he said under his breath.

"Well, she's in thar now. She'd heard we was goin' to move, an' come over jest after supper. She was plumb happy to see Sally so tickled. I didn't mean to eave'drop, but I went in the entry jest now to hang up my bridle an' couldn't help it. It was so purty I could 'a' listened all day—Sally puttin' on an' tellin' 'er she'd send the carriage over fer 'er to spend the day, an' that Cynthia must be shore an' send in 'er cyard at the door so thar 'ud be no mistake, an' so on."

Floyd made no response. He was studying Pole's face, digging into it with his eyes for something he felt lay just beneath the unruffled surface.

"Then I heard some'n' else," Pole said; "an' I'm goin' to feel mean about totin' it to you, beca'se women has a right to the'r secrets, an' who they pick an' choose fer the'r life-mates ort to be a sacred matter, but this is a thing I think you have a right to be onto."

"What is that, Pole?" Floyd seemed to be holding his breath. He was almost pale in his great suspense.

"Why, I heard Cynthia deny up an' down flatfooted that she was engaged to Hillhouse. Lord, you ort to 'a' heard her snort when Sally told 'er it had been the general belief about here ever since her an' him went off to Cartersville. She was good mad. I know that, fer I heard Sally tryin' to pacify 'er. I heard Cynthia say all of a sudden: 'My mother put that report into circulation. I know it now, and she had no right to do it.'"

Floyd breathed more freely, a gleam of hope was in his eyes, his face was flushed. He said nothing.

Pole suddenly drew his feet back from the fire. "Don't you want a drink o' fresh water, Nelson?" he asked.

"No, thank you," Floyd said.

"Well, I do. Keep yore seat. Since I left off whisky I'm a great water-drinker."

Pole had been gone only a minute when Floyd heard light steps in the entry leading to the kitchen. He sprang up, for Cynthia stood in the doorway.

"Why—why," she stammered, "Mr. Baker told me someone wanted to see me. I—I had no idea that you——"

"I want to see you bad enough, God knows, Cynthia," Floyd found himself saying, "but I did not tell him so. That, you know, would not be respecting the message you sent me."

"The message?" she said. "I'm sure I don't understand you."

"I mean the message you sent me by your mother," Floyd explained.

"But I didn't send you any message," Cynthia said, still mystified, as she stared frankly into his eyes.

"I mean the—the night I came for you," Floyd pursued, "the night I was so presumptuous as to think you'd run away with me."

"Oh, did she—did my mother tell you—?" Cynthia was beginning to understand. "Did she say that I——?"

"She told me you said you wanted me never to bother you again."

The girl lowered her head; the fire lighted up her face as she stood, her eyes on the rough floor. She was silent a moment as if in deep thought, then she looked into his eyes again. "I begin to see it all now," she said. "I wondered why you—how you could have treated me that way after —after all you'd said."

"Cynthia, what do you mean? Do, *do* tell me!" He leaned closer to her —she could feel his quick, excited breath. "Surely you could not believe I'd have left if you hadn't wished it! Oh, little girl, I have been the most miserable man alive over losing you. I know I am unworthy of you— I always shall be that—but losing you has nearly killed me. Your mother told me that awful night that you not only wanted me to let you alone, but that you were going to marry Hillhouse."

Cynthia gave him a full, frank glance. "Nelson," she said, "my mother made up most of what she told you that night. I did promise not to run away with you—she made me do that. You have no idea what she resorted to. She determined to thwart us. She made me believe her mind was wrong and that she would kill herself if I left."

"But you went to her yourself, dear," Floyd said, still in the dark, "and told her of our plans."

"No, I didn't, Nelson. She overheard our talk the week before. She followed me out to the grape arbor and heard every word of it."

"Oh, I see—I see!" exclaimed Floyd; "she was at the bottom of it all."

"Yes, her mind was frightfully upset. She came to me this morning and cried and told me that she had heard so many nice things about you of late that she was afraid she had wronged you. She thinks now that her mind was really unbalanced that night. I believe it myself, for no thoroughly sane person could have played the part she did. She persuaded herself that your intentions were— She—she felt justified in taking any step to save me."

"Oh, I remember now," said Floyd.

"She could easily have misunderstood my meaning that night, for I was in such a state of nervous excitement that I did not go into details as to my plans. After I left you I remembered, too, that I had not offered you a ring that I'd bought for you in Atlanta. It's in my trunk in my room. Even after I'd lost all hope of ever winning you I could not bear to part with it."

"Oh, Nelson, did you get me a ring?" She leaned toward him in childlike eagerness. "What kind of one was it?"

"The prettiest, whitest diamond I could buy in Atlanta," Floyd said, almost holding his breath in suspense. "Oh, Cynthia, you say your mother kept you from meeting me that night. If you had come what would have been your decision?"

Cynthia's color rose; she avoided his hungry eyes as she looked down into the fire. The house was very still, and Pole Baker's voice suddenly rose into audibility.

"I tell you, I've jest *got* to have a kiss," he said, "and I'm goin' to have it right this minute! Do you reckon I'm goin' to stand here idle an' them two in thar——"

"Pole, Pole, stop! Let me alone—behave yorese'f!" cried Mrs. Baker. There was a shuffling of feet, then all was quiet.

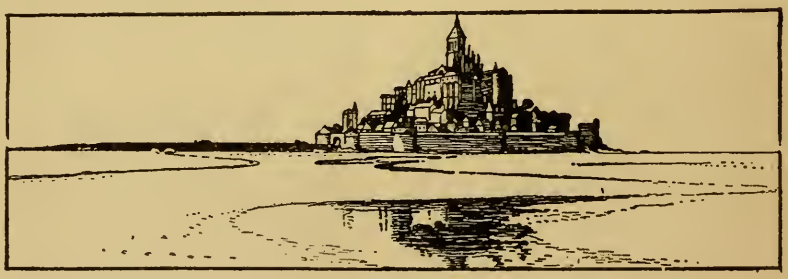
Floyd leaned toward Cynthia till his lips almost touched her pink ear. "If you had met me that night what would have been my fate?" he asked tremblingly.

Cynthia hesitated a moment longer, then she looked straight into his eyes and said simply: "I was ready to go with you, Nelson. I'd thought it all over. I knew—I knew I'd be unhappy without you."

Floyd drew her into his arms. Her head rested on his shoulder, his eyes feasting on her beautiful flushed face.

"You made me all I am," he said caressingly. "You and Pole Baker. Let's go tell him."

THE END



The Cry of the Woman that Toils

TO shed my tears, O God—my pent-up tears,
And utter one long groan! To let them flow
And blot from sight the hideous shapes of Fears
That come unbid and stare and will not go!

O tears! Great God, that I might bow my head
In one heartbreaking sob of agony,
Once only—once before my soul is dead
And life is all a desolate, frozen sea!

CLARA ELIZABETH WARD.

Public Ownership at Bradford, England

BY ERNEST CAWCROFT

THE city of Bradford, England, presents an example of the successful application of public ownership to municipal enterprises. A decade ago the champions of this progressive economic policy turned inevitably to Glasgow as embodying the acme of public ownership. Without disparaging the success that has been achieved in the latter city, it must be confessed that so much emphasis has been placed on the development of municipal ownership in that particular community as to give an impression that the achievements of Glasgow are due to peculiar local conditions. False as is that notion, the one effectual method of dissipating it is to present examples of continuous and increasing success of municipal ownership in several cities of Great Britain.

Bradford is situated in the heart of Yorkshire, the largest woolen manufacturing district in the world. The city is the centre of an industrial beehive. Halifax, Skipton, Keighley and several other large communities are adjacent to Bradford; and while the population of the latter is less than three hundred thousand souls, it is evident that the demand for transportation services is far in excess of an American city, equal in population, but otherwise isolated in its relation to bordering industrial communities. Manifestly, such a body of workers could not find sanitary homes in the vicinity of their workshops; the problem, therefore, which confronted the officials of Bradford was the devising of such a municipal transportation system as would speedily and cheaply carry these factory operatives from their homes to the many mills of the section. That the officials as well as the people of Bradford succeeded in solving this problem is another demonstration of the widely growing conclusion that the practicality of a public trolley system is not to be measured or limited by the peculiarities of particular communities.

There are many forms of municipal enterprise in Bradford; but this summary will be confined to commenting upon the fiscal features of the problem suggested. The success of the Bradford trolley system is another triumph for the middle class business man. Since the days when he followed Cobden and Bright, his position has been one of increasing influence in the civic affairs of the kingdom. During the course of the past decade the business men of Bradford decided that the public ownership of the trolleys was a feasible proposition. This type of business man, embodying the essence of conservatism, is slow to reach conclusions, but when once the result is clear in his mind the effort to reach the desired goal is persistent. There were no traitors in camp when it was decided to operate the tramways; the officials joined the citizens in presenting a determined front to the private corporation. What was the result? Without undue haggling a reasonable price was paid for the private lines, and the possession of that smaller company enabled the public officials to use it as a nucleus for a larger and more serviceable transportation system.

The writer was privileged to discuss the salient features of this public system with General Manager C. J. Spencer, a man who holds the position because of his personal merits, an official who has no local politics except that of successfully operating the road, and a business man who recognizes no business friends except those willing to give decent service for fair pay. Under this efficient public management the Bradford trolley lines have been extended to fifty-five miles. When it is remembered that the highly successful system in Glasgow has but seventy miles of road, and that the city has five times the population of Bradford, the excellence of the latter's conveniences will be appreciated.

There is a prevalent impression that the creation of a municipal trolley system involves a large expenditure of the people's money, resulting in high taxes and the consequent discouragement of local industry. That is not true of British cities generally, much less of Bradford. The fiscal method employed obviates the necessity of levying taxes for such purposes. That people will patronize a public trolley system as a matter of necessity is recognized; and as an income is thereby assured, bondholders are willing to advance money for constructive purposes. Parliament empowered the Bradford town council to make provision for a sinking fund, and upon that basis the city may borrow $6,000,000 for trolley purposes. Already $4,285,000 have been expended, leaving $1,065,000, together with the accruing profits, for further extensions. During the last fiscal year this investment yielded a traffic revenue of $1,115,000. The operative expenses were practically $795,000 in the course of that period. Out of the remaining sum $145,000 were devoted to paying interest on the capital invested and rent for the lease of lines controlled in adjacent communities. There were devoted to the repayment of mortgage loans and as a contribution to the sinking fund, $125,000; while a net balance approximating $75,000 was transferred to the so-called renewal or reserve fund.

Nor must the reader infer that this has been an exceptional year. It is true that without levying a dollar in taxes, the income from the system has paid the working expenses, provided for the interest, mortgage and sinking funds, in addition to affording a surplus; but that this happy financial condition is not unusual is evidenced by the fact that today the Bradford system has a sinking fund of $695,000; notwithstanding the application of $435,000 in reducing the bonded indebtedness. And there is in the reserve, or renewal, fund a sum in excess of $200,000. Is this not a sufficient answer to the intimations circulated in this country that English public ownership is a business failure?

But considering the situation from a larger point of view, money-making is not the sustaining factor in British public ownership progress. "It is not their idea to make, or lose, any money," remarked a United States consul to the writer, "so much as it is to afford efficient service at reasonable rates." That is the keynote of Manager Spencer's policy, and in that he can meet expenses, pay fair wages, allow low fares and good service, he is satisfied.

In making comparisons of the service, there must be some predetermined standard. There are American newspaper correspondents who journey through the British Isles seeking to compare the private lines of the United States with the public systems of the kingdom to the discredit of the latter. The writer insists that such is not a fair or logical method. The true basis of comparison is between the public and private lines of Britain, wherein the conditions and the inclinations of the people are alike. To declare that the English cars do not move so rapidly as the private systems of America is of little avail as an argument in view of the positive English refusal to adopt our speedy pace in life. To point out that the cars are smaller on the public systems than in the United States is rather futile when it is remembered

that no one is allowed to stand. The two patent facts are that the cars on the public systems of England move as rapidly and are as large as on the few remaining private roads which may be found in the more southerly portion of England. Measured by this standard the writer has no hesitation in affirming that the public system of Bradford is superior from the point of view of service, wages and fares to a private road in an English community of similar population.

Added to this is the fact that Bradford is gradually acquiring a revenue-yielding, tax-reducing property without levying a dollar in taxation. The cars of Bradford are the conventional double-decked conveyance, so noticeable in English cities. The city is divided into what are designated as "stages," a "stage" implying a ride of two miles between two objective points, for one cent in our money. The passenger makes known his destination to the conductor and is given a punched ticket. There may be those who deem this cumbersome; but the writer found it preferable to the repellent shout of the American conductor, "Fares, please!" and the second harsher warning, "Get your fares ready!" Until eight o'clock in the morning a workingman may ride to any part of the city for two cents. Statistics show that the distance traveled under that arrangement averages four and one-fifth miles. Transfers are not given, but the system is so constructed with reference to the main thoroughfares that one fare usually takes a passenger to his destination. There were 47,000,000 passengers carried, and the majority of these paid merely the one-cent fare. Dividing the total number of passengers by the population, it will be seen that the low fares induced every person in the city to travel on the road 135 times on an average during the last fiscal year. Manager Spencer explained that the one-cent fare was primarily established because the use of that unit of value appealed to the popular mind, and as the low fare enabled everybody to ride, the financial success of the system was early assured. Of course, proportionately larger fares are charged for each succeeding two-mile stage; but as a ride of two miles in any modern city usually covers the desired ground, the fact is patent that a one-cent fare is the essential charge for transportation in Bradford.

Precisely as municipal ownership has grown in popular favor, to that extent have vested interests sought to arouse the antipathy of varying classes of citizens. A late Democratic candidate for governor of New York is concerned in an effort to persuade the working classes that low wages and unsteady jobs have followed every development of municipal ownership. This, in turn, directs attention to the rate of wages and method of employment in Bradford. In reply, another fact is presented which belies the statement of the Democratic politician. Pull cannot land a job on the Bradford system —the counter requisite for a position being the ability upon the part of the applicant to meet the uniform tests applied to every man by the general manager. As a matter of fact, an ordinance of the city provides that no official can request the general manager to place an individual in the trolley service, and it is further ordained that should any applicant appear with the indorsement of a member of the town council, that person shall forever be considered "impossible" in connection with a job on the road. Having been selected because of their ability to manage a car, Manager Spencer exercises a strict supervision over the men. They realize that only merit obtained, and that only increasing efficiency will retain, their jobs.

The manager showed the writer a sample record book, there being one for each man employed. From the time that he enters the service, every complaint or discredit mark is recorded in the book relating to the particular man employed. Thus at a glance the manager can trace the career of a man

from the day of his appointment until the hour when he appears to explain his dereliction of duty. If an employee is sober, industrious and his record free from complaints, he is given a bonus every thirty days. The bonus is one-half a cent an hour for every hour worked during the thirty-day period, free from complaints. This has been a decided stimulus to the men, and, in addition, they are paid what is considered a good wage in England. Motormen receive twelve cents an hour at the time of appointment, and after eighteen months of efficient service their pay is increased to fourteen cents an hour. Singular as it may seem, the conductors receive ten cents an hour when selected and thirteen cents after a year and a half of service. Efficiency is rewarded by promotion, and the pay of men who are appointed traffic inspectors is $9 a week. Considering the standard of living in England and the purchasing power of money and comparing this scale with the rate of wages given in the Blue Book as applicable to other trades, it will be seen that these wages are as high as those in many other lines of enterprise, if not higher.

Considered from the standpoint of efficient and adequate service; measured by its power to earn a goodly profit; compared with the fares charged on private roads; coupled with the payment of good wages and the meeting of every obligation without taxation, who can question the success of municipal transit in Bradford?

The Return

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

I STAYED 'way up to Rabun Gap till I got sick and blue,
A-longin' an' a-hongerin' fer a single glimpse er Sue.

Thar hain't a change of enny kind as fur as I kin see;
Hit mout hev been but yistiddy I lef' fer Rabun G.

Thar lies the path across the fields among the co'n an' dew
That I uster walk to meetin' in the summer-time with Sue.

An' 'way down in the bottom-piece, whar the ole run uster flow,
Thar is some'un strippin' fodder, either Little Tim or Joe.

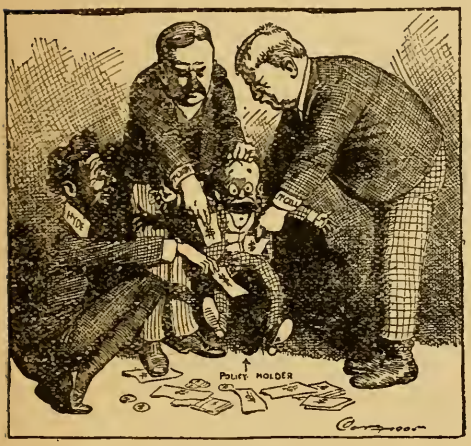
I kin hear er hunter blow his ho'n; I guess it's Shadrack Jones
Er-huntin' of the 'possum with that brindle pup he owns.

Er sort o' dronin' fragrance fills the loaded orchard trees,
Whar the winesaps an' the golden pipe air bored by hongry bees.

And yonder air the martin-gourds an' the chickens roosting high,
Although it's sca'cely candlelight an' the red is in the sky.

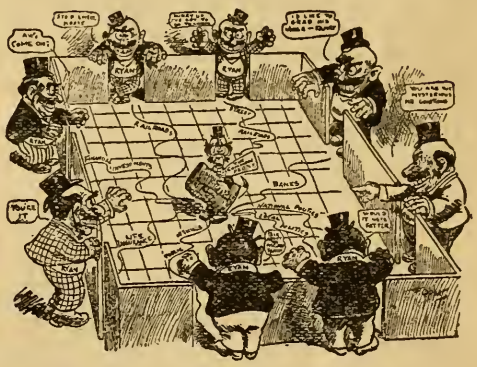
Lord, if my wicked heels must dance, my heart sings halleloo;
A minit mo' I'll reach the do', an' love, an' light, an' Sue!

The New Tandem in the International Game
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune



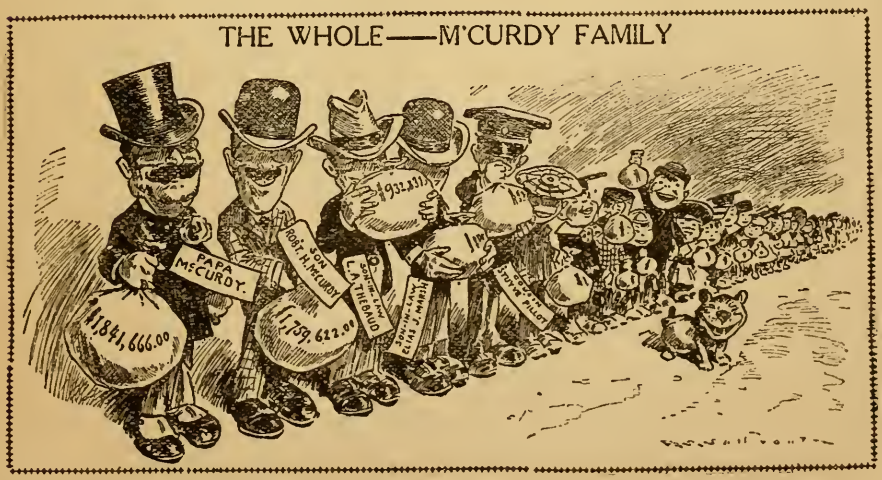
Mutuality
Cory, in N. Y. World

NEW PUZZLE—THE MAZE OF GRAFT



How Can the Man in the Middle Get Out Alive?
(Patent Applied for by Murphy, McCarren, Cram and McClellan)
F. Opper, in N. Y. American

THE WHOLE——M'CURDY FAMILY



T. S. Sullivant, in N. Y. American

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 19, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: I am a constant reader of your splendid Magazine, and in the Department of Education of the September issue I strike, among your answers, your brilliant opinion in regard to the question of essential education for young men devoting themselves to the study of law.

Being personally interested in the subject and fully sharing your valuable opinion on the same, I would be very grateful to you if you could advise me in the matter as to what you consider the best material for the purpose of obtaining a thorough knowledge of English history and English institutions.

Hoping that the seeds you are sowing will bring, in the near future, the desired results,

I remain, sincerely yours,

——— ———.

ANSWER

Read Knight's "History of England," Aubrey's "History of the English People," Macaulay's "History of England." Dickens's "Child's History of England" is a most excellent work and it is one of the few histories which are in sympathy with the common people.

Read also Hallam's "Constitutional History," Tapp's "Anglo-Saxon Institutions," Lefevre's "Agrarian Tenures," McCarthy's "Epochs of Reform."

HUNTINGTON, W. VA., August 22, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly explain, through the Educational Department of your Magazine, your understanding of what is usually known as "Gresham's Law"; *i. e.*, that when two metals circulate as legal tender, the cheaper will drive out the dearer metal?

Yours very truly,

——— ———.

ANSWER

By Gresham's Law is meant the action of a cheap coin or currency in driving out a dearer one.

Example: If the amount of silver in a silver dollar has a market value which is greater than the amount of gold in a gold dollar, the silver dollars cease to circulate. They are melted and sold. This very thing happened in our own country.

On the other hand, when the amount of silver in a silver dollar is worth less on the market than the amount of gold in a gold dollar it pays the financiers to melt the gold and use it as *metal* rather than use it as *money*.

Thus the cheap silver continues to circulate as money, which is the best use it can be put to by the money-changers, while gold ceases to circulate as money for the reason that its owners can get more for it by putting it to a different use.

When Sir Thomas Gresham first announced this "Gresham Law" (Queen Elizabeth's time) he was referring to the effect which a debasement of either gold or silver would have.

Kings and queens had a great way of adding to the *quantity* of the money by lowering its *quality*. That is, more base metal and less pure silver and gold would be used than at the previous coinage.

Sir Thomas Gresham declared that in such cases the cheaper coins drove out the dearer ones.

The reader already understands why.

WRIGHT, GA., September 2, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR: I am a reader of your Magazine, and to say that I like it is but a mild expression of what I feel. Please answer the following questions in your Educational Department. Where can I get a book of Confederate songs, such as those quoted in your "Bethany"? Where can I get Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnson's stories? I would also like to know where I can get your "Thomas Jefferson." I do not refer to your "Life and Times of Jefferson," but to your earlier work on the same subject.

Speaking of books, in introducing the Educational Department of your Magazine you said you would tell where books could be bought the cheapest. Such information would but add to the debt of gratitude which I owe you, in common with all who are interested in our country's welfare.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Very truly yours,

——— ———.

ANSWER

The book of Confederate war songs referred to is out of print, and can be picked up only in the old book stores.

If you will write to F. E. Grant, No. 23 West Forty-second Street, New York City,

he will send you any one of the works of Richard Malcolm Johnson, or of any other author, living or dead.

You can get the "Jefferson" from Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

Your last question was answered in our August issue.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR: I suppose you will agree with me that the tariff and trusts and banks are the great foes of our Republic, but will you please add *insurance companies?*

The assets of the three leading companies are three and one-quarter billions of dollars. These billions, gathered for the most part from small holders of money through appeal to the noblest instincts of human nature, are manipulated by the "trusts"—in fact, help wonderfully to create and maintain them. It's easy money for Wall Street. You must realize that these same policy-holders would scarcely subscribe for wildcat stock, and yet the poor man's premium ricochets from the insurance counter to the "Captain of Industry's" paunch instantly and unerringly. What manner of stock advertising would bring so much money as comes this way of insurance? The despots of gold must chuckle over the situation. Much is written on the insurance tangle, but nothing, to my knowledge, upon the grand motif as I outline it.

If you think my point good, I would be most grateful if you would expand it in your masterly style in the next issue of your Magazine.

A friend of truth and a sincere well-wisher of yourself.

ANSWER

I agree with the correspondent that our present system of life insurance, as exemplified by the Big Three of New York, constitutes a national danger.

This colossal concentration of money in New York City, this partnership between insurance and speculation, the use of premiums to debauch legislation, the robbery of the policy-holder by the taking of his money under the form of loans, legal expenses and salaries, the bookkeeping which hides more than it shows, the false returns made under oath, the contributions to campaign funds and the perjuries committed to throw investigation off the track, the double capacity in which insurance officers act in the interest of Wall Street money-grabbers, the system of wheels within wheels that is kept running for the benefit of those who prey upon the money of the policy-holder—all these things which have been confessed in open court by the criminals, are sufficient to convince any citizen that our present system of life insurance is one of the most gigantic species of robbery ever planned, perfected and put in successful practice.

A system of Government annuities would be a complete remedy for the evil.

Some timid persons might cry out that this would be socialistic, but that wouldn't bother me much. The public school system is socialistic, yet the civilized world is committed to it.

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COL.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR. I am a regular reader of your Magazine since its publication, and I see that you make mention of "Railroad Rebates," "Municipal Ownership" and "Public Utilities" in your editorials and correspondence published in the journal. I would like to know the true meaning of these terms and their application.

ANSWER

Railroad Rebate.—A secret agreement between favored shippers and the transportation company that a part of the freight regularly charged shall be *refunded* to the shipper. In other words, a rebate is a special cut rate. Its effect is to knock out the rival shipper, who has to pay full rates.

Municipal Ownership.—An incorporated town or city reserves to itself those franchises and other municipal functions and properties which pertain to the town. Just as the town owns its streets and sidewalks, it decides to own its street-car franchises, light and water service, telephone and telegraph lines. Instead of selling itself out to a *private* corporation, the town, which is a *public* corporation, resolves to do its own work, use its own property and exert its own sovereign powers for its own benefit.

Ownership by the town, therefore, is called Municipal Ownership, to distinguish it from private ownership.

Public Utilities.—The meaning is best explained by examples, such as telegraphs, telephones, the post-office, the streets, the sidewalks, navigable rivers, bays, harbors, etc. The distinction to be drawn is that between private and public.

Those things which the public generally could and should use upon equal terms are public utilities; those which could not and should not be so used are private utilities.

Thus the town pump is a public utility; the cistern or well in your backyard is a private utility. The lamp in your bedroom is a private utility; the street lights are a public utility. Your carriage or buggy or bicycle is a private utility; the car on the elevated, the subway or the surface line is a public utility.

WEST DULUTH, MINN.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR· Would be pleased to have you send me your book entitled "National Documents," as I find in reading your Magazine you are a man who gives stern facts.

Now, friend, would you please answer personally two questions? They are as follows What did Mr. Bryan mean when he said, "Will put silver on par with gold"? What is the present

ratio of silver and gold, and what was the demonetizing of silver?

If you will kindly answer these questions, you will favor me greatly.

——— ———.

ANSWER

The Government publishes "Public Documents" upon a variety of subjects, and they are useful for reference. Please write to the Member of Congress from your district, and tell him what *subject* you have in mind. If the Government has published anything bearing upon that subject, your Congressman can get you the book, if he tries. If he refuses to try, send me his name and I will help you turn his hair gray.

When Mr. Bryan spoke of silver and gold being put on par, he meant, I suppose, that if the law ceased to discriminate against silver it would recover its former station and would be on par with gold at the legal ratio of sixteen to one.

The commercial ratio is less, being about thirty-three to one.

By the demonetization of silver was meant the dropping of the standard silver dollar from the Coinage Act of 1873. It ceased to be one of the *money* coins—that is, it was *de*-monetized. The final result of this Act of 1873 has been to put our currency on *a gold basis* instead of *a gold and silver basis.*

To do this the Constitution had to be set aside, the legislation of a hundred years had to be reversed and the uniform practice of the Government from its foundation had to be changed.

How many millions of dollars were used as bribe money to bring about this revolution in our financial system God only knows.

The *effect* is that whenever Wall Street makes up its mind to compel another issue of bonds it can do so by rigging up the "endless chain" contrivance which was used to get bonds from President Cleveland.

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SECTION, ALA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson

DEAR SIR· I have a political problem that I thought I would hand out for somebody to work at. In 1869 I sold a bale of cotton. It brought $175 greenbacks. This year it took about five bales to bring that many dollars of national bank money. Now, which way has the purchasing power gone and why has it gone?

——— ———.

ANSWER

The purchasing power of the *cotton* has gone down—that is, it requires a greater amount of cotton to purchase $175 than it did in 1869.

Why has it gone down?

Because, when your cotton goes into the market now to buy money, there is less money *per capita* in circulation than in 1869; whereas, there is a greater amount of cotton.

Both causes operate to raise the price of money and to lower the price of cotton.

PONCHATOULA, LA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR Some time ago I asked the question of your Educational Department that if Congress has the right to create money and give it value, was it ever necessary for the United States to borrow a cent of money? Seems you have taken no notice of it. Yet it seems to me to be a very important item to notice, the very essence of Populism.

——— ———.

ANSWER

It never was necessary for the United States to borrow any money. The financial principles of Populism have been discussed by me and by others in the Magazine several times.

———

VALENTINE, NEB.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR: In your September Magazine Hon. Samuel Seabury, on Municipal Ownership in New York, says: "Socialism violates the right of private property." Would he please explain fully where and how it does? And, Mr. Watson, I am a regular reader of your Magazine, and I cannot see where there is any material difference between the Populist doctrines as you state them and the Socialist as they state them. What does it matter about the name, if it is right? Why do you and Mr. Bryan hold out for Populism, when both of the parties are *of the laboring man, for the laboring man and with all the laboring men in the United States?* Why is it that you and Mr. Bryan do not join the Socialist Party and make the coming party? You both (meaning parties) are on the right road and will win in the end. But you both will stick to the Populist name. Could you both help in the coming election in 1908 to mold the platform to suit you both and the Socialists? I think you would have the strongest party in existence. Your answer in the December number will be greatly appreciated.

——— ———.

ANSWER

I hope Judge Seabury will not deny your request.

As to your other questions, won't you *please* make Bryan answer first, just this once?

———

COLORADO, TEX.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR: As one of your regular readers, I would like to know how much money there is in circulation—how much gold, silver, national bank-notes, gold and silver certificates, etc., including every possible kind. We hear much in this country about "every dollar being as good as any other dollar," which we don't believe. Another thing of much more importance we must request you to publish—the decision of the Supreme Court that Congress had the right to print full legal tender paper money. Many otherwise intelligent men stumble at the idea of law-made money being merely idol worshipers at the golden shrine. The children of Israel made a golden calf, and the said calf seems to have multiplied in this age of Mammon worship.

Yours respectfully for the greatest good to the greatest number.

——— ———.

ANSWER

According to the Government report the amount of money of every kind is $2,558,279,984.

Under our single gold standard it is not true that "every dollar is as good as every other dollar."

Had this been the object, silver would not have been made inferior to gold as money of final redemption, nor would paper dollars have been made so.

The Supreme Court decision referred to was made in the case of Juilliard *vs.* Greeman, in the year 1884.

The opinion of the Court was delivered by Justice Gray and has never been reversed.

So much of it as is necessary to a full understanding of the principle decided I now quote:

"Juilliard *vs.* Greeman, 1884. . . . Congress as the legislative of a sovereign nation, being expressly empowered by the Constitution to levy and collect taxes, to pay debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States and to coin money and to regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and being clearly authorized to coin as incidental to the exercise of those great powers, to emit bills of credit, to charter National Banks and to provide a national currency for the whole people in the form of coin, Treasury notes and national bank bills, and the power to make notes of the Government a legal tender in payment of private debts, being one of the powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations and not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution, we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that upon Treasury notes of the United States the quality of being legal tender in the payment of private debts is an appropriate means conducive and plainly adapted to execution of the undoubted power of Congress consistent with the letter and spirit of the Constitution; therefore, within the meaning of that instrument necessary and proper for carrying into execution the powers vested by this Constitution of the Government of the United States. Such being our conclusion in the matter of law, the question whether at any time in war or peace the exigency is such that by reason of unusual and pressing demands on the resources of the Government or the inadequacy of the supply of gold and silver coin to furnish the currency needed for uses of the Government and of the people, that it is as a matter of fact wise and expedient to resort to this means is a political question to be determined by Congress when a question of exigency arises, and not a judicial question to be afterward passed upon by the courts. It follows that the Act of May 31, 1878, is constitutional and valid, and that the Circuit Court rightly held that a tender in Treasury notes reissued and kept in circulation under that act was a tender of lawful money in payment of the defendant's debt to plaintiff."

The judgment of the Circuit Court is affirmed. Opinion by Justice Gray, Justice Field dissenting.

DENVER, COL., September 22, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR. I have tried to find something on postal savings banks for several weeks, and, having failed, I was told by one of your admirers to address my request to you for something pat on that subject, you having been the father of the proposition when a member of Congress. Please do this at your earliest convenience and oblige,

Yours very respectfully,

——— ———.

ANSWER

In 1861 Mr. Gladstone succeeded in establishing postal savings banks in England. In 1865 England's example was followed by Belgium and New Zealand.

In 1875 Italy did likewise, and then France in 1881, Austria in 1883, Sweden in 1884, Holland and Hungary in 1886.

Even benighted Russia adopted postal savings banks in 1889; and at the present time the United States is almost the only country in the civilized world which has not established the beneficent system.

The advantages of a postal savings bank are:

(1) Safety and secrecy in the deposits of small savings.

(2) Governmental guarantee of both interest and principal.

(3) The small depositor who lives in the country districts has at his nearest post-office a bank where he can safely, secretly and profitably hoard his little savings from week to week.

(4) The system enables and encourages even the children to bank their pennies and thus acquire early the habit of thrift and investment.

(5) A depositor can deposit his money at one post-office and draw it out at any other. To the workman or traveler, or to people changing about from place to place, this is a great convenience.

(6) The Government has the use of the accumulated savings of the people, and thus does not have to borrow money on bonds or to increase the revenues by taxation.

(7) Postal savings banks tend to equalize wealth by increasing the funds of the poorer classes while depriving the capitalists of one of their main sources of profit.

The fact that the United States are so far behind the balance of the world in the matter of postal savings banks is an additional proof of the control which wealth has over "the best Government the world ever saw."

We are not allowed to have a parcels post because it would put an end to the extortions of the express companies. We are not allowed to have postal savings banks

because they would put an end to the monopoly of usury enjoyed by private banks. We are not allowed to own our public highways because that would end the reign of the Wall Street railway king.

The newspapers are muzzled, the politicians silenced, the reformers laughed out of court, and *corporate wealth* permitted to exploit a great people as it is permitted nowhere else on earth.

SUCHES, GA., September 29, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Where can I get the speeches of Henry W. Grady?

It appears from your article in the August number of your Magazine that you have very little faith in life insurance as a safe investment. I would like to carry an insurance policy, if there is anything safe about it; and if not, I have no money to waste. Please let me have your opinion through the Educational Department. I admire your editorials *very much*.

Respectfully,

_____ _____.

ANSWER

"The Life and Speeches of Henry W. Grady," edited by Joel Chandler Harris, was published by Cassell & Co., of New York, soon after Mr. Grady's death.

The book appears now and then in the catalogues of second-hand book dealers, and it is probable that any dealer can get it for you.

As to life insurance, I can only say that the man who can now take out an ordinary policy in an ordinary company at the customary price must be wonderfully eager to see a lot of metropolitan rascals spend his money.

Do *you* want to help pay a salary of $150,000 to a president who swears that he does not know what is going on in his own office and in his own family?

Are *you* able to contribute toward a fund of $4,000,000 for the McCall or McCurdy family? Are *you* willing to pile up money in New York to pay lobbyists, bribe legislators and grease the politicians of both the old parties?

Do *you* make your money so easily that you can afford to pay your share for a $12,000 rug?

There *may* be some life insurance companies that are moderate in their charges, honest in their methods, economical in their housekeeping and philanthropic in their purpose.

The first agent you meet will probably convince you that the company he represents is just such a company. If so, insure, by all means. Life insurance, *of the right kind*, is a mighty good thing.

It is like eating mushrooms. The good ones and the bad ones are hard to tell apart. If you eat the right sort you enjoy yourself. If you eat the other sort the undertaker enjoys *himself*.

CARROLLTON, GA., October 10, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

HONORABLE SIR: I hope you will please answer the following in the Educational Department of your Magazine:

What are the most noted sieges in ancient, medieval and modern times? Name of beleaguered cities or fortifications. Who were the besieged and who the besiegers; also duration of sieges?

Very respectfully,

_____ _____.

ANSWER

The siege of Troy by the Greeks is said to have lasted ten years. The city was taken, sacked and destroyed. While the story is legendary, it is considered to have had a substantial foundation of fact.

The siege of Tyre by Alexander the Great. It lasted nine months. The city was taken and subjected to barbarous treatment.

The siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. It lasted three years. The city was taken.

There have been several historic sieges of Constantinople. The city has been a coveted prize of national rivalry, and it has often changed hands.

The last great siege was conducted by a successor of Mahomet, who bore the same name and who took the city in 1453. The Turks have held it ever since.

The siege of Saragossa in Spain by the French in 1809. It lasted eight months and the city was taken. Marshal Lannes commanded the besiegers and Palafox the defenders. The Maid of Saragossa became celebrated (see Byron's "Childe Harold").

The siege of Sebastopol in 1854 by the combined armies of France and Great Britain. The Russians made a desperate defense, but the place fell after seven months.

The siege of Acre by Napoleon lasted only sixty-one days, but its failure probably changed the course of history. Napoleon himself said that Sydney Smith, the Englishman who inspired and directed the defense of the Turks, caused him to "miss his destiny." Had Acre fallen Napoleon would, in all probability, have maintained his foothold in the East. Had he done so, the consequences would have been of far-reaching importance.

Among other memorable sieges were those of Babylon by Cyrus, Syracuse by the Romans, Carthage by the Romans, Vienna by the Turks, Toulon by the French, Genoa by the Austrians, Antwerp by Alexander Farnese, Alexandria by the Saracens, Lucknow by the native troops of India, Yorktown by the Americans and French, Plevna by the Russians, Port Arthur by the Japanese. In the list should likewise be included the siege of Vicksburg by General Grant during the Civil War and the siege of Paris by the Germans in the War of 1870–71.

Paris fell after a resistance of four months. Vicksburg fell in less than two months.

SWAINSBORO, GA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR: Please answer the following question in your Educational Department:

What do you think are the best works of American humor?

——— ———.

ANSWER

"Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi," Baldwin; "Georgia Scenes," Longstreet; "Roughing It" and "Innocents Abroad," Mark Twain; Bret Harte's poems and stories; R. M. Johnson's stories; Opie Read's works are full of the richest humor; also the fugitive pieces of Josh Billings, Bill Nye and Mr. Dooley; likewise "The First Battle," by W. J. Bryan. The humor of this last is of the kind called "unconscious."

———

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: You are an advocate of Government Ownership of the railways, etc. Having read your articles on Government Ownership, I find that you view only one side of the subject.

Is it not reasonable to think that if the Government did own and operate the railroads, that negroes would be appointed to such positions as conductors, station agents, etc.?

These appointments, you know, would be an offense to the South and would no more be tolerated than would a negro postmaster in the State of Mississippi. No, indeed, who of the South would stand by and see a black son of the land of Ham assist any lady to the steps of a railroad car? Mr. Watson, you will greatly oblige me by explaining how the negro could be kept out of white positions in the South on railroads when Government ownership comes to pass.

With best wishes,

I am,

——— ———.

ANSWER

The foregoing letter from Mississippi reveals the state of mind into which the Hon. John Sharp Williams has thrown his constituents.

It will be recalled that the Hon. John Sharp predicted that Government Ownership of railroads would never make headway in the South, for the reasons set forth by our correspondent.

Lest a negro conductor might be appointed by the Federal Government, it were better to let Wall Street rob us world without end in the operation of Southern railways!

At the time that the Hon. John Sharp made his speech in Congress I called attention to the fact that the Federal Government, in the operation of the railroads, would have to pay the same attention and regard to local conditions as the corporations now pay.

The same reasons which lead the Wall Street magnates to consider race feeling in the Southern states would weigh as heavily with the director who controlled the roads for the Government. Actual conditions would be recognized and common sense methods adopted. The Government would not like to see its trains boycotted or the traffic impeded by riots or other obstructions.

An attempt to override race feeling in the operation of the roads would entail disaster. The Government knows this as well as Wall Street knows it. Consequently the Government would not adopt a policy which would mean loss of traffic and bloody resistance to the attempt to enforce social equality between blacks and whites.

At this moment (October, 1905) the Republicans have gone upon record, in the Maryland platform, against negro domination and social equality. And not long ago the Federal Government adopted the rule that negro mail clerks would not be appointed in the South.

This rule was a concession to the race feeling known to exist in the Southern states.

Now, when the Government goes as far as that in the postal service, we may be sure that Uncle Sam is not going to appoint negro conductors to "assist a white lady to the steps of a railroad car."

If Uncle Sam should become so reckless about exposing negro men to the danger of sudden death, you may be sure that the negro men will know better than to run such risks. There can never be, under any circumstances, a more insolent lot of negroes (to the average passenger) than the dusky monarchs who now rule the Pullman cars; but even these pampered tyrants know better than to cross the dead line which we draw about our women.

———

ASHBURN, GA., September 28, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR: There are a great many gold and silver Democrats in this section of the country that claim there never have been any Greenbacks destroyed by fire or any other way by the Government. I wish you would state in your paper the amounts and dates as near as possible, if not too much trouble.

Very truly,

——— ———.

ANSWER

As to the details of the destruction of the Greenbacks, Mr. M—— is respectfully referred to Watson's "Campaign Book," where he can get the information desired.

The only way that Mr. M—— can argue the question with any hope of convincing the average Democrat is by using the Government reports.

If he will turn to page 22 of the United States Statistical Abstract for 1886, he will see that state bank-notes, demand notes, one and two-year notes, compound interest notes, national bank-notes, legal tender notes (Greenbacks), legal tender certificates, silver certificates and gold certificates are given

in the official table as parts of the currency then in circulation.

If he will then turn to page 36 of the United States Statistical Abstract for 1895, he will find a statement of the money in circulation in 1895.

In this latter statement no state bank-notes are mentioned. What has become of them? Can the incredulous Democrat answer?

On June 30, 1860, there were $207,000,000 of state bank-notes in circulation; on June 30, 1886, only $132,000 remained.

What had become of the others?

In 1895 not one of the state bank-notes remained. What had become of them? Where are they now? Can any Democrat tell us?

Again, in the statement for 1895, no demand notes are given. They are no longer in circulation. What has become of them?

Neither were any compound interest notes or one and two-year notes left. What has become of them?

In the statement for 1886 it was shown that in the year 1864 the Greenbacks in circulation amounted to $447,300,203.

In the table of 1895 the amount of the Greenbacks in circulation is given at $346,681,016.

What had become of the others?

These two Government reports will convince any Democrat who is convinceable. The other sort can't be reached in this world.

The state bank-notes were called in and destroyed. The best way to destroy paper is with fire; therefore the state bank-notes were burnt.

The demand notes were called in and burnt.

The one and two-year notes were called in and burnt.

The compound interest notes were burnt. The seven-thirty notes were burnt. The Greenbacks were burnt—all but $346,681,016.

These would have also been burnt had it not been for the Act of Congress (1878) which put a stop to it.

In the Treasury Building in Washington, D. C., any doubting Democrat who wishes to see can see the furnace in which retired currency is destroyed. It was built for the purpose. And in that furnace the missing paper money of this deluded people was burnt.

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA., October 14, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York City.

DEAR SIR: Will you please answer for me the following questions in the Educational Department of your Magazine?

(1) What is the best latest history of Georgia and where can it be secured?

(2) Would it be better for the welfare of Georgia or any other state of the United States if the Grand Jury were abolished?

(3) Is the record of the Reconstruction Period in Thomas Dixon's novel, "The Clansman," a true account? If not, from what book can I get the best and most thorough account of those days?

(4) Are the millions of dollars accumulated by the millionaires in circulation throughout America, and do the poor reap many benefits from the millionaire's millions?

I am, very truly yours,

———

ANSWER

(1) Chappell's.

Any bookseller will order it for you.

(2) I think not.

(3) Your opinion of Dixon's book will be worth as much as mine if you will read the following books: General Dick Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction," "Why the Solid South?" "Nojoque, a Question for a Continent," by Hinton Helper, the same author who wrote the powerful book against slavery called "The Impending Crisis."

Hinton Helper was a great man just before the Civil War, and his book, "The Impending Crisis," was used by the Abolitionists as campaign literature.

But when Helper saw what the free nigger, with the ballot in his hand, was doing for the South, the pen which had done so much against slavery was drawn against Reconstruction.

You should also have the paper which Mr. A. Caperton Braxton, of Staunton, Va., read before the State Bar Association of Virginia at its annual meeting in 1903. It is a very able production, full of historic information.

"Why the Solid South?" deals with Reconstruction. This one book will give you a better idea of the subject than any other. It was published in Baltimore in 1890 by R. H. Woodward & Co.

(4) The money of the millionaires circulates for the benefit of the millionaires mainly. When the millions of the millionaire cease to circulate to his advantage they cease to circulate at all. They are hoarded.

Of course, I know what is meant by your question. Someone has told you that the millionaires are always spending their money and that the poor get the benefit of the circulation

It should occur to such a person that the circulation is mainly to the profit of the millionaires when the statistics show that as millionaires increase paupers increase.

HOLLY SPRINGS, ARK., September 10, 1905.

Mr Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR: (1) If I study law at home, what books had I better begin with? Do you think it would be well to begin studying law at home?

(2) Do you think the farmers can gain anything by raising prices on produce unless they control prices on the goods they buy?

(3) Do you think the farmers can buy and sell directly to and from the factories unless the *Government owns the railroads?*

———

ANSWER

(1) Begin with Blackstone.

You can study at home as well as you can at any other place, but you should consult some lawyer now and then, who will examine you on what you have read, and who will explain the mysteries as you go along.

(2) Yes. If the farmers can control the price of cotton they gain a great deal, even though they do not control the price of the goods they buy.

At present the farmer does not price what he sells or what he buys. If he should succeed in controlling the price of what he sells he will, at least, have got hold of one end of the rope.

It will aid the farmers very materially in buying the goods they need if they show that they can control the price of what they sell.

Trade and traffic will then have some mutuality about it. At present it is a one-sided affair, so far as the farmer is concerned.

He takes what he can get when he sells, and he pays what the other fellow asks when he buys.

(3) Yes. The railroads have nothing to do with the case excepting in the matter of freight rates.

Railroads are common carriers. They can be made to furnish cars and haul freight whether they want to or not. They cannot keep the farmers from selling directly to the factories, if the factories want to buy in that way.

YONKERS, N. Y., October 6, 1905.

Editor TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: I herewith submit the following questions, which I trust you will find of sufficient general interest and importance to warrant an answer through the columns of your incomparable Magazine·

(1) Kindly define the motto of your Magazine. Does it imply equal opportunities of justice by making judicial trials free of charge? Education in all its branches, etc.?

(2) Was the free-trade policy of Cleveland's second administration the cause of the hard times that followed? If not, what was?

(3) What is implied by classical and liberal educations?

Thanking you in advance, I remain your loyal supporter,

ANSWER

(1) Our motto, "*Equal rights to all and special privileges to none*," simply means that the laws, the officials and the Government, in its conduct of public affairs, should treat all alike.

The Government should not have favorites.

Where there are burdens to be borne no class should be exempt. Where there are taxes to be raised, no class should be relieved of paying its share. The Government is the agent of all, and should deal fairly by all. No one man or class of men should be able to secure advantages over other men or other classes.

The word *Rights* must be taken as having reference to our present system of government.

The absolute *Rights* of a citizen under our system are (1) the right of personal security, (2) of personal liberty, and (3) of the acquirement and enjoyment of property.

The relative *Rights* of a citizen are those which belong to him in his relations to the state and to other citizens.

Now, the motto of *Equal Rights to all* simply means that there should be equality among all citizens in the enjoyment of those absolute rights which belong to them as single individuals and of those relative rights which belong to them as members of society.

When a parent making a Will directs that his property be divided among all his children "share and share alike," he means that all shall be equal, none favored, none given more than his or her share, none given less.

In like manner, we Jeffersonians contend that the state, dealing with its citizens, should have no pets, should make no discriminations for or against individuals or classes, but should leave to all an equal share in the opportunities of life, should deny justice to none, should give to each *equal* security for person and property, *equal* liberty of person, *equal* freedom and advantage in the getting of property and the holding thereof.

By *Special Privileges to none*, we mean that the Government shall not give, either in legislation or administration, an advantage to one citizen or one class which is not enjoyed by all citizens and all classes.

Whenever the Government grants a Special Privilege, it is done at the expense of somebody. You cannot give more than an equal share to one child without leaving to the others less than an equal share.

That is plain enough when applied to a family division. Everybody can see that in proportion that you give to some children more than an equal share of the estate, you give the others less.

But few people stop to think that the same principle applies to government.

The moment you exempt some citizen or class of citizens from taxation, for instance, you have made an unequal division of the common property. The sum total of taxes for one year, we will say, is $600,000,000. Suppose you exempt certain classes of citizens whose just share of that tax would be $300,000,000. The result is that you have *given* them that much more than an equal share. And from whom do you *take* what you give to them? From those who were not exempt, and who had to make good the $300,000,000.

The Government got its six hundred millions all right enough, but got it out of the non-exempt.

This exemption from taxation we call a Special Privilege, and we condemn it.

As examples of the classes that pay no Federal tax I name the insurance companies, the express companies, the manufacturing corporations, the national bondholders, the railroads, the telegraph companies and the telephone companies.

Suppose you give to one class of citizens the right to issue promissory notes as money; suppose you pass laws which give to a certain class a monopoly of the market for *their* products; suppose you give to another class the right to tax the people as they pass along the public highway—in each case there is a Special Privilege, and we condemn it.

We contend that *all the people*, acting through the Government, should issue the money, and that to allow only one class to do it is a tremendous advantage to the national banks and a tremendous disadvantage to all other classes.

We contend that all the people should stand on an equal footing in the markets, and that Protective laws should not be passed to enrich the manufacturer at the expense of the farmer and mechanic.

We contend that the public roads should be owned and controlled by all the people, and that every citizen, high or low, rich or poor, should have equal rights on these public roads.

* * * * * *

The foregoing explanation and illustrations will be sufficient to show what we mean by the motto of "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

The thought is the same as that which Walt Whitman, the Poet of the People, put into the lines:

> I speak the password primeval, I give the sign of democracy.
> By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

(2) The Free-Trade policy of Cleveland's second administration could not have been the cause of hard times, for the reason that Cleveland's second administration did not have any Free-Trade policy.

The Tariff law of Cleveland's second administration was a Protective measure which fed the Trusts and oppressed the common people. Some of its schedules were simply infamous. It removed part of the burden from some of the luxuries of the rich and increased the burden on some of the necessaries of the poor.

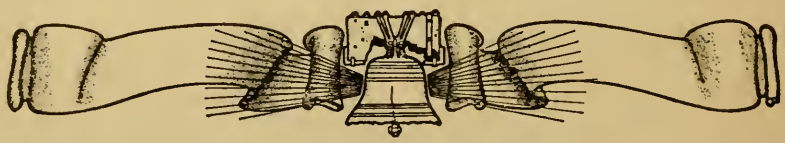
The Panic of 1893, to which Mr. Campbell probably alludes, was manufactured by the bankers, who wanted to force Congress to stop the coinage of silver.

They said, and Cleveland said, it was an "object-lesson."

So it was. It demonstrated the power of the banks and the pusillanimous weakness of the Government.

(3) By Classical Education is meant, usually, a knowledge of Latin and Greek.

By Liberal Education is meant a general course in literature and the sciences. Sometimes the term is applied so as to mean a college education.

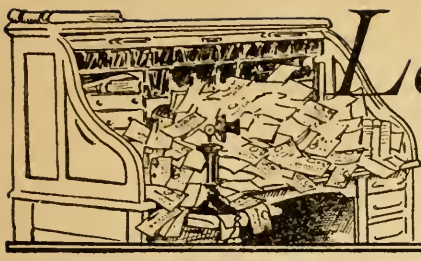


Just a Common Little Boy

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

JUST a common little boy!
Like to other boys, mayhap;
Comes and cuddles at the sleep-hour,
In my lap.

Yet I own, with arms around him,
All the wealth of mother-joys;
Like to mothers of all common
Little boys.



Letters From The People

OUR readers are requested to be as brief as possible in their welcome letters to the MAGAZINE, as the great number of communications daily received makes it impossible to publish all of them or even to use more than extracts from many that are printed. Every effort, however, will be made to give the people all possible space for a direct voice in the MAGAZINE, and this Department is freely open to them.

A. H. Gray, Faceville, Ga.

I beg to inclose two editorials clipped from the Atlanta *Daily News*, the first of September 12, and the last of September 21, which I would like for you to publish in your Magazine and analyze and comment on in your clear and incisive way, as I would like every Populist in Georgia to see your reply to them in case you care to do so.

Editor Graves, I think, should have the good will of every Populist for his fair treatment of us, but we must keep in mind that the sentiment of Mr. Graves is not representative of the Democratic Party by a long shot.

I want to say a word of praise for your Magazine and the good work it is doing toward educating the people toward reform measures. It is just the best thing that has ever been published in the way of political literature, and the information it contains in every issue is simply invaluable in squelching the plutocratic element. I am a young man, just past voting age, and am anxious to become posted on the vital political questions which are upon us, and to me the Magazine is a veritable gold mine, as it gives information which to obtain otherwise would involve a lengthy course of reading.

G. W. Rice, St. Amant, La.

When I can be of service to the cause of Populism, command me. I hope and believe your efforts will result in the enlightenment of the party-blind and creed-cursed.

T. A. Calhoun, Mansfield, La.

Your work in behalf of your country will live as long as right and truth. The best people of the Republic will be with you. And right and truth will succeed.

Tom H. Hardy, Ventura, Cal.

Have read your most valued Magazine since its first publication and like it more every copy I read. I like it because I do not always agree with you. We only learn from those who disagree with us. So many express the wish that you will be honored with the highest office in the gift of the people. I feel you are doing more where you are than anywhere else, and I know you are doing a great work here in California. May God bless you with many years, filled with His wisdom, that you may keep up the great work.

G. W. Ranck, London, Wash.

I have been reading your interesting Magazine for some time. It is well worth the money. I will agree with you in principle, but not in party politics, because we have no party of any kind at present. It is all graft. There is no Republicanism, except in a few rural districts. Our government, both national and state, has become a consolidated Socialistic democracy, or trust, a community of interests for the sole purpose of graft. I have been deep in politics and learned its criminality. If my testimony was enough to convict I could convict the great majority of office-holders of the present. I have seen them steal from state and nation, bribe both right and left, been with them and handled their money. As you say, the Department of the Interior is the rottenest and most corrupt of anything extant. They have not only smuggled and grafted away millions of acres of the best timber lands in the world, worth millions and millions of money, but the well-known Union Pacific graft is as nothing in comparison to that of the Northern Pacific, where they hire hundreds of men to make bogus filings. Then after cutting off the timber, the department has issued scrip to them in lieu of the logged-off land, for which to purchase other timber lands. I have always been a Republican and voted so, but if the good Lord will forgive me, I will not do it again until there is some republicanism in our government and our Department

of the Interior is stopped from using the Pension Bureau for a political whip to gain votes.

If these statements are challenged, I am ready to go before a public court and testify to the truth of facts and give record and letters.

In my estimation, Wm. R. Hearst is the only real Republican, besides Tom Watson, before the people. I am not a writer, but I can be a detective and do not accuse poor people of anarchy and murder of governors and presidents when rich politicians hide such deeds and the department uses force to keep bona fide settlers off the land and hold same for the great Northern R. R. hirelings to pile on.

Any question within my knowledge you are welcome to.

W. C. Starkey, Steele City, Neb.

That you are an honest, brave and true man is proven in your record. Always you are found standing for a principle you believe to be right and you battle manfully. Still, dear Tom, while your life period is shortening and behind you are years of faithful effort, it does seem like talent wasted.

One would think by the sounds we hear that the voice of Tom Watson is being wafted to the ear of the common people and that they are aroused, but to me it is as sounding brass. It is only an effort to quiet the sheep while the shearing goes on. It was done in the days of the Greenback party. It has been done in an interstate railroad commission, and it is now being done in the trust and anti-pass howl raised by the very parties that have called us calamity howlers on these questions.

I would not discourage you, Tom, but it's my sincere opinion gathered here at home in Nebraska, where every party is trying to outdo the other in the very face of the fact that every good act passed by a Populist administration has either been repealed or so badly disfigured that its maker is ashamed of it, and yet we see candidates for supreme judge taken because of their fidelity to their party, and the fool Pop joins in.

Possibly, Tom, I take a gloomy view. Your Magazine is grand. It couldn't be otherwise.

Laura J. Langston, Paonia, Col.

I have read your Magazine and can unhesitatingly pronounce it the best of any of the political magazines that have come my way. I wish you every success in your worthy venture.

Alvin M. Shaw, East Longmeadow, Mass.

I like the Magazine very much. I admire Tom Watson's courage and am in hearty sympathy with his principles. I am a Populist and believe in Populist principles. I worked hard to help get Watson electors on the ticket here in Massachusetts last election. I hope to see Populist principles triumph. I shall continue to take the Magazine.

W. S. Stanley, Loganville, Ga.

I do not think the Magazine could be better from what it is now. I think it is the best magazine in the way of reading matter I ever read. I am not now of age, but will be in 1908, by the next presidential election, and shall certainly vote for Hon. Thomas E. Watson. I wish that the People's Party would put out a candidate for the governorship of Georgia. Hoke Smith is the Democratic candidate for Governor. He is standing on a portion of the Populist platform.

Ever rest assured that I am a supporter of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, and shall continue to be.

John Cox, Guntown, Miss.

As to my being a Populist, I have been one for about twenty years, and hope to God I will live to see you president of the nation.

S. P. Barber, Globe, Ariz.

Some time ago I got a sample copy of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE. I was delighted with it.

The stories are splendid. "To Roosevelt" is magnificent. "Populism" is a failure. C. Q. De France is too slow for this age. When a man misrepresents his neighbors, as he did the Socialists, he ought to be barred from the columns of respectable periodicals. Will you give me space for reply to him? "The Regalia of Money" would have been pure gospel away back in the nineties, but it is too slow for today. In fact, persons who can see as clearly as you and Mr. Del Mar are trying to deceive yourselves and the people when you come out with such old black powder ammunition to fight smokeless powder, trust age people. Get in the front ranks of the battle for liberty and be among the great. *One of them.* Your "News Record" is immense for rurals like me.

F. C. Gibbs, Waterville, Minn.

I wish to say that I have and do now admire very much your pluck and energy. I have had the pleasure of reading several of your Magazines and was particularly pleased with the way one W. J. Bryan is handled. Mr. Bryan has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. To him more than to any other living man can well be attributed the fall of the People's Party. Mr. Bryan has been a much overestimated

man in many ways, and he and his kind are a terrible injury to the cause of reform.

Rufus L. Compton, Lewisburg, Tenn.

I am a subscriber to your highly esteemed Magazine and enjoy reading its bright pages very much.

I believe your Magazine is accomplishing much good in this region. You have about forty true and tried followers in this, the second district of Marshall County. I want you to know that I am a Populist from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. I have learned more about the rottenness of our government and the principles of the Populist Party by reading your Magazine than all the speeches I ever heard and all other papers I ever read. I thank God that our party is gaining ground, and I long to see the day when the reins of the government will be placed in our hands.

J. E. Reed, Collinsville, Tex.

Our gallant and heroic Tom, on the threshold of our letter permit me to congratulate you on the grandeur, beauty and logic of your editorials, from the very first to the last; for your arguments on government ownership, the tariff and finance are simply unanswerable. May you ever press forward in this great battle in behalf of reform, and your consolation shall be the admiration and applause of the toiling millions. The noble part you have taken in this great conflict is worthy of emulation. Yes, indeed, I doubt not there are hundreds, if not thousands, of young men throughout this broad land who aspire to be your equal and serve in the same capacity, and I do not hesitate or blush to proclaim that I am one of that aspiring number. Now, as I believe in that great and grand principle that all true governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed and believing that your Magazine stands for the same principle, it shall be my greatest ambition to be instrumental in its upbuilding and circulation, as it will virtually reorganize the Populist Party; but let me say if I should support either of the old parties in the face of present deplorable conditions that have been brought about through the co-operation and misrule of both the Republican and Democratic parties, I should relinquish all claim to patriotism, for by so doing I would exhibit my true colors in standing for the wrong against the right, for special rights and privileges to the few, for the oppression of the many and for the preservation of that vile system of government whose legislative and judicial branches are swayed and controlled by the lobbyist and emissaries of the gigantic trusts that are sapping the life-blood of the nation that was destined by its founders to become the beacon light to civilization. But we find the masses sleeping upon their rights, while drifting at a mighty rate toward a yawning abyss, whose craggy bottom is strewn with the wrecks of nations. And if the hand of the oppressor is not stayed, we will terminate as have scores of other nations. Yes, our dear Tom, the names of Bryan, Hearst and Folk may go down into oblivion, but the name of Watson will survive, for by your matchless courage and untiring labors you have opened up the only avenue by which the poor and oppressed may escape the vile and heavy hand of the oppressor, and I hereby appeal to the masses to rally to the support of the time-honored principles of Jeffersonian democracy, under the peerless leadership of the great and illustrious commoner and reformer of modern times. Thomas E. Watson, may you live long to voice the principles of Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln.

D. L. Braucher, Lincoln, Ill.

On reading J. C. Vallette's "Money Monopoly" in the current number of the Magazine, I was reminded of a plan I suggested some years ago through our local press, to enable the government to become the owner of the land in this country. Of course, I disclaim any sympathy with such a scheme, but it is more human than the sample now on exhibition in the exposure of our great insurance companies.

L. A. Towers, Sharon, Ga.

I think your Magazine the best work of its pages that ever was printed North or South. It is full of Gospel truth, such as cannot be disputed by any fair-minded man or woman. It is clean, clear-cut, fine language. I see it finding its way into houses where the Bible is rejected. I had the pleasure of placing it in one house of that kind myself, and I find it in others of the same faith. So you can tell the world that we think TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE is the best work ever published, because of its truthfulness and fair consideration in every particular.

In conclusion, will say, Long live Tom Watson and his entire staff, and the Magazine, too, for you are doing a royal work that can't be excelled.

W. R. Pinkston, Cornelia, Ga.

I believe TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE to be the most illuminative light of all literature, from the fact that its chief contributor, Thomas E. Watson, is a fearless, undaunted writer, and, like David of old, will pelt the Goliaths (money sharks) until they fall on their face to the earth dead. So continue to give it to 'em, Brother Tom (as I believe you will), in the spirit of the Golden Rule,

and may God bless every writer for your Magazine.

W. W. Finley, Cloverdale, Mo.

I shall do what I can in the future to extend your Magazine's circulation. Those reform magazines like TOM WATSON'S, *Everybody's*, *McClure's* and *The Arena*, which are fighting the people's battles, should be read by every true lover of his country.

John M. Rentfroe, Dixie, Ga.

You wrote and asked my opinion of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE. I will answer you according to my conscience. I read the editorials by my much loved statesman, Thomas E. Watson, with much interest. His writings published in the Magazine will wield a wonderful influence among the people, and, I hope, secure for him among the patriots of America the next presidential nomination, and also the next presidency of the United States—the patriot and grandest statesman, and I believe the biggest man in the United States, the Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

Extracts from the address of the Committee, J. J. Holloway, Chairman, of the Populist Georgia State Conference.

A study of the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, of Washington, D. C., reveals the startling fact that the gross earnings of the railways of the United States are equal to about two-thirds of the whole money stock of the country; and that the net earnings, after operating expenses are deducted, amount to more than one-fifth of the entire money volume, annually.

No wonder Tom Lawson said it was a question of a mathematical calculation as to what time in the near future ten men of the United States will virtually own the capital of the whole country unless checked.

Somebody has been voting for this state of affairs.

Somebody's party is responsible for this condition.

Somebody's newspaper has aided and abetted these corporations by withholding the truth from its readers, and by advising them to vote with and for the trusts.

Reader, are *you* guilty? Is your party guilty?

What are the two old parties doing to curb the trusts?

Let Senator Morgan, of Alabama, answer: "*Both great parties bow down in terror before combines*"—and uses the following language:

"I cannot see," declared Senator Morgan, "that there is any great difference between the lead of the Democratic and Republican parties on the question of trusts; whichever party is out of power cries out against the octopus; whichever party is in power hugs the octopus to its breast."

"*A political revolution that may sweep out of existence both of the great parties as they are now organized*" he sees among the possibilities of the future.

What a fearful arraignment of both the old parties from so able a Democrat as Senator Morgan! . . .

For near a half-century Georgia has been ruled and controlled by a party which is now Democratic in name only; the mercenaries, the representatives of the trusts and corporations, are not only members of this so-called Democratic party, but they control the party.

The Hon. Joe Hill Hall very recently declared they controlled the last nomination. "I made the discovery then that the masses of the people had no more power in the affairs of their government than did the negroes."

"*The press of the state was absolutely muzzled. . . . Every office in the state* in which the officials were expected to represent you, was parceled out entirely from the *headquarters* of the Southern Railway, and you were not consulted."

"Not only that, but the slate was made four years in advance."

Is not this a pretty record for a man to show up against a party of which he is a member today?

"*We had reached then, in our state government, the lowest degradation any free people have ever known.*" . . .

In order to beat down Tom Watson, who is admitted to be the greatest of American statesmen, even by his political opponents, the so-called Democratic press raised the negro howl to the exclusion of all other issues, and had the audacity to hold up this Hamiltonian crowd as the white man's party. . . .

Don't you think it about time for Senator Morgan's prediction to come true?

Did your own National Democratic Committeeman Gurley tell the truth last year, while advocating the nomination of Grover Cleveland, when he said, "The South would vote the Democratic ticket if a mangy yellow dog heads the ticket"?

Mr. Populist, do you want to wear this yellow-dog-party collar?

Has not the time fully come when the great common people should line up in solid phalanx against plutocracy?

Is it not time to line up with the honest reformers in the People's Party and drive the gamblers from the temple?

We assure the hundreds and thousands coming our way, who are convinced that ours is the party which has a solution of the trust question, in the doctrine of Public Ownership, that they will receive a hearty welcome. . . .

Dr. J. N. Lee, Marthaville, La.

Every American who has time to read your Magazine ought to have it. But you

will pardon me for this criticism: Notwithstanding Roosevelt's many good qualities, I look upon him as the most reckless sower of tares that has ever entered the field of American politics.

The American people seem to have been hypnotized by him through love, fear or other freak to an extent that places him beyond and above trial before the public.

It seems to me that a reform paper like yours lacks its completeness when it fails to open the eyes of the people to the mischievous tendencies of such a strong personality comprising so many weaknesses and having a pernicious tendency.

I like your political principles and would like to see you the executive of laws in accord with them, but I assure you that the first thing to be done for us is to cut away the corns of our pet octopus so as to let the American people arise from their thraldom and again be that which they have lately not been—true men.

E. S. Scheble, D.D.S., Cleburne, Tex.

You have ably hit our venerable and sour friend, Count Tolstoy, in your issue of October, 1905, on the land question. I only wonder at your mental anatomy, that enables you to so firmly plant your feet on either side of so high a picket fence as this subject is without serious results. The same protection is needed for the existence of large results, as the evolution of the home. It looks to me as though union labor is the answer to high finance, and the only real danger seems in being less ably led. However, your effort culminates in good, through education of thought. I do not concur in all your opinions, but always look to you for the defense of the under dog.

Kittie Sprague Hulse, Union, Ore.

I want to send you a story, but I should like to be sure that you will read it. I think I shall call it "A Soap-box Orator." The heroine is a female agitator. If it is not convenient for you to read it, I will not waste postage on it.

I am only a woman and a very poor one, but I have something to say and am *trying to find a place in which to express myself.*

This is the order of my political evolution. At twenty I read "Looking Backwards." Read *The New Nation* for two years. Was a Populist for ten years. (Am sorry to say that I voted for Bryan in 1900. Was living in Idaho at the time and allowed to exercise the right of suffrage.)

Became a Socialist in 1902 and expect to remain one till the cause is won. As to *Fusion* with *any* party, "I'm agin it!" When I hear that siren song, "Oh, come, all ye reformers, get together!" I just go and get the election returns of A.D. 1896 and stuff my ears with them and sit and reflect on the late fatal weddin' in Colorado!

I am not so narrow-minded, however, as to say "He that is not with us is against us." I believe that most Populists are Socialists, *theoretically.* (This includes the *leaders.*)

When I can't convert a man to Socialism, I convert him to Populism, if I can, and leave the rest to time.

My husband was a Populist member of the Idaho legislature, '98-'99, and is a Populist still. We were fortunate enough to get the first number of your Magazine and have had it ever since.

It seems to me that, in view of that national characteristic of ours, the desire "to be shown," it would be well to cite at length the results that have been accomplished in New Zealand.

A book called "Politics in New Zealand" (C. T. Taylor, No. 1520 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., paper, 25 cents) is a great help in making Populists. Mine is on a "missionary tour" now. It is *not* copyrighted, the authors desiring only that the contents be widely circulated, no matter how.

Of course, our opponents hurl New Zealand's public debt at us—there always were people who strained at gnats and swallowed camels—but we don't care for that as long as we have Standard Oil and the Beef Trust with us!

I like the "News Record"; am in love with *Pole Baker;* and think "Pecos, the Peeler" one of the best Western dialect stories I have ever read.

If I were religious I'd say "Thank God for that editorial of Tom Watson's headed 'The Free Man'"; but I'm *not* religious. (I've generally done my own thinking, and it has kept me in hot water a good share of the time, too.)

"Convalescent" and "A Tragedy in a Tree-top" went to my heart; and so did "A Life Worth Living" and many another.

How many of us Socialists and Populists can echo those words, "Loneliness pained but did not subdue me; persecution saddened but did not conquer me; friends deserted me and foes multiplied but I was not utterly cast down. The sacred torch of human progress I held aloft."

There are some things in those editorials that I shall read many times when I need consolation, just as I turn to old Walt Whitman sometimes and read among other things "To Him that was Crucified."

"My spirit to yours, dear brother." Those words help me. And I feel stronger, better able to do the work before me—work that must be done, "That the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers, as we are."

My best wishes are yours.

L. C. Teed, Benson, Mich.

I have just been reading your editorials in the October number, and they are splendid. I see you are no Socialist. What you say in "Tolstoy and the Land" is right to the

point. Very few want land until we have such legislation as will protect the producer from the rapacity of the Money King. Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan will never tell you what that $5,000 policy in the Equitable is worth. Some time ago a prominent daily said, "Paul Morton's salary as president of the Equitable will be $80,000 per year," and it looks to the writer that while Mr. Morton is making a general retrenchment, it will be a good plan for him to lop off $70,000 from his own salary. The writer can call the names of a score of men equally as competent as Mr. Paul Morton, who will undertake the management of the Equitable for $10,000 a year. It is simply ridiculous to talk of the policy-holder in any insurance company, and the thing that puzzles us is that the policy-holders will submit passively to such wrongs.

"A Day in the Autumn Woods" has a very pathetic side. It brings us back to the time when "little feet" were pattering over the floor of our home. Little feet that now, with her who gave them life, lie cold in the silent grave, and none can know our desolation who have not had a like experience.

Editorial comment is correct. The thief is rarely sorry until "he's catched." The great Chauncey has posed before the world for years as a model worthy the evolution of the rising generation, and it's just awful that he was "catched."

Go on with the good work. It's all refreshing to know there is now and then a man who dares and is honest enough to publish the truth.

William A. Jenkins, Woodville, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

I have the September Magazine, and am entirely pleased with it. I have feared that Mr. Watson's health would prevent his accomplishing what he started to do. His handling of the powers that are attempting to destroy the People's Party convinces me that Mr. Watson is to win the fight eventually. The blows you give in the September Magazine are knocking out the heart-strings of the opponents of our party, exposing the tricks of the grafters in all directions. Many of your correspondents are driving home many nails and clinching them, which help to hold the many facts represented by the People's Party together in a solid, compact form handy for its supporters to get at for reference and use. Lists of criminals caught, punished or excused will be a big, heavy stick to strike with later on.

R. J. Williamson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An ardent advocate of your candidacy in the last presidential campagin, and a reader of your Magazine from the first issue, I have always looked upon you as one of the sturdiest advocates of the rights of the people. Your editorial in the October number of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE has almost paralyzed me. I can hardly believe it is from your pen. I hope you will give the land question a more serious consideration.

"Labor made the land worth owning and that which labor made labor was allowed to keep. That is all there is to it."

For heaven's sake take that back. Why, I, a poor unlettered man who drove a team of horses in New York City for twenty years, knows that all the trouble is that what labor makes, labor is not allowed to keep, and private ownership of land more than anything else is responsible for the loss.

Roddie Minor, Ocoee, Fla.

As I am a reader and great admirer of your Magazine, I am desirous to express the appreciation of a Florida girl.

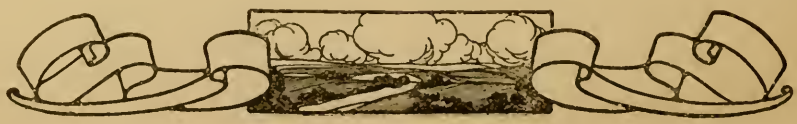
Papa has been a stanch "Middle-of-the-Road" Populist since the party was organized, and of course I, being his daughter, am a Populist also. I especially like the political subjects, as before I have always been unable to read with interest political subjects. As I am a schoolgirl, I will continue to read and study your Magazine for the instruction and encouragement I receive from it by reading such articles as "Convalescent" and "The Life Worth Living" in the August number.

It is needless to say that your replies to Professor Hart and Booker T. Washington created quite a sensation here in this extreme Southern state. The most intelligent Republicans and Democrats and all the Populists alike proudly express appreciation that Tom Watson is a Southern man, and the influence is such that the two old parties tolerate the Populist Party, and are beginning to listen to it, if not lean toward it.

We have some very enthusiastic Populists here who are tireless in their efforts to forward Populist principles, and who have ever stood square in the middle of the road.

A. B. Lacy, Kenmore, Pierce Mill Road, Wash.

From what I know of you personally, and after having read your journal, I feel that TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE is after facts and that its policy is, "Hew to the line—let the chips fall where they may."



When Henry C. Staver, of Chicago, said in Philadelphia the other day that railroad rate discrimination is the father of the trusts he spoke the truth. Said he, "With the discriminating freight rates abolished, we can compete with and defeat the trusts. This freight-rate evil is the secret of the trusts' success. Without it they would fall. In regard to what action should be taken, I recommend that this association [carriage builders'] do not stop with denouncing the evil while assembled here in convention, but that the individual members make it their duty to see their Congressmen upon the subject and force them to realize the necessity of legislation." Some day Mr. Staver will see that the only remedy for the evil is government ownership of the railroads.—*Garnett (Kan.) Independent Review.*

If anyone thinks he can show a good reason why the laborers, the farmers, the cattlemen and others of their kind should bear the burden of taxation in this territory while the great mining companies go practically free, we offer him ample space in the *Register* to put his views before the public.—*Arizona Register.*

Differ as we may with the policies rather than the principles of the Populist Party, neither men nor history can deny to it a high purpose and a blameless course. The Populists of Georgia established an organization upon high, clear and patriotic lines of popular rights and popular interests as it was given them to see these great causes in the mirror of the times. The years of its life were without graft and without corruption. It rose without shame and it fell without dishonor.

And it did not live in vain. The agitation of its honest statesmen, fresh from the homes of the people, were a revelation of the people's will, and an education to the older parties that essayed to represent them. The contentions of Populism were the timeliest of monitors of Democracy. Many of the things for which the Populist Party of 1896 contended have been grafted into the Democratic platforms of 1900 and 1904. The spirit of Populism has corrected many things that may have been apathetic or erratic in the trend of Democracy.—*Atlanta News.*

August showed another gain in the total supply of money in the United States. During the month the amount of gold money increased $11,000,000, and the Government issued additional currency to national banks to the amount of $8,000,000. The cash in the Treasury not represented by outstanding gold and silver certificates amounted to $299,000,000, leaving in the banks and among the people $2,604,000,000, or $31.40 for each of the 83,493,000 people. The above figures are official, taken from the monthly statement of the Secretary of the Treasury. The annual interest on public and private indebtedness is estimated at $1,500,000,000 and up. The annual taxes of all kinds is estimated at $1,500,000,000 and up. The total of these two items (interest and taxes) is not less than $3,000,000,000, which is more than the entire supply of money.—*Missouri World.*

"I am forty-five, fat, hearty and prosperous," says Colonel Bryan. And all achieved under the rule of plutocracy and the trusts, too! Verily, here is a modern marvel.—*Abilene (Kan.) Democrat.*

Herr Bebel, leader of the Social Democrats, has inherited another 250,000 marks, under the will of an eccentric man named Kollmann. Herr Bebel had already accumulated a fortune of about 500,000 marks. He has made over 45,000 marks to the treasury of his party. Until quite recently Herr Bebel owned a handsome villa on Lake Zurich, and all his life he has been a hard-working, thrifty man.

But Bebel's wealth is a trifle compared with the millions owned by Herr Paul Singer, his colleague in the leadership of the Socialists. Herr Singer retired several years ago from the management of a large mantel factory, and is now worth about 3,000,000 marks. The factory was and still is conducted on the usual capitalistic principles against which the Socialist leaders persistently declaim.

Another Socialist leader whose property runs into the millions is Dr. Arons, the writer on economic questions, who inherited most of his fortune. Finally, there is Herr von Vollman, the proud owner of a romantic

castle in the Bavarian Alps, who, when at home, assumes with perfect aplomb the manners and ways of a grand seigneur. When these millionaire Socialists are asked why they don't practice what they preach, they reply that there is no use in isolated capitalists beginning the social revolution.—*N. Y. World.*

JOHN S. WISE says the only really great political question is, whether the Republicans or Democrats will nominate Roosevelt next time, and we have heard words to that effect in and around this locality.—*Birmingham Ledger.*

MESSRS. MCCURDY AND MCCALL have stated as their motives for giving money which did not belong to them to the Republican National Committee in 1904 the desire to "save the country from the menace of free silver."

Everybody recognizes that this defense of the misappropriation of life insurance trust funds is as dishonest as the theft itself. But what assurances were received from any members of the National Committee—from such men as Addicks, for instance—leading the McCalls and the McCurdys to believe that they would get an equivalent in protection through the National Committee for their stolen money? What were the precise circumstances under which the contributions were made? What was the knowledge on the part of Mr. Cortelyou of the reason for the gifts of money which did not belong to the givers? What was the National Committee's justification for accepting money from men who had no right to give it? To what use was the money put? Are Mr. Cortelyou and his associates in favor of the reimbursement of the robbed policy-holders, and what will they do to assist restitution?

We cannot understand how Mr. Cortelyou can remain silent about the life insurance contributions and yet continue to serve the people and the President as Postmaster-General, nor how he can both remain silent and Chairman of the Republican National Committee.—*N. Y. Press.*

No presidential reiteration of declarations that corporations must obey the laws will serve to satisfy those who clamor for relief from the exactions of the alleged law-breakers. This is particularly true in such proceedings as the beef cases, where the enforcement of obedience to the law promises to occupy a decade, if not a generation.

The history of these cases will bear a brief chronological review:

May, 1902—Bill in equity filed by Attorney-General Knox, alleging combination and conspiracy in the purchase of live stock and the sale of fresh meat and for the purpose of securing rebates from common carriers. A demurrer was filed by the defendants.

February, 1903—Demurrer overruled by Judge Grosscup.

May, 1903—Injunction issued forbidding continuance of the conspiracy. Defendants appealed to Supreme Court.

January, 1905—Injunction sustained and decree of Circuit Court affirmed in all substantial particulars by Supreme Court.

February 21, 1905—Subpœnas issued to nearly two hundred witnesses.

March 20, 1905—Grand Jury assembled and investigation began.

July 1, 1905—Indictment of five corporations and seventeen individuals.

The trial of these cases will doubtless be prolonged by every device and method known to the legal profession. Meanwhile the business of the defendants will go on, and unless independent companies enter the field and establish the beef industry on the basis of price regulation by free and open competition the raisers of cattle and the eaters of beef will gain little if anything by the indictment of the packers. The violation of the law should be followed by the punishment of the offenders, but that will not assure the public that the price of beef is fair and reasonable.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE great problem of labor organizations is to keep wages from falling to the mere minimum of subsistence, and their efforts to this end, when directed by legitimate means—but never by violence—cannot but appeal to the sympathy of right-thinking people.—*Mobile Register.*

HERE are a few epigrammatic paragraphs from Governor Folk's address at Philadelphia:

"There is more aggressive rottenness and less aggressive patriotism in our large cities than anywhere else. If the patriotism can be made as aggressive as the rottenness the problem of good government would be solved.

"If corruption exists in Philadelphia the people are to blame.

"The moral revolution now sweeping over the land means the patriotism that comes from the heart, not from the head.

"Many men would be willing, if need be, to give up their lives for their city or state, but the man who is willing to live for his city and state every day is the man that is needed just now.

"The strength of the lawless element is great, but it is as nothing when it comes in contact with a public conscience thoroughly aroused.

"The people can overthrow civic evil whenever they want to, and get just as good government as they deserve or as bad as they permit it to become.

"The lawless are always active, while the

average good citizen becomes active only occasionally.

"Any special privilege is a graft. Even law-protected privileges are grafts. While the effect on the public may be as injurious from grafting as from boodling, there is a distinction between them. The boodler sells his vote, but the grafter is not always a boodler. When those on the inside of any great financial concern divert the trust funds for their profit that is graft against the law, when a class of men have social privileges whereby they can prey upon the rest of the people that is graft that may not be against the law and may even be protected by the law.

"If the system is working an illegal game, instead of trying to beat the game, the better way is to stop the game."—*N. Y. World.*

THERE is a constant increase in wealth in any land that manufactures or consumes its own products. When the South uses the bulk of its cotton crop instead of selling the bales, there will be a rapid increase in wealth. It is the manufactured product that brings high prices, and in nothing is this so true as in cotton. While the raw cotton sells for ten cents a pound there are cotton goods which sell for $6 a pound and more.—*Birmingham Ledger.*

DURING the 116 years of the Republic the Government of the United States has paid in salaries to its twenty-five Presidents a total of $3,700,000. During the last twenty years the Mutual Life Insurance Company has paid to three members of the McCurdy family about $4,600,000.

Against twenty years of Richard A. McCurdy, Robert H. McCurdy and Louis A. Thebaud must be set off 116 years of George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt—and with a balance of $900,000 in favor of the McCurdys at that.

If to the total salaries paid to the twenty-five Presidents there be added the total salaries paid to the twenty-six Vice-Presidents the McCurdys will still have more than $200,000 the better of it.

Apparently the Presidents of the United States could never have regarded the Federal Government as an eleemosynary institution, or considered themselves "missionaries" whose solemn duty was to keep the taxpayers from having $7 apiece to squander on cigars and billiards.—*N. Y. World.*

THE day for a shotgun quarantine ought to have passed on. Its effectiveness has never yet been demonstrated, while its inhumanity appeals to high heaven for vengeance. It has proven an ignominious failure in those localities where it has been enforced in Mississippi and Louisiana.

We trust that the national government will take charge of quarantine matters in the future, and that there will be an effectual suppression of these local abortions.—*Bessemer (Ala.) Weekly.*

REFERRING to the scandals in the big life insurance companies, a contemporary asks: "After the investigation, what?" Another contemporary replying suggests the jail. It is a wise and eminently proper suggestion. If the grafters of high degree are not punished for their crimes how can it be expected to abolish graft of low degree?—*Birmingham News.*

[To secure a private forest reserve in the Adirondack Mountains William Rockefeller has dispossessed many of the native inhabitants, in one case blotting out an entire village.]

THE long legal battle that Oliver Lamora, the poor backwoodsman has fought for years against William Rockefeller has been lost, and the old man of the forest must give up the little log cabin that has been his home for more than threescore years, and say good-bye to the trees and mountain streams so familiar and beloved by him since childhood.

Lamora sat on a big pine block in front of his cabin door when his lawyer, W. J. Saunders, of Dickinson Center, came to notify him of his defeat, and to tell him he must sell his little cabin and patch of ground to pay Mr. Rockefeller.

"It's all over, Oliver; they have beaten us," said the attorney.

"Don't joke with me that way, squire. It's all right now? I can go out there and fish and hunt now, with no wardens to lay hand on me, can't I?" pleaded the woodsman.

The lawyer told the old man that he must never again hunt or fish in the forests he had known since childhood. Lamora appeared to be stunned.

"The law says I can't climb that peak over there, does it?" he finally exclaimed. "And must not follow the deer through the forest, nor fish in the streams? Well, squire, that may be the law; I know you wouldn't lie to me, but it ain't right. *God never made all these things for one man.*"

It was the old man's farewell to the forest and streams that had been a part of his life. With tears in his eyes, he turned his back to the lawyer and went into the cabin.—*Essex County (N. Y.) Republican.*

THE tendency to substitute direct for indirect methods in electing United States Senators is undoubtedly gaining headway. Tennessee is the latest state to adopt the plan—now almost universal in the South—of naming Senators by what is practically a popular vote. This plan strips the members of the State Legislature of a power nominally confided to them by the Federal Constitution, just as our National Convention system denies to the members of the Electoral College any real voice in choosing a President or a Vice-President.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

IF all the big monopolists were dead there would be no less monopoly. Their heirs, boys and girls, would step into their shoes and become the so-called "captains of industry," and monopoly would go on. A change of systems is what is needed.—*Missouri World.*

WILLIAM J. BRYAN says he is just forty-five years old. This is either a hint that he is old enough to be president or that he has made as much fuss as any man of his age.—*Eufaula (Ala.) Times.*

THE real anarchists in this country are the anarchists of monopoly. The people are toiling and working while the anarchists of monopoly are paying corporation lawyers fabulous salaries to show them how to override, evade or break the laws of our country, state or village. If new legislation is needed they use their ill-gotten gains to bribe legislators and they even tarnish the ermine of the judges of the different courts with bribery and corruption money. And these people have the effrontery to tell their subsidized organs to denounce as anarchists those men who have the manhood to stand for the rights of the people.—*Malone (N. Y.) Forum.*

THE President is not quite consistent. In defending the dismissal-on-the-spot order he argues that no man fit to be in the Cabinet would abuse the power conferred. But on the very next day he issues an order forbidding the Cabinet officers to give news to newspaper correspondents, or to be seen consorting with them; hereafter all news of Cabinet meetings will be given out by the faithful Loeb. That looks as if the President felt that he could not trust his Cabinet officers to talk. We should think the President's muzzle would chafe some of the faces upon which it has been strapped. —*New York Times.*

WHAT JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER HAS SAID IN ONE YEAR

DEC. 5, 1904—I've worked hard all my life. I used to drive around the country and purchase wood by the cord when I was eleven. I was instructed to buy only good, solid, straight wood, and be careful to reject punky wood and limbs. What success I have had I attribute to that. I have followed out through my life what was taught me in my young days. I was taught to get the full value of my money and also to give full value, and I have lived up to that principle. There is more in life than the accumulation of money. Money is only a trust in man's hands, and to use it improperly is a great sin.

Jan. 8, 1905—Look at me! I weigh 200 pounds and am today in the best of health. Seeing me now you perhaps don't recognize the lanky, decrepit old form in which a certain paper delights to picture me. . . . Yes, I believe in cold baths. In recent years, however, I have modified my cold baths somewhat by taking a towel, immersing it in cold water containing a little salt and throwing it over my back.

July 14—However humble we may be, whatever our place is, it matters not, we can show our best side. We must show the most winsome and convincing side. In fact, we must show that we love God.

Sept. 10—Don't be a good fellow. You know well what I mean; don't be convivial, always ready to pitch in and be one of the crowd. . . . If you do you are lost absolutely, not only you, but your progeny, the families for generations to come. I can't be a good fellow. I haven't taken my first drink yet.

Sept. 11—I have been very much with people—in fact, almost every day groups of them come to see me, and it is a bright spot in the lives of all of us as we drive or walk about the grounds. . . . I never regret the coming of fall, and I have found outdoor exercise wonderfully beneficial to my health. I like to ride my wheel over the golf links best of all, perhaps.

Sept. 26—You noticed the flag flying from the staff? I shall always think of this afternoon as a great day in my experience; a day linked with that other day the flag recalls, that day when I succeeded in securing a chance to work in Cleveland.

Sept. 29—A great wave of religion is sweeping over the country.

Oct. 1—There was once a little boy who did not like things as they were. He dreamed one night that he had made a world where there were no Sunday-schools. He thought that he liked it. But he soon began to miss something. Somebody asked him if he had made the world. "Yes," he answered tearfully, "but I'll never do it again."

Oct. 8—I feel like a sponge, because I have absorbed so many blessings during my stay in this city; but I remind you that we should be like the pump, which not only sucks up, but also gives out. If you will cultivate virtues of charity and goodwill to all you can make a heaven on earth for yourselves and for all those with whom you associate.—*N. Y. World.*

FROM OCTOBER 8 TO NOVEMBER 8, 1905

Home News

October 10.—President McCurdy, of the Mutual Life. states that life insurance business is philanthropy and is not intended to make money for policy-holders. The Mutual Life gave $90,000 to the Republican Party in the last campaign.

October 11.—It is shown that Judge Francis E. Baker, of the Circuit Court in Indiana, solicited political assessments from post-office clerks in Goshen, Ind.

Joseph Ramsey, Jr., is routed by George J. Gould at the annual meeting of the directors of the Wabash Railroad at Toledo, O. All his protests are overruled. He fails even to keep his seat as a director.

October 12.—An immigration report from Washington shows that 63,400 aliens landed at New York during August, as compared with 59,777 during August, 1904. The largest number arrived from Russia, the next from Italy and the third from Austria.

Thomas F. Ryan and a group of the biggest capitalists in Wall Street are said to be behind the efforts of the United States Telephone Company to establish itself in New York.

The American Association of Bankers in convention at Washington puts itself on record as favoring government subsidies for building an American merchant marine.

New York City plans a two-million dollar hospital for consumptives to occupy 130 acres in the middle of Staten Island, N. Y.

October 13.—At 100 railroad stations in the wheat belt in Kansas great piles of grain are lying on the ground. Elevators are full and the railroads cannot furnish cars for shipment.

October 14.—The Standard Oil Company made public the record of pipe lines in Kansas and Indian Territory for the first seven days in October. The average is 50,000 barrels a day. The Standard is preparing to take all the oil in this territory at increased prices.

J. M. Williams, Congressman from the Second Oregon District, is sentenced to pay $500 fine and serve ten months in prison for complicity in Oregon land frauds.

F. Augustus Heinze gets control of the State Savings Bank of Butte, one of the largest institutions of the city.

Calvin C. Heinze, director of the Peoria National Bank, dies as a result of the defalcation charged to Professor Newton C. Dougherty, the bank's president and superintendent of the Peoria schools. Nelson Burnham, also a stockholder in the Peoria National Bank, dies suddenly. C. C. Ryan, a former bank official, dies also as a result of the shock of the scandal. Forty-three additional indictments have been found against Dougherty, whose defalcations amount to $43,750.

At New Rochelle, N. Y., a portion of the brain of Thomas Paine, removed when his body was taken to England in 1819, is exhibited by Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., at the public transfer of the key of the Paine monument to the city of New Rochelle.

October 15.—Shubert Bros., theatre managers, who are competing with the theatrical trust, have made arrangements to build and acquire a series of eighteen theatres in the West and in Canada.

A despatch from Denison, Ia., says that when Secretary of the Treasury Shaw leaves the Cabinet in the spring he will become the head of three financial institutions in Iowa.

During the week ending October 14 there were twenty-six homicides in the State of Mississippi.

October 16.—At St. Louis Charles H. Adams, secretary of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, on the witness stand to testify as to the intimate relations between the Standard Oil Company and his own, refuses to answer inquiries. He is arrested on the charge of contempt. In the inquiry under the Attorney-General's proceedings to annul the charters of the Standard Oil and the Waters-Pierce Company in Missouri and the injunction proceedings in the Kansas City Circuit Court to prevent them from combining, it was brought out that two-

thirds of the profits of the Waters-Pierce Company, which amounted annually to 300 per cent. of the capital stock, was paid to the Standard Oil.

October 17.—General Francis V. Greene, who was president of the National Asphalt Company during the Matos Revolution in Venezuela, admits that the asphalt company gave $100,000 to Matos, and declares that it was not done with his advice.

President Roosevelt begins his tour of the South today. He will visit eight states in thirteen days.

The members of the Panama Canal Commission and the Board of Consulting Engineers, who have been on an inspection tour to the Isthmus, return and report that there is no yellow fever in Panama or Colon. The matter of food contract is still unsettled. The Commission has not yet decided between a lock or a sea level ditch. They report also that a new system of waterworks and sewers is in operation, and that the wells from which the city formerly obtained its water supply are being filled up. General plans are to be made for the fortification of both ends of the Canal, according to the announcement of Secretary Taft, who will go to the Isthmus with a committee of the Board of Fortification in the latter part of October. A rough estimate of the cost of constructing suitable fortifications at the ends of the Canal is $40,000,000.

President Roosevelt issues the following order, which is said to have been urged by Secretary of State Root, with the idea of reorganizing the State Department service both at home and abroad: "When the President or head of an executive department is satisfied that an officer or employee in the classified service is inefficient or incapable, and that the public service will be materially improved by his removal, such removal will be made without hearing, but the cause of removal shall be stated in writing and filed. When misconduct is committed in the view and presence of the President or head of an executive department, removal may be made summarily without notice."

Richard A. McCurdy, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Society, on the witness stand before the Armstrong Insurance Committee, refuses to answer several questions concerning an amazing decrease in the dividends allowed policy-holders by the Mutual Life. It is shown that the Mutual Life paid money to a former State Insurance Commissioner to oppose the repeal of a section of the insurance law, which prohibits a policy-holder from bringing suit against an insurance company except with the consent of the Attorney-General. It is shown that payments for legislative purposes or "legal services" were made to a former Assemblyman, former Superintendents of Insurance and Andrew Hamilton, legislative agent for the New York Life; that the Mutual Life has on its staff of lawyers or legislative experts three former Superintendents of Insurance; that, notwithstanding the tremendous growth in the assets of the Mutual Life and the increase in President McCurdy's salary from $30,000 to $150,000, the dividend returns to policy-holders have dwindled away to almost nothing in some cases; that Andrew C. Fields, head of the supply department of the Mutual Life, maintained a house at Albany during the legislative sessions and had the authority to hire lawyers and direct the payment to them of large sums; that two concerns supposed to compete for the stationery and printing supplies of the Mutual Life, costing $601,000 during 1904, are controlled by the same people.

D. M. Parry, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, plans a bureau of interstate transportation in the Department of Commerce and Labor, the Commissioner of which shall have in charge all differences arising between shippers and the railroads. If he cannot adjust the issue, it will be taken to a special court of transportation.

October 18.—T. Lee Clarke, cashier of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny, Pa., commits suicide. The bank is closed by the Comptroller of Currency. The bank had loaned funds of the State of Pennsylvania to politicians, of which the state had $682,000 on deposit.

Richard A. McCurdy, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, who has been a director of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, receives the smallest vote of all the directors at the annual meeting.

Each member of the Cabinet has received a letter from the President forbidding him to discuss Government matters outside of the Council Chamber, or to give any information to newspaper men. All information is to proceed from Loeb, secretary to the President.

The examination of the affairs of the Mutual Life Insurance Company is continued before the Armstrong Insurance Committee. Robert B. Jordan, son of Thomas C. Jordan, former comptroller of the Equitable, swears that he has no idea where his father and mother are, or whether they are dead or alive. A. C. Fields, the Mutual's superintendent of supplies, and a missing witness, was living in Kingston, N. Y., on October 1, and is now supposed to be in Southern California.

The Interstate Commerce Commission

begins a series of hearings in the matter of its complaint against ten railroads and three private car companies, alleging unjust and unreasonable charges for the refrigeration of fruit and vegetables in transit. The purpose of the Commission is said to be to establish jurisdiction for private car lines and to correct evils of the system. The contest will be on the point of jurisdiction. The Illinois Central and the Pennsylvania railroads, through their traffic freight managers, are said to be aiding the Commission.

Amzi Barber, once president of the National Asphalt Company, but no longer interested in it, testifies, in the case of Venezuela against the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company, that the company did contribute materially to the revolution organized in 1901 by General Matos.

Revised figures on the attendance at the recent Lewis and Clark Exposition show that 2,551,780 persons entered the grounds during the Exposition. Of these 1,580,617 were paid and 971,163 were free.

October 19.—At the Young court-martial at Vallejo, Cal., Commander George B. Ransone, head of the engineering department of the Mare Island Navy Yard, testifies in the matter of the explosion of the gunboat *Bennington* that the riveting around the furnaces was badly done, and that by the expenditure of $50 additional in this detail of the ship the disaster would have been impossible.

Seven cities in North Carolina are visited by President Roosevelt in one day. At Raleigh, N. C., in his speech the President speaks of the necessity for the correction of abuses in railway rates.

Robert H. McCurdy, general manager of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and son of the president, Richard A. McCurdy, received in 1904, in addition to $122,000 in commissions and salary, about $4,000 for traveling expenses. President McCurdy testifies that he was solicited by the Democratic, as well as by the Republican Party, in the last campaign, but could not give any definite information as to who approached him. There were fifteen syndicates in which Mr. McCurdy and the Mutual were interested. His profits amounted to $25,000 In the Morristown Trust Company the Mutual Life has maintained a standing deposit of $200,000, for which it has received interest at as low a rate as 2 per cent., while the same company has been paying the president and several other depositors 3 per cent.

State Treasurer Matthews. of Pennsylvania, files $2,000,000 in judgments against the closed Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny. All blame is shifted to T. Lee Clarke, the cashier who committed suicide just before the bank was closed. William A. Serling, a director of the Enterprise Bank, states that the bank holds a note for $75,000, signed by United States Senator Boise Penrose. The possible $782,000 state funds, deposited in the Enterprise Bank, were amply protected and the state will not lose a dollar.

Henry H. Rogers testifies at Boston that he and William Rockefeller cleared $3,565,000 each from the merger of the seven gas companies of that city in 1897.

In his speech at Charlotte, N. C., President Roosevelt says: "I do not believe in government ownership of anything that can with propriety be left in private hands, and in particular I should most strenuously object to government ownership of railroads."

October 20.—The Minnesota Board of Health forbids the employment of teachers suffering from tuberculosis, and forbids the admission of children suffering from that disease into the Minnesota schools.

The worst storm in recent years strikes the Great Lakes. Death or disaster is felt in nearly every town from Chicago to Buffalo, and the present obtainable returns are that eleven vessels have been completely wrecked and from twelve to fifteen severely damaged. Eleven lives are known to have been lost.

October 21.—Secretary of War Taft, in a campaign speech at Akron, O., upholds the President's plan for railroad rate regulation and scores Cox, the Republican Party boss of Ohio.

October 23.—In a speech at Mobile President Roosevelt assures the citizens that the Panama Canal will be dug in spite of opposition, and warns them not to be misled by interested clamor, saying that for two years its construction was opposed by great commercial interests which did not wish a canal connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans.

E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, arrives at San Francisco on the steamship *Siberia*, having broken the record from Yokohama by thirty-seven minutes. He won a bet of $2,000 from Robert Goelet on the steamer's run. One thousand dollars of this he gave to the engineers and divided the remainder among the officers and crew. It is said Harriman is trying to make a record run across the continent, and special precautions are being taken to make the tracks safe along the lines of the Union Pacific. Miss Alice Roosevelt and her party are on the same train.

Former Congressman Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, and late a citizen of New Mexico, dies at the Wichita Hospital,

Wichita, Kan., after an illness of eighteen weeks. He leaves a widow and one son, and dies without life insurance and leaves only a home worth not more than $2,000. Jerry Simpson was sent to Congress from the Seventh District of Kansas in 1891. He was born March 31, 1842, in the Province of New Brunswick. For twenty-two years he was a sailor on the Great Lakes, beginning at fourteen. Then he became a farmer near Medicine Lodge, Kan. At the end of his Congressional term he made an unsuccessful effort to become United States Senator. Of late years he has not been prominent in politics.

Bulletin No. 16 of the Interstate Commerce Commission, giving the number of railroad accidents in the United States for April, May and June, 1905, says that 41 passengers and 220 employees were killed and 1,253 passengers and 1,511 employees were injured in accidents.

Sixty-eight policy-holders in the Mutual Life Insurance Company have organized at Fergus Falls, Minn., to work with other organizations to retire the McCurdys from the Mutual Life and to fight for reforms.

It is announced at Kansas City that the Standard Oil will build a new pipe line from Kansas City to Whiting at a cost of $3,000,000.

At Cleveland, O., the Fred G. Clarke Oil Company makes a complaint against the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company before the Interstate Commerce Commission that it is impossible for them to secure through rates to New England points on many products which come into competition with the Standard Oil Company.

Notes accounting for about $600,000 of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny are missing. These notes are believed to bear the names of prominent state politicians. The money on them was lent by T. Lee Clarke, who before the bank's failure committed suicide.

The Geological Survey reports that in 1904 the United States produced 98 per cent. of the world's known output of natural gas, the value being $38,496,760. Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana and Ohio produced 93.3 per cent. Pennsylvania leads with 47 per cent.

The Treasurer of the United States, in his report for the fiscal year ending June 30, says since 1896 gold has increased more than any other kind of money in circulation. The gold in the Treasury on June 30 amounted to $706,592,399, and by October 19 it had obtained a maximum of $748,425,923. The report states also that there is a continued increase in the proportion of gold and national bank-notes in circulation, with a steady decline in the proportion of silver, silver certificates and Treasury notes. The paper currency issued direct by the National Government amounts to 72 per cent. of the stock of paper money in the country.

October 24.—It is shown that since the beginning of the investigation the Mutual Life has spent more than $11,000 of the policy-holders' money sending out by telegraph its own version of the testimony given by its officers before the Committee; that some of the reports so sent were printed in 100 newspapers, and that the Mutual Life paid those papers $1 a line for the matter printed. That the chief actuary of the Mutual Life, Emory McClintock, believes that many of the laws governing life insurance could be done away with with profit, and that publicity alone should be employed to safeguard the companies. That, according to John R. Hegeman, the Metropolitan Life has given away voluntarily in dividends to its policy-holders $8,000,000 in the last eight years, to which they had no claim according to their policies. That for a number of years President Hegeman has made it a practice to "sell" all of the loans made to individuals on December 31 of each year, and to buy them back on January 2 of the new year. This practice made it possible for the company in its annual reports to the State Insurance Department to make no mention whatever of these loans. The borrowers, who were thereby concealed, included President Hegeman himself, John A. McCall, president of the New York Life, and Silas B. Dutcher, director and member of the Finance Committee of the Metropolitan Life.

President Roosevelt visits Booker T. Washington's school for negroes at Tuskegee, Ala., and makes a short address to the students.

October 25.—The trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, at their regular quarterly meeting, resolve to appoint a committee of three to investigate the company's affairs.

At the session of the Armstrong Investigating Committee it is shown that the actuarial departments of the great life insurance companies, which cost large sums yearly to maintain, depend upon the "judgment" of the chief actuary rather than upon exact mathematical calculations in fixing the dividends of policy-holders. That the dividends a policy-holder receives are never the result of an exact mathematical calculation of his share of the earnings or profits of the company, but what in the opinion of the actuary is "fair and just." That the busi-

ness of the large companies has become so enormous and their affairs so complex that it is "a physical and mathematical impossibility" to figure what each policy-holder or group of policy-holders should receive in dividends. That in fixing the total sum applicable for distribution as dividends every excuse is employed to reduce it, but no advantage is taken of the opportunities that occur to increase it. That the Mutual Life stands ready to support a bill in the next session of the Legislature limiting the amount of business which any one insurance company may do.

The Harriman transcontinental special covered the distance from San Francisco to Chicago in fifty-five hours. Sixty-eight hours is the best ordinary record.

October 26.—Miss Alice Roosevelt arrives in New York from her tour in the Far East. Miss Roosevelt has traveled 25,000 miles, visiting Japan, China, Korea, Philippines and Hawaii, in 119 days. She crossed from San Francisco to New York in seventy-three hours and fifteen minutes.

The Interstate Commerce Law Convention at Chicago splits because it is suspected that some capital is to be made for the President's renomination out of the movement. The convention holds separate meetings as the result.

October 27.—President Charles Gates Dawes, of the Central Trust Company of Illinois and former Comptroller of the Currency, is served with a subpœna to testify at the trial of the beef packers. It has been intimated that the packers are back of the Central Trust Company.

It is reported from Butte, Mont., that a great strike of copper glance ore eleven feet wide has been made in the mines of the Pittsburg and Montana Company in the East Butte district.

E. H. Harriman on his return from the Orient says that this country is about to run into an era of competitive railroad building as it has just passed through one of competitive railroad buying.

It is reported that the committee appointed by the trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Company was called into being largely for the purpose of ridding the company of the McCurdy regime.

October 28.—At Akron, O., proceedings are taken by Prosecuting Attorney Hargelbarger to bar the Mutual Life Insurance Company and the New York Life from the state by taking their franchises from them on the ground that the companies have misused their powers during the last five years.

United States Senator John F. Dryden, of New Jersey, president of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, is to be a witness before the Insurance Investigating Committee, although his company is outside of New York State. Authority has been found in the law regulating outside companies.

The auditor of the Panama Canal Commission issues a report of the expenses of the Panama Canal during the thirty-six months elapsed since Congress appropriated $10,000,000; $748,085 has been spent for salaries to numerous officials; $129,260 have been spent for excavation. Secretary Taft explains that much preliminary work was necessary before the real work of digging the Canal could be begun.

October 29.—It is reported from Philadelphia that thus far $6,330,000 have been stolen from the taxpayers of Philadelphia by the contracting combine building a filtration plant and two new boulevards.

October 30.—United States Senator Boise Penrose denies that he signed or indorsed a note for $75,000 in the defunct Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny.

It is reported that a bitter fight is on in the Mutual Life Insurance Company on the part of the trustees to remove the McCurdys. E. B. Morris, appointed one of the investigating committee, together with W. H. Truesdale and John W. Auchincloss, has declined to serve. Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central Railroad, will serve instead.

October 31.—A combination of the ten largest dairy companies in St. Louis, controlling about 85 per cent. of milk, cream and ice cream output, will become effective January 1, 1906. The capital is $3,000,000.

November 1.—T. Lee Clarke, the suicide cashier of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny, Pa., left a letter to his wife in which he accuses W. H. Andrews, formerly of the Republican State Committee, of having caused his ruin. W. H. Andrews, whom Clarke accuses, is now territorial delegate from New Mexico.

Prince Louis of Battenberg and his fleet of British warships arrive at Annapolis, and are welcomed by Rear-Admiral Evans, commander of the North Atlantic Fleet.

J. S. Leads, general manager of the Santa Fé Refrigerator Dispatch Company, before the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, testifies that rebates are necessary because all competitors grant them; that he could not break up the practice without precipitating a rate war, and that the rebates amount to $10 a car to Chicago, $15 to Buffalo and Pittsburg and $20 to the Atlantic Coast.

November 2.—The Ohio Shippers' Association and the Ohio railroads anticipate Government rate regulation by appointing a committee, three men to rep-

resent the shippers and three the railroads, by whom all rate complaints will be settled.

Secretary of War Taft arrives at Colon, Panama, and is received by Governor Magoon.

J. Ogden Armour and other packers and agents of the Beef Trust assert that, by an agreement made between them and Commissioner Garfield, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, in his investigation of the beef packing business, the evidence they had voluntarily given was not to be used against them. Commissioner Garfield denies the statement.

November 5.—Oscar Straus, of New York, formerly United States Minister to Turkey, makes an appeal to the President in behalf of the Russian Jews. The President expresses his sympathy, but says that the United States can do nothing just now.

November 7.—Election returns at present show that Mayor McClellan (Tammany) is re-elected Mayor of New York, with 3,485 votes plurality. Two years ago McClellan's plurality was 62,684. William R. Hearst (Municipal Ownership League), who received 225,166 votes, accuses Tammany of colossal frauds, and declares he will contest the election. William Travers Jerome (Independent) is re-elected District Attorney by 11,450 plurality. Bird S. Coler (Municipal Ownership candidate) is elected President of Brooklyn Borough. Joseph Bermel, Fusion candidate on the Republican and Municipal Ownership ticket, is elected President of Queens Borough. In New York City nine Municipal Ownership aldermen are elected and the Board is controlled by a large majority of Republicans and Municipal Ownership nominees.

William H. Berry, Democratic candidate for State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, has been elected by 100,000 plurality.

The Good Government ticket wins in Philadelphia by 50,000.

Democrats sweep Ohio. They carry Cincinnati and Boss Cox will quit politics. Tom Johnson is re-elected Mayor of Cleveland.

The entire Republican ticket is elected in Massachusetts, Guild by 83,000 and Draper by 2,000.

Governor Utter, Republican, is re-elected in Rhode Island by a slightly increased plurality over Dr. Lucius F. C. Garvin. Virginia is Democratic by a greatly reduced majority.

Chicago Republicans elect a majority of their ticket.

In New Jersey the Republicans are successful in the main. Bookwater, Republican, is elected Mayor of Indianapolis. Schmitz, the Union Labor Mayor of San Francisco, is re-elected.

The disfranchising amendment in Maryland is defeated.

In Salt Lake City the Gentile ticket wins.

November 8.—A large contract has been placed in Spain for steel rails to be laid down in the United States. After the import duties, freight charges, etc., have been paid the rails will cost less than if bought at United States mills.

J. R. Hegeman, President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is a witness before the Armstrong Insurance Committee in New York. His testimony reveals that enormous profits are made on lapsed policies, 50 per cent. of all policies lapsing during the first year; he defends high rates of industrial insurance because it is retail insurance as against wholesale.

President Roosevelt informs a delegation of Oklahomans that in his message he will recommend to Congress single statehood for Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

The State Insurance Superintendent of Missouri issues an order expelling the New York Life Insurance Company from that state.

William R. Hearst, Municipal Ownership candidate for Mayor of New York, begins his contest of the election. By order of the Supreme Court all ballot-boxes are removed from police stations in Greater New York to the Bureau of Elections. William M. Ivins, recent candidate on the Republican ticket for Mayor, writes to Hearst promising his legal aid in the contest and declining any compensation. Tammany Hall prepares to fight the Hearst contest movement.

Foreign News

October 8.—Riots occur in both Moscow and Tiflis. The military fires on crowds.

Official returns of the casualties of the Japanese army during the war show that 46,180 were killed, 10,970 died from wounds and 15,300 from disease. Total deaths, 72,450.

October 9.—Sweden accepts the peace agreement of dissolution with Norway.

October 11.—Meat famine in Germany has reached a crisis. Horseflesh has risen in price and dogflesh is no longer obtainable.

A despatch from Tiflis, capital of Russian Caucausia, states that the Tatars have taken possession of many villages and driven out the Russians in a territory of over 200 square miles.

The strike at Moscow has caused a panic. Thirty thousand workmen now out. Whole families are deserting the country.

October 12.—Prince Sergius Troubetskoy dies of apoplexy at St. Petersburg.

He was regarded as the foremost Liberal in Russia.

Orders have been cabled to Rear-Admiral Train of the Asiatic Squadron to send a ship from his fleet on a cruise in Australian waters in order that Americans in Australia may have an opportunity to see the American flag.

October 13.—Sir Henry Irving, the actor, after a sudden attack of syncope, dies in his hotel at Bradford, England.

October 14.—A despatch from Warsaw says that an agreement was signed in January, 1905, by Russia, Germany and Austria, whereby in event of a revolution in Russian Poland, Germany and Austria would occupy Poland with arms. The agreement is said to have been instigated by Germany.

The Boer colony in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, is a complete failure through the inability of the colonists to secure clear titles to their land. Most of them are seeking locations in the United States.

Ratifications of the Portsmouth treaty of peace are exchanged between St. Petersburg and Tokio today, and the war is at an end.

Asiatic cholera has been epidemic in Manila; 553 deaths and 713 cases of the disease are reported. It has now disappeared.

October 15.—The Cuban Liberals at a general convention decide to withdraw from the coming Presidential election. They charge the Government with wholesale frauds in registration.

M. Hayashi, Japanese Minister to Korea. says that the peninsula is now practically a dependency of Japan, and that adequate capital and oversight will make Korea the source of considerable wealth.

The Japanese troops are beginning to evacuate Manchuria, and it is expected that Japan will have all her troops withdrawn in six months.

October 16.—Jacques Faure, the well-known French aeronaut, wins the International endurance air contest which began at Paris on October 15. He landed in Hungary after traveling 899 miles. The distance record was 514 miles.

The French armored cruiser *Desaix* sails from Cherbourg for Martinique. She will be joined by five other cruisers, which will remain in striking distance of Venezuela.

October 17.—Sven Hedin, the geographer and explorer, has entered on his fifth tour of exploration in Central Asia.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says that the Moscow strike has started a wave of strikes and disorder all over the country. A repetition of the terrible times of last January and February is feared.

The bubonic plague has again appeared along the Trans-Siberian railroad, which from now on will be crowded with returning troops.

A despatch from Cape Town reports that the Hottentots have lately killed forty-seven Germans and captured fifteen wagons.

October 18.—Cuban economic corporations inform President Palma that a committee has been arranged to draw up a new treaty of commerce with the United States. Cuba is to grant a larger preference to the United States in return for the concession on sugar and tobacco. The committee asks President Palma for Government support, believing that free trade between the United States and Philippines may result in the increased production of Philippine sugar and the decrease of American importation of Cuban sugar.

The Mad Mullah has taken the field again in Somaliland and has threatened the Italians. Italian warships are on the way to the coast of Somaliland.

It is announced that the difficulties in the fishing industry between Newfoundland and the United States will be settled speedily and satisfactorily.

King Oscar of Sweden weeps as he closes the extra session of the Diet, which dissolves the union of Sweden and Norway.

A new thoroughfare is opened in London, formed by Kingsway and Aldwych, connecting the Strand and Holborn. The street is 300 feet wide and 6¾ miles long and cost about $30,000,000 to build. Trolley-cars run under it.

October 19.—At Yokohama the officers of the visiting British Squadron have been entertained in the usual official manner and British sailors and Japanese sailors have fraternized extensively.

The ashes of Sir Henry Irving are deposited in Westminster Abbey.

Strikes continue in Moscow and business is almost at a standstill.

The Federal House of Representatives at Melbourne adopts a motion to petition King Edward to grant home rule to Ireland.

October 20.—Grand Duke Vladimir, the Emperor's eldest uncle and heretofore his stanchest supporter, resigns as commander of the military district of St. Petersburg.

One hundred and twenty persons are wounded in a fight between Cossacks and workingmen at Minsk.

Admiral Togo arrived at Yokohama on his flagship *Shikishima*. Forty warships are assembled for the great naval review.

By payment of $3,521,657 the Philippine Government finally purchases all the Friar lands in the islands. The lands purchased comprise about 4,000,000 acres.

October 22.—Eight railway lines are tied up

in Moscow by strikes. Meat and milk are becoming scarce in the city.

October 23.—The Russian Minister of Finance receives the representatives of foreign bankers at St. Petersburg in the matter of the Russian loan.

October 24.—In anticipation of a great industrial revival in Russia at the close of the war a steady influx of foreigners seeking commercial opportunities and concessions is reported from St. Petersburg.

It is reported from Madrid that Spanish senators and deputies favorable to the establishment of a Spanish republic have published an address of welcome to President Loubet, which is in reality a manifesto in favor of republican government.

A despatch from London indicates that the question of including Newfoundland in the Dominion of Canada is again the subject of confidential negotiations.

Mr. Russell, the American Minister at Caracas, is directed to arrange the Franco-Venezuelan differences. The French Embassy makes a statement of satisfaction that the United States intervenes.

In St. Petersburg at a meeting of 8,000 railway men and a large number of students it is decided to declare a strike on all the railways operating within St. Petersburg. Deputations are sent to Prince Hilkoff, Minister of Railways, and Count Witte, President of the Committee of Ministers, demanding political reforms, among them a constituent assembly, to be elected by direct universal suffrage. Count Witte says that a constituent assembly is quite impossible, but promises that liberty of meeting and of the press will be promptly granted.

Ten thousand strikers have a mass meeting in Moscow. They have damaged the water conduits and some parts of the city are without water. The strike is spreading in all directions.

October 25.—South Russia is in open revolt. The workmen have erected fortifications and wire barricades. Panic reigns in St. Petersburg. The downfall of the Government is threatened.

All the railways in Poland are tied up by strikes and no trains are running in the Baltic provinces. Workmen in various factories strike out of sympathy with the railway strikers. The price of food is rising in St. Petersburg.

Anarchy prevails at Riga, Russia. Many have been killed or wounded and the Government spirit shops have been looted and destroyed.

Warsaw, Poland, is completely isolated on account of the railway strike. Meat, milk and coal are scarce.

Prince Hilkoff, Minister of Railways, drives an engine because he can induce no engineer to do the work. Students join the railroad men and organize a deputation to call on Count Witte. The count receives them as a private individual. He promises the abolition of martial law on the railroads and greater freedom of meeting, but warns the deputation that to continue the strike will result in bloodshed, and that if the Government falls the people also will perish. The average wages of the 620,000 railway employees in Russia is $160 a year.

October 26.—Riot and panic reign in St. Petersburg.

It is reported that the Czar is ready to flee from St. Petersburg.

It is reported also that a Russian constitution will be announced on November 3, the anniversary of the Czar's accession.

At a mass meeting held at St. Petersburg 50,000 people, including officers and soldiers, applaud revolutionary speeches.

It is said that Count Witte has informed the Czar that the time has come to limit autocratic power and give the people a share in the Government.

October 27.—A despatch from St. Petersburg says that a general strike in all employments has been fixed for a minimum of three days. It will be prolonged if the Government refuses a concession. The Government gives no sign of an effort to solve the crisis.

Governor-General Trepoff says that the military have been ordered to fire ball cartridges in case of any disturbance and advises citizens to beware of gathering for disorderly purposes. The proclamation rouses the strikers to defiance. Many parts of the city are in darkness and the newspapers have been notified by the compositors that unless they ignore all communications from the censor, the printers will strike. Provisions, especially milk and meat, have reached exorbitant prices.

At Moscow the municipal employees have struck and the city is without water or light except for a few oil lamps. The streets are deserted, but there has been no rioting.

At Odessa a series of meetings at the university were attended by 18,000 people. A resolution is carried by acclaim to hold up all business and the Government departments to compel the concession of free institutions.

At Warsaw the Government has ordered every agitator carrying arms to be shot immediately. All shops and buildings closed at seven o'clock by order of the Government.

At Lodz, Poland, all the factory hands in the city have gone on strike, as well as the employees of the street car and suburban railways.

October 28.—Moscow, Russia's ancient

capital, sets up provisional government, ignoring the Czar and the imperial authorities. Delegates from every political party meet to form a government independent of all other authority.

Moscow is isolated from St. Petersburg and the greater part of the Russian Empire by the cutting off of telegraph and telephone connection. The prices of bread and meat are very high. Water sells at twenty cents a pail. The stock exchange is closed and shops, theatres and schools are deserted.

Foreigners in St. Petersburg are appealing to their embassies to protect their property and lives. The streets are full of soldiers. Count Witte spends the day with the Czar. At night only candles and kerosene lamps light the city. All the theatres are closed.

Martial law has been proclaimed in Kharkoff and at Warsaw.

At Odessa seventeen girl students are shot down by Cossacks.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says that famine threatens fifteen interior towns and western provinces of Russia, having a population of 17,000,000. In eleven other provinces 10,000,000 people will be on the verge of starvation for months. The causes leading up to this are apart from the revolutionary outbreak enveloping the empire. The money set aside for the purpose of preventing famine has been taken by corrupt officials.

The Swedish Cabinet has resigned, having performed its mission, the dissolution of the union with Norway. A new ministry will be elected to deal with pending measures.

Troops under Captain F. R. McRay, of the Third Calvary, killed Datto Ali, head of the Moro insurgents of the Island of Mindanao, together with his son and ten followers.

It is announced from Vienna that the powers will make a demonstration against Turkey's Asiatic ports, but not against her European ports in order to avoid the appearance of encouraging the Macedonian insurgents.

The employees of the Central Asian Railway, as well as those on the Trans-Baikal Line, have gone on a strike.

At Budapest Premier Fejervary issues the Government's program of reform, which provides among other things for universal secret and direct suffrage.

October 29.—The strike leaders in St. Petersburg boldly approach the City Council and order a constitution for the Empire and that the food supplies be given to the starving workingmen and their families instead of to the troops.

In Odessa the rebels and Cossacks are in constant fight, and barricades block the streets.

October 30.—The Czar issues a proclamation extending the right of suffrage to all the people, declaring that no law shall be enforceable without the approval of the State Douma and recommending that the Government shall abstain from interference with the elections to the Douma. Count Witte is made Premier. The manifesto of the Czar means that Russia becomes a constitutional monarchy.

It is reported from Odessa that crews of the Black Sea fleet nave mutinied and killed two admirals.

At Reval, on the Gulf of Finland, troops kill 100 persons.

Twelve thousand workingmen are on a strike at Lodz, near Warsaw.

The German warship *Lubeck* and ten torpedo boats put to sea from Kiel, Prussia, bound for St. Petersburg to bring the Russian Empress and her children to be guests of Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia.

October 31.—The London *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg says that the constitution has been granted too late and that it satisfies no one except the very moderate element which is devoid of political influence. The Terrorists drift about the city, waving red flags, and cry, "Break down the prison doors and free your comrades." The imperial manifesto has served as a signal for renewal of conflict and has incited collisions between the Socialists on one side and the Revolutionists on the other, called respectively the Reds and the Whites. The manifesto is regarded as an avowal of weakness and an incitement to further agitation.

Odessa is in a state of panic and it is believed that the higher police and the military authorities, infuriated by the changed order of things, are inciting certain elements to rioting.

Pobiedonostseff, Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod, resigns, owing to the change in the Government.

Strikers and troops are still fighting in Russian Poland. At Lodz sixteen are killed and many wounded.

At Kieff the Czar's manifesto rouses enthusiasm that is not entirely loyal. Crowds are in the streets and red flags are everywhere displayed.

A despatch from Helsingfors, Finland, says that the proclamation of civil liberty in Russia has been followed by the announcement of a return to a constitutional regime in Finland.

The Storthing at Christiania, Sweden, adopts the proposition of the Government to negotiate with Prince Charles of Denmark for his acceptance of the crown of Norway with the understanding that the people are to be consulted in the form of a referendum. He would rule as Haakon VII. Haakon VI, the

last independent Norwegian king, died in 1380.

November 1.—Mobs massacre Jews at Odessa. The number of victims is said to be 2,000. It is rumored that the secret police and the military, resentful of the manifesto of the Czar, are inciting the mobs. It is reported from St. Petersburg that rioting continues at Kieff, at Minsk, and other towns and that the Jews are particularly sought by the mobs. The immediate effect of the proclamation of liberty has been to incite the revolutionists and the rough element to license. At Helsingfors, Finland, all official buildings fly the red flag and the national ensign. The strike continues. No papers are published and the price of food is high. It is reported that on October 28, at Kazan, the police and the Cossacks slaughtered and pil laged the people on the slightest provocation. In one street the snow was red with immense pools of blood. It is officially explained from St. Petersburg that the freedom of speech expression in the manifesto of October 30 was meant to include freedom of the press.

November 2.—In the massacre following the publication of the peace manifesto at Odessa 5,000 persons, mostly Jews, were killed or wounded. Anti-Jewish riots are reported also from Orel, from Minsk, from Vyazma, Sebastopol, Kieff and other cities.

Warsaw is on the brink of a revolution. Mobs led by priests in canonical vestments march through the streets shouting, "God save Poland!"

In Finland excitement runs high and there has been much bloodshed. All schools and shops are closed.

At St. Petersburg the workmen's council issues a secretly printed newspaper containing this comment on the Czar's proclamation, "that it gives everything, yet in reality gives nothing." The railroad strike is declared off at St. Petersburg. The Czar has granted an amnesty, but has excluded from its benefits political murderers and those who have attempted murder for political reasons since 1899.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has decided to grant universal suffrage to his subjects.

Marquis Ito goes to Korea to start cotton culture on a large scale.

November 3.—Another massacre of Jews has occurred at Kishineff. Hundreds have been killed. It is reported that Kishineff has been destroyed by fire. The massacre of Jews continues at Odessa.

November 4.—All preparations have been made for the flight of the Czar to Germany in case of necessity. The Czar has issued a manifesto granting Finland a constitution.

November 5.—It is reported that 3,500 were killed and 12,000 wounded in the massacre at Odessa. The city is now quiet.

At Prague, Austria, the police break up a procession of 50,000 franchise reformers.

November 6.—Reports still come from Kishineff of the massacre of Jews. New attacks are reported from Odessa.

In London an enormous procession of the wives, mothers and sisters of unemployed workmen march through the streets singing the "Marseillaise." Prime Minister Balfour receives a deputation of thirty women, representing the wives of the unemployed, and expresses his inability to better their condition.

November 7.—Nearly $57,000 is subscribed within half an hour at a meeting in New York on behalf of the massacred Jews. The money is to be used for Christian and Jew alike.

Count Witte says in St. Petersburg, "I find myself facing a mighty ocean and only a cockleshell on the shore." The promised extension of suffrage has been published, and grants to the working classes twenty-five representatives in the Douma. The total number of deputies is raised from 500 to 600.

November 8.—Despatches from St. Petersburg say that the Czar's troops were told to assist in the massacre of the Jews at Odessa and Kishineff. Prince Hilkoff, Minister of Railroads. has resigned. The City Council of Odessa votes $25,000 for the prosecution of those responsible for the massacres.

The Emperor of Korea threatens to commit suicide rather than bear the loss of Korean prestige through the dominance of Japan. In the Anglo-Japanese treaty no reference was made to the independence of Korea.

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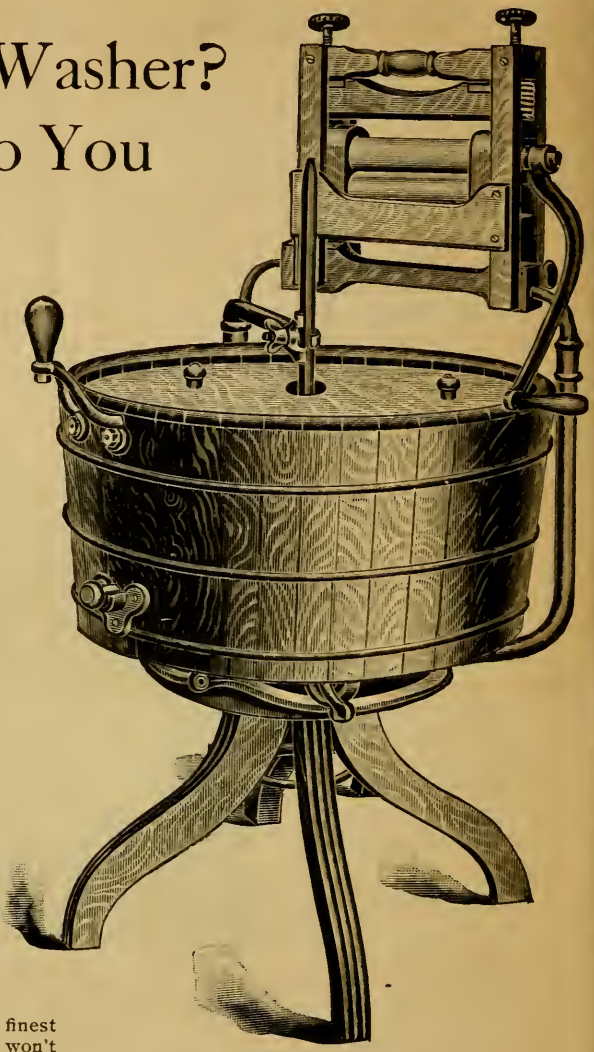

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You must throw the clothes into the tub, by hand, and start off the machine working, by hand, and stay beside it while it drives the soapy water to and fro through the clothes.

Then you must,—in about Six minutes after the "Gravity" has been washing—stop the tub, and run the washed clothes through the Wringer, by hand.

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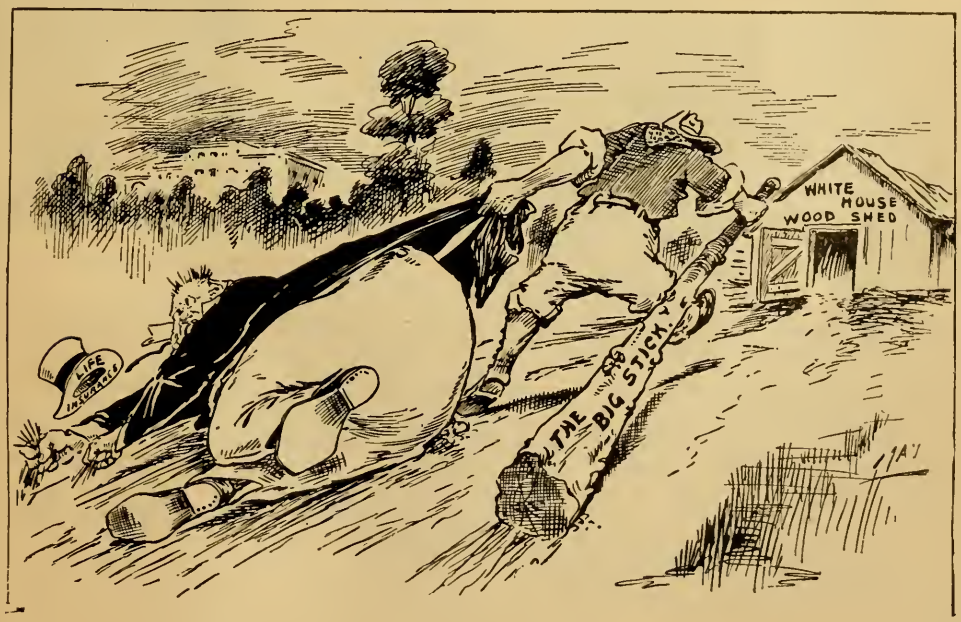

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Shopping day.

Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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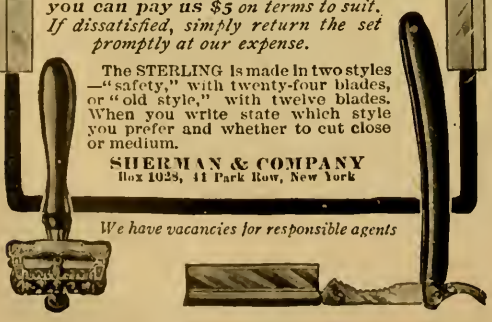

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Several years ago, at the suggestion of a far-seeing mother, we began the manufacture of a crib to prevent just such an accident as that described in the news item clipped from the Chicago Record-Herald of August 28, 1905.

The Foster Accident Proof Crib is made with spindles too close for baby to put its head through and sides too high for the child to climb over. Sliding sides may be dropped and crib used as annex to mother's bed. Protect your child against a similar accident. Write for full descriptive booklet.

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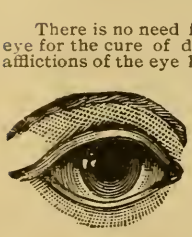
There is no need for cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the cure of disease, for a new system of treating afflictions of the eye has been discovered whereby all torturous and barbarous methods are eliminated. There is no risk or experimenting, as hundreds of people have been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye through this grand discovery, when eminent oculists, they state, termed the cases incurable.



General Alexander Hamilton, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., highly recommends "Actina."

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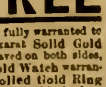

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What Liquozone Is.

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We purchased the American rights to Liquozone after thousands of tests had been nade with it. Its power had been proved, again and again, in the most difficult germ liseases. Then we offered to supply the irst bottle free in every disease that required t. And over one million dollars have been spent to announce and fulfil this offer.

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Cancer—Catarrh	Scrofula—Syphilis
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